This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

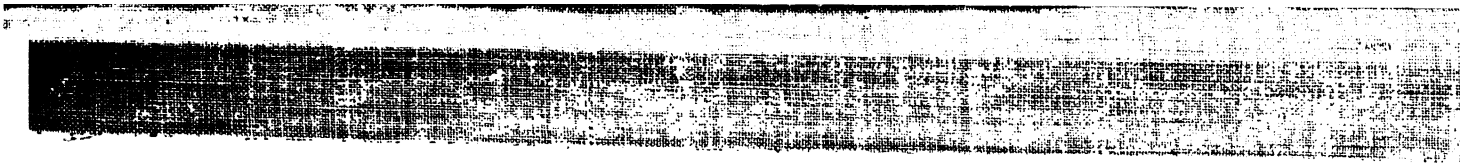
LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Received June 1886

Accessions No. 30583 Shelf No. 953
A1824
m
v. 3



MEMOIRS,

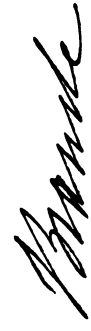
JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. III.

(The Author's Assignees hereby give Notice that they reserve to themselves the right of Translation of this Work.)



*** The Copyright of this Work is protected in France by Registration at Paris, pursuant to the Convention for the establishment of International Copyright signed at Paris, 3rd November, 1851.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA.

G. F. Joseph, A.R.A.

W. Holl.

Sir John Stevenson, Mus. D.

LONDON, LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS.

MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL & CORRESPONDENCE

OF

Thomas Moore

VOL. III

Meeting of the Waters.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA.

MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

EDITED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

"Spirat adhuc amor."—Hor.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1853.

DIARY

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

An account of my travels in Italy with Lord John Russell, Chantry the sculptor, Jackson the painter, &c.

AUGUST 31st, 1819. Dined with Tegart. Went in the evening to sup at Lord Blessington's: had received in the morning some verses from him, reminding me of my engagement to meet the Duke of York, George Colman, Rogers, &c. at dinner with him to-morrow.

September 1st. Received a letter from Bessy to say that she had made up her mind to come up for a day and see me once again before my departure: delighted at this. Sent an apology to Lord Blessington's. Heard from Rogers that Lord John Russell means to go on to Greece, and would probably take me on with him from Paris. Rogers does not go. Dined at Power's at four, and went to the coach to meet Bessy at half-past six. After she had tea, took her to Astley's and saw the "high-mettled racer." Supped at home. A great effort in my dear girl to leave her little ones even for so short a time.

2nd. Received a letter from Lord John to say he will be in town this evening, and that he hopes I shall "not

prefer Holyrood House with a view of Arthur's seat, to Paris with the range of all Europe." Have at last made up my mind, and shall go with him to Paris. Bessy, too, thinks this best. Called upon Sheddon, by advice of the Longmans, to see whether he is likely to help me out of the difficulties brought on me by his nephew. Took Longman with me. Found him more warm in the cause than I expected. After shopping about with Bessy, and going (she and I) with Rogers to see some panoramas, dined at home. In the evening walked about, and took her place in the coach for to-morrow morning. Wrote to Lord John to say I shall accompany him.

3rd. Up at six and saw my darling girl off in the coach. God send I may meet her again in health and in happiness a nobler hearted creature never breathed! Called upon Lord John, and settled to be off to-morrow morning at seven. Arranged my money supplies with the Longmans, who are guarantees for me to Hammersley for a letter of credit to the amount of 400*l.* Lord John gave me a message from the Duke that he will be happy to take me across in his packet on Sunday morning. Took a warm bath at the Hummums, and dined there. Went to Power's, and arranged some things for him for the second number of "National Airs," which he is unluckily resolved to bring out in its present state.

Saturday 4th. Set off with Lord John in his carriage at seven; breakfasted, and arrived at Dover to dinner at seven o'clock; the journey very agreeable. Lord John mild and sensible; took off Talma very well. Mentioned Buonaparte having instructed Talma in the part of Nero; correcting him for being in such a bustle in giving his orders, and telling him that they ought to be given calmly, as coming from a person used to sovereignty. Told me an epigram

of Lord Holland's, on one of the two candidates for Bedfordshire saying in his address, that the memory of his struggle would exist to the end of time:

"When this earth to the work of destruction shall bend,
And the seasons be ceasing to roll,
How surprised will old Time be to see, at his end,
The state of the Bedfordshire poll!"

We mentioned several jeux d'esprit of this kind: "Why did you kick me downstairs?" Dr. Johnson's "Come, my lad, and drink some beer;" and I quoted the following on Cæsar Colclough's taking boat at Luggelaw to follow the hounds:

"Cæsarem vehis et fortunas."

"When meaner souls the tempest struck with awe,
Undaunted Colclough cross'd at Luggelaw;
And said to boatmen, shivering in their rags,
You carry Cæsar and his—saddle bags!'"

Talked a good deal of politics. Lord John much more moderate in his opposition than the Duke and Lord Tavistock. The Duke and Duchess arrived about an hour or two after us: drank tea with them.

5th. Breakfasted with the Duke and Duchess, and sailed at ten: rough but quick passage. Got to Calais at one. Woolriche, who goes as the Duke's physician, made one of the party. All dined together at Quillac's, and in the evening Woolriche and I went to the *Spectacle.*

6th. Breakfasted with the Duke and Duchess, and took leave of them: they are going for the Rhine. Woolriche very sorry I was not going on with them; and Lord John told me afterwards that the Duchess said she "wished they had some one with them, like Mr. Moore, to be agreeable when they got to their inn in the evening." A good deal

of conversation on the way. By the bye, the Duke mentioned at breakfast a good story Sheridan used to tell of one of his constituents (I believe) saying to him "Oh sir! things cannot go on in this way; there *must* be a reform; we, poor electors, are not paid properly at all." Lord John mentioned Mr. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny as full of legal knowledge and argument. A good *mot* (of Madame de Coigny's, I believe) about some woman who had red hair and all its attendant ill consequences, and of whom some one said that she was very virtuous: *Oui, elle est comme Samson, elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveux.* Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice; she said once, *Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi — c'est la mienne.* Lunched at Breteuil, where were two very pretty girls: got on to Abbeville, where we slept.

7th. Breakfasted at a wretched house at Picquigny: arrived at Chantilly before eight in the evening, where we dined. Lord John talks of staying a fortnight at Paris, having to consult Barillon's papers for a second edition of his "Life of Lord Russell." Hauterive, who has the care of these papers, was very uncivil to him on a former occasion when he applied for a sight of them. The same person refused to let Mackintosh see some papers for his history, and afterwards boasted to the Duke of Wellington of his having done so. Upon the Duke replying that he thought Mackintosh *might* have been allowed to see them, this fellow said, *Mais, milord, il va écrire une histoire Whig, et moi je suis Monarchique, et vous aussi.* Lord John will, after a fortnight's stay, take me over the Alps; but he goes by Mont Cenis, on his way to Genoa, so that I shall lose the sight of the Simplon, which will be impassable on my return. Slept at Chantilly.

8th. Arrived at Paris between two and three o'clock:

went to the Hotel Breteuil, and took the same rooms Rogers and I were in two years ago, with the addition of another bedroom, for which, between us, we pay eight napoleons a week. Dined at Beauvilliers', and went in the evening to the Opera; "Fernando Cortez," by Spontini: admirable music. The ballet, "La Servante Justifiée." Had met in walking before dinner Lord Rancliffe, Lord Auckland, Ward, Lady Granard, and some other acquaintances. Ward walked for some time with us in the Tuileries, and *pumped up* some clever things, but the effort was too visible. Eat ice at the Mille Colonnes after the opera.

9th. Heard the Lansdownes arrived yesterday. Made some calls, on Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, &c. &c. Dined at Massinot's, and went to the Variétés; the "Comédie Grivoise" of Dorat et Vadé, which has some humour in it; and "Werther," which is an admirable burlesque. Lord John went afterwards to Mad. de Flahault's, where I was asked, but did not go, preferring an ice at the Mille Colonnes.

10th. Saw Lord Lansdowne: drove about in Lord John's *calèche*. Went to the church of St. Sulpice; the organ very beautiful. Dined with Macdonald, who has just married Lord Albemarle's daughter, Lady Sophia. Company: the Lansdownes, Lord Auckland, Lord John, and myself. Went to the Théâtre Francais to see Mdlle. Mars in the "Misanthrope" and "Les Étourdis," but got squeezed down nearly under the stage, and saw only a scene or two, but those were admirable. The scandal scene, where they all sit to cut up characters, which certainly, one would think, had given the hint to Sheridan, and Celimene's retort upon Arsinoé (I think), the Mrs. Candour of the piece. Not able to stand the pressure: went off to

the Opera, to a box which Lord Auckland had, and sat by a pretty little girl, Miss Herbert: the pieces, my old friends "Anacreon chez Polycrète" and "Flore et Zephyre." Lord Lansdowne mentioned at dinner the practice which they have in Ava of annually squirting water at each other,—king, court, and all. Eat ice at Tortoni's afterwards. Lord John to-day mentioned that Sydney Smith told him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following: "That generally towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

11th. Went to see the Exposition of the year at the Louvre. The pictures strike me as not very good, but I yield to the opinion of others. William Locke (who, though an ultra-Fuseli in his taste, knows a good deal of the art) says the French artists are making great progress; and Comerford, the painter, whom I met to-day at the Louvre, praises their historical pictures most warmly. Called afterwards at Galignani's: had already purchased, for forty francs, his complete edition of my works, in six volumes. Cruel kindness this, to rake up all the rubbish I have ever written in my life—good, bad, and indifferent; it makes me ill to look at it. Went to Lafitte's for money, and found a long-wished-for letter from my darling Bessy. Dined with the Rancliffes, Lady Adelaide Forbes, Lord John, and Mrs. Villiers. The fashion now, it seems, among Frenchwomen is politics: they talk of passing the greater part of the morning at the Chambre des Députés, instead of at a milliner's, &c. &c. Went afterwards to the Feydeau; "Richard Cœur de Lion," which I had seen before. Wrote to Gallois to put him off a dinner we had fixed with him, on account of a fête at St. Cloud to-morrow.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

12th. Went, at a little after eleven, to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and have seldom been more affected than I was at this very interesting place, which throws a sort of charm over death, and is highly creditable to the domestic feelings of the French. The inscriptions, some of them, most simple and touching. Molière and La Fontaine's tombs are near each other, but not decorated or *soignés*. I did not see Ney's nor Labédoyère's: the name of the former, I hear, is effaced, and it is only to be found out with the assistance of the Concierge. The tomb of the Isabeys is remarkable. Suard's too, who died lately, very old: at the bottom of the inscription over him is, *Il attend son amie;* somebody wrote *Qu'il attende.* I saw there the tomb of poor Miss Coghlan, the Duchesse de Castries, *uxor optima,* as the stone called her. Afterwards went to the great fête at St. Cloud: a large party of us; the Lansdownes, Macdonalds, Lord Auckland, Fielding (Lady Elizabeth's husband), and Mrs. and Miss Herbert. I had the care of the latter through the day. Nothing could be gayer than this fête, and one of the *jets d'eau* was quite sublime. Went to a show to see canaries fire off little cannons, stand on their heads, pretend to be dead, &c. &c. Dined at St. Cloud, and walked about afterwards among the crowd of dancers, mountebanks, mirloton players, &c. &c. Returned to town at nine. I went to sup at the Café Hardy, on a *salade de volaille,* having got but little to eat at St. Cloud.

13th. Called upon the Herberts, and sang to them: the little girl sang one or two things rather pretty, which she promised to copy out for me. Went afterwards with Lord John to the Panorama of Jerusalem. Dined with Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald: company, Lord Granard and Mrs. Rawdon. Lord Lansdowne had called before I left

home, and fixed to go with me to the Opera: came for me to Lady Charlotte's at seven. The entertainments, "Le Devin du Village," "Le Rossignol," and the "Carnival de Venise." Extreme simplicity of the "Devin du Village;" it must be confessed, too, rather dull. Met Count and Countess Flahault coming out of the theatre: asked me to dine with Madame de Souza on Thursday next. This morning looked over some of the "Novelle" of Casti at a bookseller's, and found them much more licentious than I expected.

14th. Lord John mentioned that Lord Holland once kept a journal for a week of the conversations at Holland House, and that he reads it himself with much effect, being such an excellent mimic. Grattan was a principal person in the conversations. Buonaparte said to one of his servile flatterers, who was proposing to him a plan for remodelling the Institute, *Laissons, au moins, la République des lettres.* Dined at the Cadran Bleu, and went afterwards to the Ambigu Comique to see the "Songe;" the last scene most beautiful; the hinder part of the floor of the stage is completely taken away, and a moonlight valley with villages &c. made in it. The actors came up from this valley.

15th. My arrival in Paris announced in Galignani. Went with the Herberts and Lord Auckland to the Opera; "Armida," beautiful in music, in spectacle, and in dancers. The song, *Plus j'observe ces lieux, et plus je les admire,* delicious; the symphony mixing the flowing of the river with the warbling of birds. Went home with the Herberts, and on leaving them was stopped by an Englishman on the Boulevards, who begged me to go with him a little way to seize two fellows who formed part of a gang that attacked him last night. "If it hadn't

been for my own courage," he added, "by the Almighty God I should have been murdered." Told me that a young Englishman had been murdered on the spot a few nights since. His manner very suspicious. Made an excuse of some appointment, &c., and left him to seize the two bravos himself.

16th. Called upon the Herberts: sung to the little girl, and copied out the "Evening Bells" for her. Dreadful rain; got the two pieces of the evening, and came home and read them:—"La Coquette corrigée" and "Le Légs." Dined with the Flahaults: company, Gallois, Monsieur Trecchi, &c. Madle. Mars's acting very charming, but, in my mind, a little over-rated; her head shakes a great deal. The play one that reads better than it acts. Took ice with Lord John at Rucchesi's afterwards. Voltaire listening to an author, who was reading to him his comedy and said, *Ici le Chevalier rit*, exclaimed, *Il est bien heureux!* By the bye, received a letter to-day from a Sir John Wycherly, of whom I know nothing, apologising for his taking such a liberty with "the first poet of the age," but saying that he has his friend Sir Sidney Smith to dinner, and begging me, "like the bards of old, to waive ceremony and join the party."

17th. A poem on my arrival in Paris in Galignani: received a letter from a lady, who says she is an old friend of mine, and quoting some lines of mine from "Go, where glory waits thee." She ends the letter thus, "Who can this be? you will say. Come and see." Went with Lady Adelaide Forbes and her sister to the Exposition des Produits de l'Industrie. Called afterwards at the Rue des Moulins, to find the lady who wrote the letter; but she was out. Dined at Beauvilliers' with Lord John; and then, *he* to the Français, and I to the Opera: "La

Vestale;" delighted with it, as usual. Few things set my imagination on the wing so much as these spectacles at the Opera.

18th. Left Paris at eleven, and arrived at Fontainebleau to dinner. Went to see the chateau. The table on which Buonaparte signed his abdication still shown, with the marks of his penknife which he dug into it. The old fellow who showed us the gardens (which were laid out in their present style by Nap.) told us the name of the place was taken from a dog of the name of "Bleau," who found out the spring of the stream that runs through it: showed us the court where Nap. took leave of his guards, which the old fellow described with much animation. Saw the theatre, and thought of Rousseau, &c. Had read the "Le Lépreux de la Cité d'Aoste"* in coming along; very interesting and melancholy.

19th. Breakfasted at Villeneuve [-le-Guiard]; dined at Joigny; slept at Tonnerre. Began to-day "Luther's Life," by Bower. Had great difficulty in lighting our fire at night at Tonnerre. I said the wood was like the houses at Paris, *assuré contre l'incendie,* which amused Lord John.

20th. Breakfasted before we set out; lunched at Villeneuve, and slept at Dijon; passed through Montbard, where Buffon's house is. Finished "Luther's Life." Lord John repeated to me some verses he wrote upon Dugald Stewart, which are very good indeed.

21st. Dined at Poligny, and slept at Champagnole: this last a wretched inn. Anecdotes on the way. It was said of Lord Eldon and Leach, that one was *Oyer sans terminer,* and the other *Terminer sans oyer.* Of a translator from the German Benjamin Constant said, *Il*

* By M. Xavier de Maistre, lately deceased.

l'a fait sortir de l'Allemand, sans le faire entrer dans le Français.

22d. Ascended the Jura: delighted with the fine winding road up these prodigious steeps, and the wild and singular scenery around. Anxious to arrive early enough for the grand view of the Lake of Geneva, between La Vattay and Gex; were detained at Les Rousses, on account of the horses having been bespoke for a Russian prince. When we arrived at La Vattay, Lord John and I walked on, as the sun was getting very low. It was just on the point of sinking when I ran on by myself, and at the turn of the road caught a sight of the stupendous Mont Blanc. It is impossible to describe what I felt. I ran like lightning down the steep road that led towards it, with my glass to my eye, and uttering exclamations of wonder at every step. Ten minutes later and I should have lost all the glory of the prospect. Lord John joined me, and we walked on to Gex, where the carriage overtook us. Thence to Geneva, to a very excellent inn out of the town, called the Secheron. Lord J. mentioned that the last night we were at Paris he sat near a man at the Theâtre Français, who was very much discontented at the way in which the play ("Cinna") was acted, and on the following line being spoken, *Ou laissez-moi périr, ou laissez-moi regner,* he exclaimed, *Ou laissez-moi siffler, ou laissez-moi sortir.*

23d. Took a char-à-banc, and went to call on Dumont (the translator of Jeremy Bentham), in La Rue Chaudronniere: found he was at the country seat of M. Duval. This being on our way to Ferney, proceeded thither. Beautiful spot: the country here all so rich and so comfortably laid out; in short, so like England, with the addition of the romantic to the comfortable—a rare mixture.

Went from Dumont on our pilgrimage to Ferney: the engravings of eminent men in the bed-chamber: the portrait of the Marquise de Chatelet, not at all handsome: the place in the chapel where Voltaire used to sit; his inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire,* effaced at the Revolution. Went through the garden, the walk which he planted. The *ferme* at a little distance, occupied by M. Mallet, *un homme de lettres,* who has raised a sort of cenotaph to Voltaire, with the inscription, *Au chanteur du Père des Bourbons, et au fondateur de Ferney.* There are also various little inscriptions and papers drawn up by this gentleman, which the gardener shows: in one of them it is mentioned, as a proof of Voltaire's humanity, that he always wore mourning on the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and actually always *had a fever* on that day: the paper, however, contains numerous proofs of V.'s benevolence. Saw afterwards Voltaire's study cap, embroidered for him by Madame Denis, and the book in which he had pasted the seals of his different correspondents, with their names, in his own handwriting, and terms of reproach annexed to some, as *fou de Lyon.* By the bye, in his bedroom was a profile of the Empress of Russia worked for him with her own hands. M. Budé is the present possessor of the place; it belonged to his family before Voltaire had it. On our return saw Mont Blanc, with its attendant mountains in the fullest glory, the rosy light shed on them by the setting sun, and their peaks rising so brightly behind the dark rocks in front, as if they belonged to some better world, or as if Astræa was just then leaving the glory of her last footsteps on their summits; nothing was ever so grand and beautiful.

24th. Dumont called on us at eleven to take us to the library: on the way he told us the standing army of Ge-

neva was 350 men, and that he had proved in the Assembly that it was, in proportion, the largest army in Europe, except that of Russia: this is excellent. The library small, and richest in the theological part; many original portraits; those of Descartes, Erasmus, Calvin, Charles I. very striking; also one of M. Bonnet. This library is only open on Tuesdays, when they give out books as at a circulating library. Some of the manuscripts curious; one particularly, upon black wax—an "Account of the Expenses of Philippe le Bel," which some Monsieur Cramer deciphered with wonderful patience, copied out, and filled up its *lacunæ*. A letter of Newton's to Aland, a Genevese (?) The same M. Cramer who deciphered the accounts of Philippe le Bel, made a calculation of the space that the animals and the food requisite for them took up in Noah's ark, and found out that there was more room than they wanted. The head of M. Bonnet has much active and intense thought thrown into it. Saw a translation of the New Testament in Chinese lately printed at Canton, under the direction of (I think) Mr. Morrison, which is now permitted to be circulated in China. We saw Voltaire's first residence in Geneva, Les Délices; see his epistle from thence. M. Mallet, who lives at the *ferme*, is a judge, certainly not of poetry, if one may judge from his own. Walked alone into the town; bought a book about Ranz des Vaches, and saw at the shop where I bought it, a letter of Buonaparte's, written in '86, requesting a bookseller to send him the Memoirs of Madame de Warens, and Claude Anet, and some works about Corsica. Met General and Mrs. Cumming: he told me of a sentinel running with fixed bayonet at the driver of his char-à-banc for daring to *trot* past the town-hall; said this was the most arbitrary government in Europe. Another wise Englishman standing

by said, "If you knocked a man down here you would be imprisoned for three days," and seemed to think it a very hard case. Lord John dined with his uncle, Lord William, who has a house near the town, called Mont Brillant. I dined alone at the inn, and joined him there at coffee. Went alone to the play, and was a good deal amused. A box appropriated, with chairs and an additional cushion, to the Syndics; strange old quizzes. Miss Macdonald, a very pretty Scotch girl, in the boxes; also Madame Beaumont, a celebrated Genevese beauty, whose sister is married to Mr. Eynard, a rich merchant, who has built quite a palace at Geneva.

25th. Walked with Lord J. about Geneva; dined with Lord William, and set off in the evening for Thonon, where we slept.

26th. Travelled by the side of the lake: the view all along delicious: saw Diodati, the house which Lord Byron had, Meillerie, Chillon, &c. Slept at Sion.

27th. Arrived at Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon; an oriental looking little place, with its spires and towers. Ascended the Simplon, which baffles all description. A road, carried up into the very clouds, over torrents and precipices; nothing was ever like it. At the last stage, before we reached the barrier on the summit, walked on by myself, and saw such a scene by sunset as I shall never forget. That mighty panorama of the Alps, whose summits there, indistinctly seen, looked like the top of gigantic waves, following close upon each other; the soft lights falling on those green spots which cultivation has conjured up in the midst of this wild scene; the pointed top of the Jungfrau, whose snows were then pink with the setting sun; all was magnificent to a degree that quite overpowered me, and I alternately shuddered and shed tears as I looked

upon it. Just, too, as we arrived near the snows on the very summit, the moon rose beautifully over them, and gave a new sort of glory to the scene. Slept at the Hôtel of the Simplon.

28th. Descended the Simplon; new wonders; the torrent here the finest feature; the bridges thrown over it, and the galleries cut through the solid rock. All grand beyond description. The weather too most exquisite, and the soft balmy sun of Italy coming upon us so sweetly as we approached Domo d'Ossola; the rocks clothed with different trees from those we had left; chesnut and beech, and little streams glistening like silver down their sides. Reached Baveno between three and four; took a boat, and went on the Lago Maggiore to visit the Isola Madre and Isola Bella: the garden on the former (where only the gardener resides) very pretty. The palace of Count Borromeo on Isola Bella curious, and some of the rooms, particularly the Salone di Ballo, tasteful and splendid, but the gardens in wretched taste. Returned to the inn to dinner. In the evening walked out by moonlight, and heard on one side the sound of oars upon the lake, and on the other a wild sort of Ranz des Vaches played interruptedly by a horn among the mountains. Galignani says the rhododendron grows in the highest part of the Alps, and is thence called the Rose of the Alps. Must inquire about the pink snow at Spitzbergen, the colour of which, Lord John says, is caused by some herb or flower that grows in it. Slept at Baveno.

29th. Took a char-à-banc and drove to the Lake of Orta, about eight miles from Baveno. Went in a boat on the lake, which is smaller, more rural and secluded than the Lago Maggiore. Our boatman yesterday well described the latter as *più mercantante;* an appearance which

the Isola dei Pescatori particularly gives it. Landed at Orta, which stands at the foot of the Sacro Monte, on which there is a church, monastery, &c. There happened to be a fair or *mercato* at Orta, which made the scene very gay; boats full of peasants, &c.; the women with picturesque straw hats; the priests walking among them, &c. &c. The Isola di San Giulio opposite Orta. Many miracles still performed at both those places, according to the authority of our boatmen. Returned to Baveno to dinner, meaning to cross over to Laveno, for the purpose of going by that way to Como, but the only boat large enough to take the carriage was already gone to Laveno. Ordered horses therefore, and went on to Arona through Belgirate, all by the side of the lake, which in the bright moonlight looked most beautiful. We were quite in time for the vintage, as the grapes are still in abundance upon the branches, and all the picturesque work of gathering is going on; the baskets, the ladders against the trees, &c. The only pretty Italian girl I have yet seen was one this evening, bending under a large basket of grapes. Slept at Arona; got but a glimpse of the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo in coming into the town.

30th. Left Arona early, crossed the ferry at Sesto, and arrived at Como between two and three; had luncheon and some of the vin-du-pays, which was very good, and then went in a boat upon the lake. Saw the Princess of Wales's house, which she has now sold to the banker whom Forsyth mentions, Torlonia, that has been made a duke. Como thickly inhabited all around, and with much air of business, but nothing to compare in beauty (as far as we saw it) with either of the other lakes. The boatmen told us it was fifty-two miles long, and to see it properly, one ought to go as far as Cadenabbia; but we

merely went as far as Pliniana, and saw the spring that Pliny has described as rising three times a-day; then stopped at Villa Tansi, where Lord Sandwich and several other English have lived (at present in the possession of a Mr. Locke), and saw the garden, which is very pretty, and a grotto, like all other grottos (as Dr. Johnson says) "fit for a toad." Returned to the inn (the Angel) to dine, and went to the Opera in the evening; a very pretty theatre, and the novelty of its appearance particularly striking to me. A large space round the seats of the pit, in which the men walk about, and talk as in a coffee-house. The opera, "La Capricciosa Pentita," and a ballet upon some Roman subject. The dancers very awkward.

October 1st. Left Como at nine, and arrived at Milan between two and three. Passed on the way the splendid villa called Monte Bello, where (Galignani says) the treaty of Campo Formio was signed. Went to the banker's and the post-office; but no letter from home. Dined with Lord Kinnaird: company, Silvertop, and a Colonel Browne, attached to our embassy at Vienna. Two Englishmen were robbed the other evening coming into Milan: nothing but robberies in the environs, and the police will give no assistance to apprehend the robbers. The fact is, Kinnaird says, the police is managed by contract, and they go to as little expense of course as they can. Colonel Browne mentioned the great wealth of Esterhazy, I think 400,000*l.* sterling a-year. The condition of its tenure is, that every Esterhazy shall add 80,000*l.* worth of jewels to the family stock; accordingly the accumulation is immense. Colonel Browne saw Esterhazy and his wife at a ball, when they each had jewels about them to the amount of 500,000*l.* In the evening we went (by great favour) to a *prova* or dress rehearsal of a ballet

that is to come out the latter end of next week. We went as the party of the Comtesse di Bubna, wife of the Austrian commander-in-chief here. The ballet allegorical and unintelligible, but the theatre very fine and the decorations beautiful. The subject was the "Four Ages." The Archduke Raynier (for whom the rehearsal was got up) was in his state box, and this was the only part of the house lighted up. The Palerine is the chief danseuse, or rather pantomime actress, and has a good deal of grace.

October 2nd. Colonel Stanhope called; asked Lord John to dine with Lord and Lady Mansfield on Tuesday. Went to the Biblioteca Ambrosiana; the "Study for the School of Athens," by Raphael, original: most of the pictures copies. Saw the MS. Virgil of Petrarch, with his notes, and a professed autograph in the blank leaf respecting Laura; some think this fabricated: must see his life, &c. This Virgil bound by Buonaparte with several Ns on the back. Saw also the MSS. of the second and third century from which Maii, the present librarian, has taken facsimiles in his editions of Cicero, the Codex pictus of Homer, &c. &c. Many eminent men have been librarians here,— Tiraboschi, Muratori, Branchi, &c. Six thousand manuscripts in it. Went to the Brera: some fine pictures; particularly one by Guercino, of Abraham and Agar; by far the most striking picture I ever saw. Never did any woman cry more beautifully than Agar, and the hope that lingers still amidst her sorrow is deeply affecting; in short it attains the *si vis me flere* effectually, and brought the tears into my eyes as I looked at it. A picture here by Raphael in his early manner, and one in the same room by Perugino; a very sweet picture by Albano, near that of Guercino's. Went to look at a carriage which I think of buying, in

order to perform my journey to Venice and Rome; twenty louis is the price; not dear, if it be strong enough: Lord John means to send his servant to examine it. Went to the Royal Palace; chiefly fitted up under Buonaparte, and the rooms, like all his, comfortable as well as grand. His apotheosis on the ceiling of one of the rooms still left; very creditable to the Emperor of Austria, who forbad its being effaced. Eagles about everywhere. Dined with Lord Kinnaird; only Lord John and myself. Drove on the Corso after dinner, called on Lady Oxford, and thence to the Opera: first night, "The Reprisal;" music by a German, Stuntz; some gleams of beauty in it, but very transient: succeeded perfectly. Went afterwards and eat ice.

3rd. Went to the cathedral: saw the statue of St. Bartholomew carrying his skin about him in graceful folds like a mantle: saw the monument of Cardinal Caprara, *Legati ad Imperatorem Napoleonem Aug.;* the music not very good; one or two pretty girls among the congregation. The carriage has been examined, and the report is it will do, so I am to have it. Frequent robberies lately about Milan, and much panic among the travellers: hope I shall escape. Went to see the Triumphal Arch of the Simplon, which lies unfinished since the fall of Napoleon; a magnificent thing; himself in various forms among the groups,—returning from Marengo, receiving Mack's sword, &c. &c. Went to the Amphitheatre, also begun by him; would have been very grand. A naumachia exhibited there on the birth of the King of Rome, the middle space being easily converted into a lake in two or three hours. The Piazza d' Armi adjoining; a very grand and extensive plain, where Eugene reviewed 80,000 men (according to our laquais de place) before going to Russia. Dined again

with Kinnaird, and again to the Corso, which was very gay, and the view of the city (with its Duomo and spires) very splendid from thence, as well as the Alps at the end of it. Came home and dressed, and went to see the Marionettes; thence to the Opera; Lady Oxford's box. Had gone in the morning with Silvertop and Lord Templeton to try and see the prison, but could not manage it.

4th. Went to the banker's (Tomaso Carli), and drew fifty louis; paid twenty for my carriage. Went to the churches of the Virgin-presso-San Celso (where there is a fine statue of Eve; the Serpent in the shape of a beautiful woman upward); thence to the sixteen ancient columns, the church of S. Ambrosio, the oldest in Milan (to which the great people, emperor, archbishop, &c., always go first); the church of St. Vittore, a very gay and fanciful looking church. Joined Lord John and Kinnaird; bought a small edition of Ariosto and an Italian dictionary; went to the cathedral for the purpose of seeing the body of Saint C. Borromeo, but the exhibitor of it could not be found. Dined with Lord Kinnaird, and in the evening came home to pack.

5th. Left Milan in my crazy little calèche, which Lord J.'s servant (now that he has advised me to buy it) begins to croak about. Very sorry to part with Lord J., and am glad to see he regrets it too. Started at half-past-eight, and got to Brescia (by way of Bergamo), before seven. Went to the inn at the post; bad and roguish; a wretched dinner. Afterwards to the theatre, which is, like all I have yet seen, large and handsome; medallions of celebrated men, all up the boxes on the stage; could distinguish the names of Metastasio and Casti. Knew neither the subject of the comedy, nor the actors. One of the latter, a

fat man, very energetic, and, as far as I could judge, clever. The fun of one of the characters was repeating periodically over and over the three following answers to the questions asked him, "*Capisco*," "*Giu*," and "*Si, Signora.*" Dreadful thunder, lightning, and rain, when I returned to go to bed. Ordered that I should be called at five.

6th. Called at five, but thought it was raining a deluge and went to sleep again; found afterwards it was only a fountain in the yard; beautiful morning. Started at half-past ten. Two most precious rogues the waiters here: yesterday, being my first day of managing for myself, I find I overpaid the post-boys; but one must pay to learn. Went along the fine lake Di Garda, and saw the Sermione of Catullus at the opposite side, where is shown what they call his grotto. Arrived at Verona before two; went and saw the Anfiteâtro; saw the arch of Gallienus, and the peristyle to the theatre of Palladio, with Maffei's very curious collection of antiques. Dined at a very good inn, the Two Towers, and set off again at a quarter before three. Delicious evening; truly Italian; all the colours of the prism in the sky at sunset. Arrived at Vicenza at the Capello Rosso, at half-past seven; walked about the town by moonlight.

7th. Did not leave Vicenza till seven; arrived at Padua about ten; took a servitore di Piazza, and went to see the churches, &c. — St. Antonio and Sta. Giustina. In the latter (I think) is the bust of Petrarch, by Canova, put up within the last year. A statue of Petrarch also in the Prato della Valle, which I passed in going to the church, and near it one of Galileo; both of which Leopold, *Genio loci indulgens*, has erected. The story of St. Anthony's miracle in bronze behind the altar of his

chapel. Went to the cathedral; the famous picture of the Virgin was *coperta* for some religious reason or other; saw the tomb of Antenor, the gate of Gallienus, &c. Saw the salle of the Palais de Justice, three hundred feet long, with the monument to Livy erected in it. Met Allen (master of *Dulwich*) coming from Venice. Left Padua at twelve, and arrived at Lord Byron's country house, La Mira, near Fusina, at two. He was but just up and in his bath; soon came down to me; first time we have met these five years; grown fat, which spoils the picturesqueness of his head. The Countess Guiccioli, whom he followed to Ravenna, came from thence with him to Venice by the consent, it appears, of her husband. Found him in high spirits and full of his usual frolicksome gaiety. He insisted upon my making use of his house at Venice while I stay, but could not himself leave the Guiccioli. He drest, and we set off together in my carriage for Venice; a glorious sunset when we embarked at Fusina in a gondola, and the view of Venice and the distant Alps (some of which had snow on them, reddening with the last light) was magnificent; but my companion's conversation, which, though highly ludicrous and amusing, was anything but romantic, threw my mind and imagination into a mood not at all agreeing with the scene. Arrived at his palazzo on the Grand Canal, (he having first made the gondolier row round in order to give me a sight of the Piazetta,) where he gave orders with the utmost anxiety and good nature for my accommodation, and dispatched persons in search of a laquais de place, and his friend Mr. Scott, to give me in charge to. No Opera this evening. He ordered dinner from a traiteur's, and stopped to dine with me. Had much curious conversation with him about his wife before Scott arrived.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

He has written his memoirs, and is continuing them; thinks of going and purchasing lands under the Republic Government in South America. Much talk about Don Juan; he is writing a third canto; the Duke of Wellington; his taking so much money; gives instances of disinterested men, Epaminondas, &c. &c. down to Pitt himself, who,

"As minister of state, is
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis."

At nine o'clock he set off to return to La Mira, and I went with Mr. Scott to two theatres; at the first a comedy, "Il Prigionero de *Newgate*," translated from the French; at the second, a tragedy of Alfieri, "Ottavia;" actors all disagreeable. Forgot to mention that Byron introduced me to his Countess before we left La Mira: she is a blonde and young; married only about a year, but not very pretty.

8th. Sallied out with Mr. Scott and the laquais to see sights. Went to the churches Della Salute and Del Redentore, and of S. Giorgio Maggiore, &c. &c. The pictures, I take for granted, very fine, but the subjects so eternally the same and so uninteresting, that I, who have no eye for the niceties of the execution, neither can enjoy them, nor affect to enjoy them. The only things that very much delighted me were four children at the corners of a ceiling in the Ducal Palace, by Paul Veronese, and some of the monuments of the Lombardi, in which there are some very graceful classical figures. There is also a Grecian orator in the court, one of four, brought (I think) from Constantinople, which strikes me as fine. Saw the library of St. Mark, which is a magnificent room, and the mixture of the marbles and the books gives it a most imposing and Grecian

look. The Leda and Jupiter a beautiful thing. Among the portraits of the Doges, in the library, there is a blank left for that of Faliero, who, after his eightieth year, conspired against his country, on account of an insult he received. Instead of his portrait are the words, *Locus Marini Falieri decapitati pro criminibus.* Must examine his history. Lord B. meant to write a tragedy on this subject; went to one of the churches to look for his tomb, and thought he trod upon it on entering, which affected his mind very much; but it was a tomb of one of the Valeri. B. very superstitious; won't begin anything on a Friday. The Piazzetta of St. Mark, with its extraordinary Ducal Palace, and the fantastical church, and the gaudy clock opposite, altogether makes a most barbaric appearance. The mint opposite the palace; the architecture certainly chaste and elegant. The disenchantment one meets with at Venice,—the Rialto so mean — the canals so stinking! Lord B. came up to town at six o'clock, and he and I dined with Scott at the Pellegrino: showed us a letter which his Countess had just received from her husband, in which, without a word of allusion to the way in which she is living with B., he makes some proposal with respect to money of B.'s being invested in his hands, as a thing advantageous to both; a fine specimen of an Italian husband. Went afterwards to the theatre for a short time, and thence to the Contessa d'Albrizzi's. More disenchantment: these assemblies, which, at a distance, sounded so full of splendour and gallantry to me, turned into something much worse than one of Lydia White's conversaziones. Met there the poet Pindemonte, and had some conversation with him; a thin, sickly, old gentleman. Forgot, by the bye, to mention that I saw Monti at Milan. From the Contessa d'Albrizzi we went

to Madame B. who, they tell me, is one of the last of the Venetian ladies of the old school of nobility; thoroughly profligate, of course, in which she but resembles the new school. Her manners very pleasant and easy. She talked to me much about Byron; bid me scold him for the scrape he had got into; said that, till this, *Il se conduisait si bien.* Introduced me to another old countess, who, when I said how much I admired Venice, answered, *Oui, pour un étranger tout ça doit être bien drôle.*

9th. Went with Scott and my laquais to the Giovanni Palace. The things that struck me were the Marcus Agrippa in the court, the Greek statue of an orator in one of the rooms, and a Cupid of Guido's. It is here, if I recollect right, the story of Cupid and Psyche is in one of the rooms, and we were much amused with two Englishmen who could not be made to understand what Favola di Psyche meant. What brings such men to such places? Went to the Pisani Palace, where there are only two large pictures to be seen. Thence to the Confrairie de Saint Roch, which abounds with Tintorets; and then to the Barbarigo Palace, equally rich in Titians; it was his *atelier.* The Magdalen here fine, but does not cry half so beautifully as the Agar of Guercino. Dined with Lord B. at the Pellegrino. What the husband wants is for Lord B. to lend him 1000*l.* at five per cent.; that is, give it to him; though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avvilimento* to him! Scott joined us in the evening, and brought me a copy of the Italian translation of "Lalla Rookh." Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money: he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box, and contemplate

his store. Went with Scott to the Opera; "I Baccanali di Roma." Malanotte played a man's part. Scott showed me a woman, whom Buonaparte pronounced to be the finest woman in Venice, and the Venetians, not agreeing with him, call *La Bella per Decreto*, adding (as all the decrees begin with Considerando) *ma senza il Considerando.*

10th. Went to St. Mark's to mass, but it was over; thence to the Island, where the monastery of Armenian monks is; very neat, and the situation beautiful; they have a good press, and print Armenian books here. Returned and walked in the Piazza, where there was a monstrous show of women, but hardly one pretty. Went to the Academia; a cast of Canova's Hebe delicious; the original is not to be seen, being packed up. Copies of some other things of his here, beautiful. A cast from a statue of Buonaparte's mother, which is placed opposite a statue of Nero's mother. Went to the Esposizione of Inventions; pretty much the Venetian make. Went at half past five to the Pietá, an institution for foundlings, and heard sacred music, instrumental and otherwise, by a band of girls, playing violins, violoncellos, horns, &c. &c. Lord B., Scott, and I dined at the Pellegrino; before we went Lord B. read me what he has done of the third canto of "Don Juan." In the evening all went to the Opera together, and from thence at twelve o'clock to a sort of public-house, to drink hot punch; forming a strange contrast to a dirty cobbler, whom we saw in a nice room delicately eating ice. Lord B. took me home in his gondola at two o'clock; a beautiful moonlight, and thereflection of the palaces in the water, and the stillness and grandeur of the whole scene (deprived as it was of its deformities by the dimness of the light) gave a nobler idea of Venice than I had yet had.

11th. Went to the Manfrini Palace; a noble collection of pictures; the Three Heads by Giorgione, and his Woman playing a Guitar, very beautiful, particularly the female head in the former picture. The Sibilla of Gennaro still more beautiful. Two heads by Carlo Dolce very fine, and Guido's contest between Apollo and Pan exquisite; the enthusiasm of Apollo's head, as he plays, quite divine. The Lucretia of Guido beautiful. Left Venice at one o'clock, and got to Lord Byron's at three; a handsome dinner ready for me. Saw the Countess again, who looked prettier than she did the first time. Guiccioli is her name, *nata Gamba*. Lord B. came on with me to Stra, where we parted. He has given me his Memoirs to make what use I please of them. Arrived at Padua at seven.

12th. Left Padua at six, and arrived at Ferrara (contrary to what I was told, that it would take me ten hours) at a quarter before three. Took a laquais and went first to a church where there were some pictures by Benvenuto, thence to the University; the library very fine; the illuminated MSS. most precious and curious. Saw the chairs and inkstand of Ariosto, his handwriting, and the Orlando: MS. copy of Tasso's "Jerusalem;" also Guarini's own copy of the "Pastor Fido:" one room of the library allotted to the Editiones Principes. The tomb of Ariosto is at the University. Went to St. Anne's. Tasso's prison is a good deal altered; the grated window is the same, but there is but little of the real door left. Saw Ariosto's house; some things there in very good preservation, and they have cased the door of his room in order to preserve it. Saw the chateau of the Villa family, the Strozzi, &c. all looking ruinous and deserted. Returned to the inn, and passed a very very gloomy evening (the rain preventing me from

going to the theatre), wishing myself at home at my own dear cottage, with that dear wife and children who alone make me truly happy. Read a good deal of Lord B.'s Memoirs.

13th. Got up after a famous night's sleep in better spirits, which were however not improved by a charge which a cursed *fabbro* made for mending my carriage. He came into the room, after I had breakfasted, with a piece of rotten wood in his hand, which at first I almost fancied a bit of the door of Tasso's prison, but which proved to be a fragment taken out of one of my wheels. Four Napoleons was what he asked, and after spending all my Italian in squabbling with him, I was obliged to give three and a-half. Started at nine, and after allowing the postillion to take the water in the last post (instead of passing by the boat), which was not very prudent, and which he risked to gain the passage-money, I arrived at Bologna at two o'clock; the Pellegrino; got a laquais, saw the cathedral, and thence to the Academy, where there are to be sure some divine pictures, particularly the "Slaughter of the Innocents," by Guido, in which the faces and attitudes of the mothers are beyond anything beautiful and expressive. Two pictures of Domenichino too, the "Persecution of the Christians under the Albigenses" (I think)* and the "Martyrdom of St. Agnes" are admirable; particularly the former, in which the figures of a youth and girl (with a family resemblance to each other) clinging together amid the massacre are full of beauty. There is also a picture by Raphael of St. Cecilia, in which the female figures are particularly graceful. Went to the

* This must be the Martyrdom of St. Peter, the Dominican. See Murray's Handbook.

churches of St. Peter and Paul, of St. Paul, of the Dominicans (where Guido is buried), and where there is a statue of an angel on one of the altars, said to be by Michael Angelo, of the Corpus Domini, where I saw the body of St. Catherine as it has remained, skin and all, perfect (though it is, I believe, 300 years and more since she died), and dressed and seated up in a most ridiculously frightful manner. The skin of the face and head are quite black. Went to the Palace Zambeccari, where there is a multitude of pictures, but none that struck me very much: saw the fine staircase of Palladio at the Palazzo Ranuzzi; was sorry to find that the fine picture of the Two Apostles, by Guido (which Forsyth praises so much), has been sold and is at Milan. Saw the Neptune of bronze in a fountain in the Gran Piazza. Jackson says this is a figure built up of muscle; the figures around him are females with syren tails; they have been, however, long out of order and dried up. Got a good dinner at my *locanda*, which is a very excellent one, and went in the evening to the Opera: "La Gazza Ladra," by Rossini: the Prima Donna who acted the *Maid* was Amati; a pretty, fat, good-humoured looking woman, but no great singer. Asked my way to the Gran Torre (which was my landmark), as I came home, of a gentleman, who very civilly accompanied me: had some conversation with him. He said Rossini was *sempre quello*, and imitates himself in everything: mentioned some English he had known, among others Lady Sophia Marescotti, who is here now, but lives much in the country. Told me some people had been assassinated lately by *ladri* on the Roman road; a bad hearing this for me. A little astonished this evening at hearing an ostler sing in the yard, "Di tanti palpiti."

14th. Went out at nine; first to the Casa Rossi,

where there is a delicious picture by Correggio, of the "Marriage of St. Catherine;" the beauty and bridal modesty of the young saint, and the eagerness of the child, very striking; a number of Carlo Cignani's here. Thence to some churches, of which I forget the names and the pictures. Went to Longhi, the banker, and drew twenty louis in Roman scudi. Then went to the Marescalchi Gallery, a large collection; two or three Michael Angelos and a fine Correggio, but not so fine as that of the Rossi. Then to the University, the wax anatomy, natural history, magnificent library, &c. A good many persons at the same time seeing it, among whom was a Greek woman (dressed in all the richest costume of her country), with her daughter, rather an attractive sort of person, attended by a courier (the courier of the King of Naples), sent by a great Neapolitan banker, to conduct to him this girl, whom he is about to marry. She has been six years at a collegio at Vienna, where he met her: all this I learned from my *domestico*. Went from thence to the Galleria of the Principe Ercolano, who has married the daughter of Lucien Buonaparte; a fine bust of Napoleon by Canova there; several good pictures, among which I was chiefly struck by a Magdalen of Guercino. Must remark the number of the Magdalens there are. Then to the collection of Tozzoli, where there are some most precious *camei*, and the ivory Christ by Michael Angelo; every thing at these houses and palaces for sale. Afterwards to the house of Count Bianchetti, where there is a Marriage of St. Catherine by Leonardo da Vinci, very good, but nothing to that of Rossi. Then to the Galleria Tanara, which contains a Madonna of Guido, much admired; but why are her eyes so unmeaningly shut up and dozy? There is also here a fine Assumption of the Virgin by

Guercino, and a Toilet of Venus by Annibale Caracci, which rather took me. After these galleries, I walked out to the cemetery, which was made in the time of the French here; rather a trumpery place. Saw the monuments that were brought here when the different churches were destroyed; among them Picus Mirandula. In one place the skulls of the Capuchins, that were found ranged in apple-pie order, with the name of the proprietor of each skull labelled on the forehead (Gall). Saw the Chartreux church here; every one of the priesthood a chapel and altar to himself. The number of ridiculous, grotesque images of Christs, Madonnas, &c. in these chapels is quite overwhelming; some black Madonnas, very ancient the guide said. Banti the singer is buried in the cemetery. There is a *portico* like that to the Madonna of San Luca, building by contribution of all classes in Bologna, to lead to the cemetery. Went to the gate, which is erected halfway on the portico that goes to San Luca; a fine thing this portico, three miles in length. The view from it (as I returned towards the town) of the villas on the sides of the hills, and the church of the Madonna towering above them all at the top, was very beautiful. After dinner went to the Commedia; a wretched set; the play the same I saw at Brescia; and after it a ball; such a ball!

15th. Set off from Bologna at nine and arrived at Covigliaio between five and six; sorry that I did not set off at four or five and do it all through to Florence in the day. Two great English cavalcades on the road (Sir W. Drummond's and Howard's), owing to which I came in for a wretched garret at Covigliaio. Read on my way some of "Goldoni's Memoirs," which I took away from Lord

Byron's library, leaving him an "Ariosto" I bought at Milan in their stead; and, by the bye, have left the first volume behind me at Ferrara. His little notices of Venice interest me now that I have been there, particularly his coming out into the Place of St. Mark to look for some mask that would suggest a plan of a comedy to him, and his meeting with an Armenian. I must buy his comedies at Florence. This puts me in mind of Lord Byron saying to me the other day, "What do you think of Shakspeare, Moore? I think him a damned humbug." Not the first time I have heard him speak slightingly of Shakspeare. Among my epistles from Italy must be one on the exaggeration of travellers, and the false colouring given both by them and by drawings to the places they describe and represent. Another upon painting; the cant of connoisseurs; the contempt artists have for them. To a real lover of nature the sight of a pretty woman, or a fine prospect, beyond the best painted pictures of them in the world. Give, however, the due admiration to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, of Guido, Titian, Guercino, &c. Mention the tiresome sameness of the subjects on which the great masters employed themselves; how refreshing a bit of paganism is after their eternal Madonnas, St. Francises, &c.; Magdalen my favourite saint. Introduce in a note the discussions about the three Marys. Another epistle must touch upon the difference between the Italian women and the German in love: more of *physique* in the feelings of the former: the Italian would kill herself for a living lover, whom she would forget if he died; the German would pine away for a dead one. The senses of the latter are reached through her imagination (as is the case very much with the English woman), but the imagination of the Italian woman is kindled through her senses, &c. &c. Spent a miserable

night at Covigliaio, bitten by fleas, bugs, and all sorts of vulgar *animaletti.*

16th. Left Covigliaio at near half after six, and arrived at Florence about half past eleven. The view of the sun rising over those hills was very splendid; the top of the one on which he rested seemed all gold; there could not be a finer morning for a first view of Florence. Read my Guides and Forsyth as I came along. Forsyth always clever, but one does not like the *man* much; for a little while he is very agreeable, but at last he produces the same effect as a fastidious and dictatorial talker in society, who aims at the *striking* in all he says. The slip-slop in Galignani very amusing. One of the curiosities in Florence, he tells us, is "a picture, painted by himself, of Jesus Christ," — "himself," really meaning Michael Angelo. He says also, "the face of this bust (Magliabecchi's), like *that of its original,* is by no means *flattering.*" Went to Schneider's hotel; got a very nice bed-room and a *laquais de place.* As soon as I was dressed, went to the gallery, and in a few minutes was in the presence of the wonder of the world, the Medicean Venus. The form was so familiar to my eye, that I cannot say I was much struck by it. I mean I was not critic enough to discover the difference between the original and the copies, so as to give any new elevation to my mind at the sight of it, though it is an object I could look at for ever; and there is, after all, something in seeing the original emanation of the artist's mind, which, upon reflection, enhances considerably the enjoyment of its beauties. But for the first impulse, those of the statues, with which I was less acquainted, gave me more pleasure, or, rather, interest; for instance, the Young Apollo, the Venus Genetrix. Titian's Venuses, perhaps for the same reason, did not much inspire me;

they had become hackneyed to me by copies; I knew every bit of them by heart. These, however, are things I must not say to the connoisseur. Saw Lord Templeton, Camac, and Silvertop. Called at Lord Burghersh's. Went thence to the church of Santa Maria Novella; nothing very remarkable in it but a vase by Michael Angelo. Took a *colpo d'occhio* of various other things, the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, the Rape of the Sabines by John of Bologna, &c. Then went to the Cascine, a public drive and walk by the Arno. Returned to town by the footpath along the river, which is a delightful walk. The sun was setting; before me lay Florence, looking as it did when Charles V. said it was fit only to be seen upon holidays; on my left was Fiesole, with that sort of rosy light of sunset upon it, which I have never seen so rosy as in Italy; and when I turned my head, there were the mountains of Lucca behind me. Dined at the inn alone; a dinner splendid enough to make up for ten times worse than I had yesterday. Walked a little in the evening, and to bed early. I forgot to mention that the Massacre of the Innocents, by Daniel de Volterra, affected me as much as the subject always does.

17th. Found a red spot on the back of my leg exactly in the place where it broke out two years ago, which alarms me not a little: suspect it is one of those bites (of which I am full all over), which coming on that irritable part, has inflamed more than the others. Went with Camac to see Sir Charles and Lady Morgan; her success everywhere astonishing. Camac was last night at the Countess of Albany's (the Pretender's wife and Alfieri's), and saw Lady Morgan there in the seat of honour, quite the queen of the room. Capponi too, one of the great men of Florence, sent an order from Genoa, to

have apartments at the house of his *homme d'affaires* ready for her on her arrival here. From thence to the church of the Annunziata: heard mass sung, which was very fine. Whether it be my popish blood or my poetical feelings, nothing gives me more delight than the "pomp and circumstance" of a mass in so grand a church, accompanied by fine music and surrounded by such statuary and such paintings; it is a most elevating spectacle. Saw the tomb of Bandinelli here, over which there is his Dead Christ supported by Nicodemus, the figure of Nicodemus being his own portrait. There is also here the chapel of John of Bologna, decorated with basso-rilievos and statues at his expense. After mass looked at the rich chapel of the Virgin in this church, where every thing is silver; the most costly lamps, &c., and over the altar is the miraculous picture of the Annunciation of the Virgin, of which it is told that when Fra Bartolomeo was painting it, having finished the angel and all but the face of the Virgin, which he despaired of doing well enough, he fell asleep, and on waking found the *Volto divino* ready done to his hand. Anxious to have a look at this divine picture, I asked my laquais could it be seen; but he said very gravely that it would not do to expose the *Volto divino* always, and that it is only uncovered upon particular exigencies, as when rain is wanted, or sovereigns command it, as was the case lately. In the cloisters there is a commemoration of this miracle in one of the paintings, a fresco on the wall; among which, too, is the celebrated picture by Andrea del Sarto, of the Madonna del Sacco, so called from a bag there is in the picture. Then went to the arcades under the Galleria, which is the fashionable promenade, at this hour, of a Sunday. My leg becoming much inflamed,

suppose I shall have to confine myself for some days; lucky that Morgan is here. Went afterwards to the cathedral. The detached campanile, designed by Giotto, is a beautiful thing, but the tiles that form the dome of the cathedral are a sad deformity to it. So dark within, and the day become so gloomy with the rain, that I could hardly see anything but the Eternal Father and Dead Christ of Bandinelli on the altar; and the group of the Madonna, Christ, and (I believe) Joseph, by Michael Angelo, behind the altar, appeared to me very fine. Had been before this to the Academia delle Belle Arti, where there is nothing very remarkable except casts of two of Canova's statues (the originals of which are at Rome): there are also here the casts from the Elgin marbles, given by the Prince Regent. On one of the altars I saw to-day, which was surmounted by a fine bronze figure by John of Bologna, there were immediately under two china Cupids of *terra invetriata*, with gold wings and gold hair. This mixture of good and bad taste in all they do is for ever striking one. In the cathedral is the portrait of Dante, but I could not judge of it; outside, by the *battisterio*, is what is called the Sasso di Dante, where it is supposed he used to sit. After dinner walked to the Opera through the rain: tried the pit first, but afterwards went to Lady Burghersh's box, where I found her and Sir William Drummond. The opera, "Il Medico Ciabattino;" the music by Generale, who was the same that composed the "Baccanali di Roma," which I liked so much at Venice. (I find either Rossini or he has made an opera of "Othello.") The ballet was on the story of "Gabrielle de Verzy," and, for an Italian ballet, very good; the tournament of the horses well managed, and the whole spectacle splendid. Made my excuses to the Burghershes

18th. Went out to the Gallery, but, being a half-holiday, it was shut. Went thence to the Santa Croce, an interesting church, containing the tombs of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Alfieri, &c. The Chapel dei Niccolini here is a beautiful thing; the pavement and walls all various marbles most admirably arranged; the *four* Sibyls at the corners of the cupola by Volterrano, full of life and expression. The Limbo dei Santi Padri, by Angiolo Bronzino, a beautiful picture, full of lovely female forms, more like the Paradise of Mahomet than a Limbo dei Padri. The painter's own portrait and those of his wife and daughter (both pretty) are down in the left corner. Called at Morgan's, and, by good luck, the Comtesse d'Albany came in; a clever, off-hand woman. Went afterwards with the Morgans to a sculptor's who makes busts of most English women that come here. Company at Silvertop's (in the same hotel with me), Lord Dillon, Mons. Fontenay, the French Secretary of Legation, Sir Robert Lawley, and Adair. Ferdinand of Spain, it seems, is very popular with the lower orders of the peasantry: it is against the nobles and the cities that his tyranny and exactions are directed; and this alliance between the throne and the mob is perhaps, of all others, the most fatal to liberty. Dillon spoke of the Florentine republic, and quoted Algernon Sidney, saying that it was, for a short time, the most perfect republic that ever existed. In the morning they used to attend to their counting-houses in the humble garb and manner of citizens; in the evening they used to attend in their places as legislators with their *Gonfaloniere*, who was elected every three months at their head; and at night, when necessary, eighty thousand men, at the sight of the war-fires on the hills, assembled in the vale of Arno to march against the foe.

Such was Dillon's account of them.* They talked of Sgricci, a famous Florentine improvvisatore, who recites off a whole tragedy on every given subject.

19th. Wrote letters, and read some of Byron's memoirs. Lord D. called upon me and sat three hours, part of the time giving me an account of a book he is writing. Tells me that the Liberals in Italy dread the grant of emancipation to the Catholics, as it would give such a triumph to the papacy, the great object of their detestation: their triumph at its late defeat, and the disappointment of Gonsalvi, Litta, and the rest of the papal party. This is very intelligible, and shows what new and different colours a general question may receive from local interests. Lord Castlereagh's support of the Catholics is, with the Liberals, a new reason for hating him: says that Benjamin Constant and the Opposition party in France have the same feelings on the subject. Praises the Italians for their intelligence, but says they have a total want of heart; no cordiality, no hospitality; a grave and reserved people; their dislike of *suggezione* or restraint, which shows itself even in their consideration for others, and in their phrase *Si leva l'incommodo*, when they are taking their leave of any one. Men of great learning in Florence. N———, who has written some tragedies, a violent, extravagant man; said to Dillon that the massacre of Manchester was a lucky event for English liberty, and exclaimed, "Would to God that the Archduke would this night order four hundred Tuscans to be sabred!" The Italians have been so long civilised, that the soil is exhausted, and none of the warmer virtues can now grow there. Sent an excuse to

* It is very different from that of Machiavel, who says the Florentine republic vibrated, not between liberty and servitude, but between license and servitude.— J. R.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY CALIFO

Lord Burghersh, and Camac and I dined together. Morgan and Lady Morgan joined us in the evening; read them some fine things out of Forsyth. By the bye, D. told me that materialism has been long exploded by the infidels here, and that pure Theism, or rather a sort of Unitarianism, is all the vogue.

20th. Went to the Gallery, and took as general a survey of it as I could. Was much disappointed by the Fornarina, which has coarse skin, coarse features, and coarse expression. Among the statues, besides the ever-adorable Venus, are the little Apollo, the Luttatori, the Ganymede. Went to the Palazzo Vecchio; some statues there by Rossi and Bandinelli, and one of Victory by Michael Angelo; like the rest of his works, left unfinished. Went from thence to the Santo Spirito: the Corinthian architecture of this church highly elegant: a fine copy here, by Taddeo Landini, of Michael Angelo's statue of Christ embracing the Cross, which is at Rome: the mosaic of the great altar beautiful. From thence went to the Carmine, which was burnt down all but the walls in 1771. In the chapel of the Virgin here are the old pictures and fresco which first led the way to the perfection of painting, and which all the sublime masters of the art studied. They are by Massolino Panicale and by Masaccio; and, on the death of the latter, finished by Filippo Lippi: the fire spared these treasures. The *capella* of the Casa Corsini here magnificent; the architecture, sculpture, and painting of it most admirable. The cupola by Luca Giordano is like a little heaven. The *illibatum corpus* of St. Andrea is here deposited, and it is mentioned in the inscription on his urn.

Dined with the Morgans; Lady M. remembered and quoted part of our conversation last night, which was as

follows: "Moore,—Well, I don't care how you philosophise, so you leave me my immortal soul. He that steals my purse, steals trash; but he that filches from me my immortal soul," &c. . . . . Niccolini has written a tragedy on the life of Buonaparte, which he has been obliged to send to England to have published.

21st. Went to the Palazzo Pitti; a magnificent thing; the pictures almost all good. Particularly struck by the Holy Trinity of Raphael: the face of the Madonna lovely, and the Saint (St. Catherine, I believe) that leans over the old woman to play with the child, one of the highest order of beauty. The Madonna and Child too by Julio Romano exquisite: the same subject in one of the smaller rooms by Carlo Dolce, done with much sentiment and delicacy. The Cleopatra of Guido beautiful; the Conspiracy of Catiline, by Salvator Rosa, very striking. In a picture of Christ taken down from the Cross, by Andrea del Sarto, the Mary Magdalen, kneeling with clasped hands, and looking with anguish at the wounded limbs of the Saviour, is admirable. These are all that I particularly remember, except the Mistress of Titian—beautiful. Canova's Venus is too long and lanky, but still very fine: it was undertaken at the time of the rape of the Venus de Medici by the French, to replace her loss. Went to the Boboli garden, which is very curious and delightful; statues, walks, fountains, &c. Called upon the Dillons, and went thence to the church of St. Lorenzo, the next after the cathedral: the architecture by Brunelleschi very fine; so are the statues over the tombs of Giuliano Medici and Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, by Michael Angelo; the repose of the sitting warrior over the latter particularly striking. The allegorical groups of Day and Night over one, and Il Crepuscolo and Aurora over the other, are left

unfinished. The *capella* of the Medici most costly in the variety and preciousness of the marble with which it is encrusted, but the effect after all sombre and tasteless. From thence went to the church of S. Marco: the chapel of S. Antonio here very elegant, and the pictures in it by Bronzino and others excellent; also the statue of John the Baptist, by Fiancavelli, after the design of John of Bologna. Pico della Mirandola and Politian are buried here. Went in the evening to the Cocomero; rather good singing; better than at the Pergola. From thence to Lady Burghersh's assembly; chiefly English; introduced to a variety of people, and some foreigners introduced themselves to me. After they all went away, Lady B. made me stop and sing one or two songs for her: got home at two; my leg not the better for the day. Dillon, in talking of Pitt to-day, said he had a thoroughly republican and revolutionary mind, and considered himself but as the dictator of a republic during his Reign of Terror. Had much talk with Lady Mansfield at Lady Burghersh's, and promised to call upon her to-morrow.

22nd. Went to see the anatomical wax-work; very curious; from thence to the Gallery, which I have not yet half seen. Looked over the pictures in the long corridors, very few of which are striking. In Le Festin de Balthasar, by Martinelli, there are some expressive female heads. There is a series of small pictures on the history of Mary Magdalen, by the Chevalier Curradi, but I believe of no great merit. A very pretty Cupid, by an extremely pleasing Bolognese painter, Franceschini. This Cupid is treading books, crowns, money, &c. under his feet. There is a tolerable Magdalen by an unknown author, with the hand upon a book, and the head turned up. By the bye, the Magdalen at the Pitti Palace

(except for the hair, which is magnificent) does not please me by any means. In the room of the Tuscan School there is a head of St. Lucia, with a sort of glory shining from the wound in her neck, which is painted by Carlo Dolce, and is beautiful. In the Ecole Flamande there is an admirable Claude. From thence went and called upon the Mansfields; stayed with them an hour, listening to their singing, and singing myself. Dined at Captain M'Neil's, and had the Morgans and some others: had been invited by my old acquaintance Wilbraham to dine with him and meet Lord Fortescue, who, by the bye, told me to-day there are eight figures to be subducted from the Niobe group, as having nothing to do with it; two of the theatrical attitudinarians (sons) are among the number. Went to the Opera, to Lord Burghersh's box; no one but himself there.

23rd. Called upon the Morgans, and saw Niccolini: went to the Casa Mozzi, and saw the picture of the Night after the Battle of Jena, by Benvenuti, the professor of the Academy here: also some landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and the Adoration of the Magi by Carlo Dolci, the drapery of which is wonderful. Made some visits. After some hesitation, determined at last to go to Rome; shall travel with Camac. Went to the sculptor Bartollini, who is doing Lady Morgan's head; very anxious to have mine. He spoke rapturously of the Elgin Marbles: said he would give all there is in Italy for them, and that if he had a son to educate for a sculptor, it is to England he would send him. Went to the Casa Corsini; a beautiful head of Poetry, by Carlo Dolce, the robe covered with stars; two lovely landscapes by Salvator Rosa, far finer than those at the Casa Mozzi; one of them a view of the Bay of Naples. Dined with Lord Burghersh: company, the

Mansfields, Mr. and Mrs. Ellison (friends of the Lansdownes), General Ramsay, &c. &c. In the evening, music; I sung; Lady Burghersh played some of Lord B.'s music. My song of Bendameer's Stream, which he has set to music, has been translated into Italian. Saw the casts of the group of Niobe, which Lord B. has had arranged according to Cockerell's idea that they belonged to a pediment. The figures being unfinished behind, and that which is kneeling being left entirely *without* one leg, are strong arguments for this conjecture. Lady Burghersh expressing much anxiety that we should not go to-morrow, I myself well inclined to stay and give up Rome entirely, which, with the little time I have to hurry over it, will be rather an operation. Camac, too, seemed not unwilling. Returned home before Camac, and was told by his servant that the horses were ordered for half-past six in the morning; packed up accordingly.

24th. Got up at six, and bustled as much as I could to be ready in time, but was told by my laquais that we were not to go this morning, and Colonel Camac had countermanded the horses. Went to Camac's room and found him fast asleep: waked him, and learned that Lady B. after I came away told him, that I had promised to dine there to-day, and would certainly *not* set out for Rome. After some discussion I proposed to toss up a *paul* to decide whether I should go to Rome or not; heads for Rome; it turned up heads, and we ordered the horses. At half-past eight left Schneider's: arrived at Sienna about five: after dinner went to the Opera; one of Rossini's, who appears to me full of trickery in his music; the singers detestable. Heavy rain at night.

25th. Left Sienna at a quarter after seven: rain came on very heavy: found on our arrival at Radicofani,

that the river between this and Pontécentino was impassable; three or four carriages more stopped here on this account. Read Goldoni on the journey here. Bought a cameo made at the Bagni de San Filippo (see Forsyth).

26th. Started from Radicofani a little before seven, and passed the river easily; the road, much of it, very bad. Acquapendente a picturesque place. This and the lake of Bolsena well described by Forsyth; only the beauties of the former rather exaggerated. The lake full of white waves from the wind and rain of the night; the woods on its banks thick and luxuriant. Arrived at Viterbo between three and four: went to the cathedral, which contains some tolerable pictures (one of Albert Durer's), and the Palazzo Commune. While at an apothecary's, Lucien Bonaparte (who is at present here) passed by in his carriage; we walked before the house where he stopped, and he showed himself at the window; a handsome face. After dinner the Princess Chigi, who has been to Florence to marry her daughter, sent in to know at what hour of the morning we should set off, as she should like to join our party. The Cameriere too talks of taking dragoons. Camac made up to the old Princess, and wanted afterwards to introduce me to her: said she knew of my fame, &c. &c.; but this is all nonsense.

27th. Started at eight; the Princess not ready, but meaning to follow us soon; her son, an unaffected, good-natured sort of person. At the second post (from L'Imposta to Ronciglione) it was proposed to us by the guard stationed there for the purpose, to take an escort of two dragoons. I was against it, but consented to toss up for it, as I did for coming to Rome: the *scudo* decided for my opinion. The colonel however said, as the escort

would not cost more than fifteen *paoli*, we might as well take it. *A la bonne heure;* so we set off with our two dragoons and the Princess close to us with two more. At Ronciglione they wanted us to take escort again, but we would not. The wretched country we passed through, the heavy sulphurous smells, and the hot weight of the air made me exceedingly languid and feverish, and I half feared I was about to have some serious illness. The first sight of the dome of St. Peter's very fine, and the Piazza we entered through the Porta del Popolo, beautiful. It was the hour of the Corso when we arrived (a little after five), and numbers of carriages, gaily filled, were driving to it. The Egyptian obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo and the two churches form a very beautiful welcome into Rome. In driving to the Dogana, passed Trajan's pillar. Went to the Albergo di Parigi (by mistake, for we meant to go to the Albergo di Londra), after dinner I felt somewhat better: find it is the sirocco now. Went to the theatre in the evening: an opera of Rossini's, "La Cappricciosa" (something) and "Il Turco in Italia," and a piece of Goldoni's afterwards; the comic singing not bad. Called afterwards at the Hotel de Londres, and find that Sir H. and Lady Davy, and Chantrey the sculptor, are here.

28th. Received a note from Lady Davy offering me the use of her carriage, and herself as a cicerone from twelve till five; gladly accepted her offer. Went to Torlonia's and got letters from my sweet Bessy, more precious to me than all the wonders I can see. Got one also from Lord John, telling me he will be obliged to leave Genoa immediately, and hasten home to the Parliament, which is summoned in November: this will make a material alteration in my plans. Called upon the Duchess of Devonshire: told me Canning is here; found a messenger

waiting for him from England, and he has but twenty days given him to return. The Duchess and Lady Davy, I find, are the rival *cicerones* of Rome; the former has undertaken Canning. Went with Lady Davy first to the Pantheon; took a coup d'œil of it; thence to the Monte Cavallo, where the colossal figures and the beautiful *tazza* or fountain struck me very much: then to the Coliseum, where indeed the very "genius of ancient Rome" meets one — grand, melancholy, sublime, touching; no one epithet can give any idea of the complicated sensations it excites. The day most lucky for it, fine, but not too sunny, and the lights and shadows most admirably flung about. Then to the Gallery, which is a glorious place; the arrangement worthy of the precious things contained in it. Took glimpses of the Laocoon, the Apollo (the truly divine Apollo), the Antinous, Canova's Perseus and Pugilists. Virgil describes Laocoon bellowing, but the expression of his suffering here is too deep for outcry. Perseus rather delicate for a warrior. Went to St. Peter's: well might the inscription *Ædificabo meam ecclesiam* be written here, for it is a church worthy of a divinity. Took but a passing view of it: the barbaric pomp of the Baldacchino, and the ever-burning lamps round the tomb of St. Peter, with the picturesque figures of the monks kneeling at it, all very striking. Canova's monument of Pope Rezzonico, the genius of Rome, a beautiful figure; and the lions, particularly the sleeping one, very fine: but Religion, with the spikes out of her head, is a disagreeable personage. His other monument to the Stuart family, done at the expense of the Prince Regent, with the two angels, in nearly the same attitudes, at each side of the door of death, is, though on too small a scale for such a church as St. Peter's, finely executed; and the fleshi-

ness of the two figures (Canova's great forte) admirable. The copies in mosaic of Raphael's Transfiguration and other pictures wonderful. Dined with Scroope, whom I met at St. Peter's. In the evening went to the Princess Borghese's — a fine creature in her way: delighted to find I knew her friends Ladies Jersey, Holland, and Lansdowne. Showed her beautiful little hands, which I had the honour of kissing twice, and let me feel her foot, which is matchless. Led us through the rooms of her newly-finished villa, which is done with much taste; her bedroom and bath very elegant, and even comfortable. Asked me for Sunday evening next. A fine moonlight: proposed going to the Coliseum: Chantrey and I and Lady Davy went: the effect sublime; the stars through the ruins, &c.

29th. Went early with Chantrey and Bagshaw (son of Sir William) to the Capitol, and ascended the Campanile. Fine view from thence: ancient Rome on one side, and modern Rome at the other; close beneath you the Forum, with ruins of the various temples that seem to have clustered with such profusion on the spot; the Temple of Concord, Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Stator, and the Arch of Severus, still very perfect; the arches of Titus and Constantine at a little distance; the Temple of Peace to the left, with Diocletian's baths beyond; on the right, the Temple of Janus Quadrifrons, and the Pyramid of Caius Sestus, and the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, far off, &c. all in sight. I write from memory, without consulting plan or guide. The insulated pillar to Phocas just under. The three fluted columns of the Jupiter Tonans very fine. Took a circuit of these, and then went to the Bagni di Tito, of which the house of Mæcenas is said to have formed a part: the paintings on the ceilings of the corridors very beautiful; perspective in some of them:

the sala where the Laocoon was found. Lady Davy told me Sir Humphry observed that this chamber was coloured with vermillion, which, being the colour of honour, he supposed was used there as a tribute to the excellence of the work. This I should think fanciful, for many more parts seem to have been coloured in the same way. Forsyth seems to think these Baths of Titus are confounded with his palace. They show the arch of the Coliseum, to which a sort of bridge conducted from the Bagni, and by which the emperor entered. This arch has no number to it like the rest. It is supposed Raphael saw the ceilings in these baths (though covered in since his time), as his paintings on the ceiling of the Vatican are so much in the same style. Went to St. John of Lateran; the false taste of the *facciata* pointed out by Chantrey. The Porta Santa, which is walled up, and only broken down to admit the Pope once in every twenty-five years, at which time those who enter with him have their sins completely remitted them. The Santa Scala here, which people ascend upon their knees, and only thus. Saw some women going through this operation. Saw the Baptistery near S. Giovanni Laterano, where there are some fine ancient columns. Went to the church of Maria Maggiore; the inside very beautiful, quite a temple: the fine Ionic columns supposed to be taken from the Temple of Juno. Called upon Lady Davy: went with her to the Rospigliosi, or Pallavicini Palace, to see the celebrated Aurora of Guido,—full of poetry and fancy, but pleases me less than works in which there is sentiment or passion. The only head here into which there is this sort of feeling thrown is perhaps rather a defect, as one does not know what can be the cause of its expression. It is a head with the eyes upturned in the way so frequent in Guido, and,

unless it be meant as admiration of the glory around (which is, however, not at all the sort of expression it conveys to me), it is difficult to say what feeling it can have in common with the gay, light group that encircles it: the stars in the sky finely done. In another room there is the Andromeda of Guido, where the expression is rather that of contemplative sorrow than the sudden terror caused by the approach of a monster. Forget the story, and the head is exquisite. There is a lovely Cupid here, by Nicolas Poussin, lying on its breast, with the finger in the mouth, perfectly infantine; the colouring of the wreath on the head admirable. From thence to the Farnese Palace: the architecture of the court, designed by Michael Angelo, very chaste and elegant, though of three orders, one above the other. Here was the Farnesian Hercules and the Flora, now at Naples. The gallery painted *a fresco* with heathen subjects by Annibal Caracci and his brother Agostino. From thence to the Spada Palace, where there is the statue of Pompey, at whose base Cæsar was killed. The French, when they acted Cæsar here, had this statue carried to the theatre: how like them! There is also here a statue, supposed to be Aristotle, the attitude of which, except with respect to the hand upon which the cheek rests, is easy and natural. The Judith of Guido is here, which pleases me more than any on the same subject: the upturned and inspired eyes seem to say that the murder has been done under a special impulse from above; and there is much dignity in the way in which she rests upon the sword she has just used. There are two laughing children here, supposed to be by Correggio, delightful: their laugh is as catching (and almost as unmeaning) as yawning: they are meant for cherubim, but are far better as mere mortal brats. Thence to the

Farnesina: the fable of Cupid and Psyche *a fresco*, designed and touched *ultimamente* by Raphael, but executed chiefly by his scholars; some of the parts very beautiful, particularly Venus telling her story to Jupiter, with such feminine earnestness; the Cupid bearing the shield on his head, and Psyche carried by Mercury to heaven: the Cupid with the shield is said to be entirely Raphael's. In this casino is also the Galatea of Raphael, which is not quite so delightful as fame would lead one to expect; in short it gave me no great pleasure. There is over one of the doors a colossal head, drawn by Michael Angelo with chalk, to amuse himself while he waited for one of his scholars, and, *per riprendere* (says the Guide) *Raffaello della piccolezza delle sue figure.* Drove to the Villa Panfili,—a splendid specimen of the Italian villa; fountains, trimmed walks, statues, &c. &c. Agree with Forsyth that the Belvedere spoils the appearance of these houses. There is, I find, a portrait of the Cenci here by Titian, which I have not seen. Went to see the fine view of Rome from the Pietro in Montorio (a church raised in memory of Peter, who suffered martyrdom here): the little temple (annexed to this church) by Bramante, surrounded by Doric pillars, is a beautiful piece of architecture; it is said to be erected in the very spot where St. Peter suffered. The day very bright and clear, and the view of Rome, the Alban Mount, Soracte, Frascati, the Tiber, from hence exquisite. Stopped at the Fontana di Trevi (*l'acqua vergine*) in returning; a grand and striking thing, whatever may be its faults as to taste. Dined at the inn; the *orvieto* here very like cider. Went in the evening to the Duchess of Devonshire's assembly: dull enough; but that beautiful creature, Mrs. Dodwell, was there: asked the Abbé Taylor to introduce me to

her, but he would not; said it would not be proper, and forced me instead into an introduction to her husband. Much talk with Adair about politics. I was mentioning to Chantrey my having been particularly struck by Michael Angelo's sitting warrior (Lorenzo de Medici) over the monument in San Lorenzo at Florence, and he said, "You are quite right; that is the finest thing of Michael Angelo's I have seen."

30th. Chantrey called upon me, with Jackson the painter. Went with Chantrey to St. Peter's; the high garret windows of the Vatican, on one side of it, rising almost to the same altitude, quite kill the effect of its size. Ought not the colonnades to sweep round to the church instead of terminating each side thus ⎛‾‾⎞? The perspective of the Scala Regia curious; borrowed by Bernini from what I saw at the Palazzo Spada yesterday by Borromini. The statue of Constantine by Bernini full of flutter and effort; the vestibule, at one end of which it stands, magnificent. The Pietà of Michael Angelo on the right as you enter the church is by no means pleasing: a most absurd monument of Bernini's in the right nave to Alexander VII.; a gilt figure of death is seen lifting a heavy mass of marble drapery. Chantrey remarked very truly that groups of *statues*, wanting that connecting medium and those gradations of colouring which painters give to an assemblage of figures, never have a good effect; they are always best detached. Before we went to St. Peter's we had been at Canova's workshop, and saw the cast for his colossal bronze equestrian statue of the last king of Naples. Canova is to do a statue of the last Pope, to be placed over the sepulchre of St. Peter, that gorgeous spot round which the lamps are ever burning. As Chantrey

said, what a place to work for! what an exciting thing for an artist to know that his creation will stand in the midst of such splendours, and under that glorious cupola! Went to the Sistine Chapel to see the Universal Judgment of Michael Angelo; but could not understand it, or feel its beauties. Some of the dead *aspirants* are pulled up by rosaries, others are putting on their flesh for the trip. An extraordinary person that Michael Angelo; seems to have been judged more upon the credit of what he *could* have done than what he has done; his imagination too warm and rapid for such a slow and stubborn material as marble. A better architect, in Chantrey's opinion, than sculptor: a great affinity between him and Dante. The ceiling in this chapel full of fine things of his, Sibyls, &c.; some with as much grace as grandeur. Went to the Gallery; Chantry so right about the beauty of repose in works of art. The tomb of the Scipios, a sarcophagus of *peperino* (so called from its appearance), or *pietra Albana.* The torso not to be compared, in Chantrey's opinion, with those of the Ilissus or of Theseus: showed me how far it was untrue to nature, in the flesh not yielding to the pressure of the seat. The Greek marble is like coarse salt, that of Pentelicus streaky; so is the Cipolino, but in a different way. Chantrey said, if, by any trick, the Creugas of Canova could be buried, and dug up again in fragments as an ancient statue, it would produce a great sensation. The Mercury, or Antinous, a beautiful head, but the right leg is bowed awkwardly. The boys in the Laocoon, it has been justly remarked, are rather *little men* than boys. The Apollo glorious! no detail of muscle given, as would be fit in a human form, but merely the general beauty of shape and action. In the gallery of statues an exquisite group of a Nymph and Satyr; full

of meaning, most spiritedly conveyed. In the same gallery is a fine sitting figure of Menander, with all the *bel riposo* of good sense and taste. The mutilated statue, called the Genius of the Vatican, is very beautiful. It is evident, from the holes in the shoulders, that there have been wings to it. In the Sala delle Muse, I remarked Thalia as particularly feminine and graceful. A fine colossal head of Adrian in the Sala Rotonda, and not far from it, one of Giulia Pia: these busts must be portraits, they have so much truth and reality about them; it is easy to distinguish ideal heads. Saw the Loggie of Raphael, which are much injured by the air, except on the ceilings: Murat had windows put here to preserve them. It is only one arm of the second *piano* that is painted from the cartoons of Raphael (*sui cartoni*) by his scholars; the image of the Eternal Father "flying all abroad" is said to be entirely his. The paintings *a fresco* of the Camera de Raffaello wonderful. In the Angel releasing St. Peter from Prison, the lights are miraculous, and the courage of the artist in drawing those dark iron bars across the exquisite group he had finished, strikes me with astonishment. The pictures of the School of Athens and the Burning of Borgo are two perfect specimens; the one of calm, contemplative repose, and the other of agitated expression and action; the figures of the mothers in this last are beautiful. In the Appartamento Borgia is the celebrated Transfiguration: Chantrey's remark of the frequent duplicates there are of attitudes and actions in all Raphael's pictures, very true; the two men here with outstretched hands on the left is a remarkable instance: the woman who forms the leading point in the background is the Fornarina. The Crowning of the Virgin, in two different pictures, by Raphael, very fine; so is his Madonna di

Foligno. One of the interesting things here is the Aldobrandine Marriage, found at the foot of the Esquiline, full of grace and beauty, and not at all deficient in perspective. Dined at the inn with Camac. Guercino's pictures very spotty, and the figures interrupted by abrupt lights and shadows: much better in detached heads, for the same reason nearly as that given above for the defect in statuary, — he does not seem to have had any blending medium for his groups.

31st. Went with Chantrey to Canova's: saw the grand colossal group he has nearly finished, of Theseus and the Centaur; an answer to those who say he only excels in the smooth and graceful. Saw among other things a cast of his Magdalen that is at Paris; a most touching thing; beauty emaciated, and an attitude full of humility and sorrow: the best of all the Magdalens I have seen. Was introduced to Canova, who was sitting for his picture to Jackson for Chantrey; an interesting man, simple and kind in his manners. His Endymion was in the room; promised that I should see another Magdalen he has done, and a Nymph, of which Chantrey speaks highly. Drove with the Scroopes to S. Paolo fuori delle Mure, remarkable for its magnificent columns, 138 in number; the church supposed to be erected by Constantine. In returning, stopped at the Pyramid of Caius Sestus, the burying ground of the English and other strangers. Went thence to the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, to see the Moses of Michael Angelo; none but he could have dared such an extravagant prodigality of beard. The head appears too small and tapering up to the horns, and is, let them say what they will, very like that of a satyr; but still the expression of the face is full of menace and dignity, and the whole thing has a very grand and imposing

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

effect. From thence to Sir Thomas Lawrence's to see his pictures: the daughter of Metternich (a girl about fifteen) as Hebe delicious; the brilliant youthfulness of the face, the delicacy with which the pearls lie on the neck, all charming. Did not much care about his Pope, his Emperor of Austria, nor his Blucher, though they are all finely executed. A clever head of Ghentz (?) and a most animated full length of Gonsalvi. Went to the Chiesa di S. Maria della Vittoria, a rich and beautiful little church, fit to be the chapel to a royal palace. The Teresa here in the ecstasies of divine love very celebrated, but it is not easy to see it well, both from its high situation and the redundant flutter of Bernini's drapery, but the face of the saint seemed well imagined. The smile of the angel, however, is vulgar and inappropriate. Forsyth calls the ecstasy of the saint "equivocal;" but I could not see the face well enough to be sure of what he means. Thence to S. Martino di Monti, remarkable for the gilding of the capitals of the columns, begun but not finished; this is one of the uses of gilding which may be pronounced decidedly tasteless. There is a church under this, and another still deeper, connected by passages with the Baths of Titus. Thence to the Chiesa di Santa Maria degli Angeli, or the Carthusian church, a magnificent temple formed by Michael Angelo out of the principal *sala* of Diocletian's baths. The round vestibule which forms the entrance, and the unencumbered spaciousness of the *Pinacoteca* which forms the *navata transversale* of the church, all is magnificent. Here is the San Sebastian of Domenichino, *a fresco*, which has all the fulness and richness of oil; the lower part of the picture, the mother with the arm round the child, the expression of the head nearly under the prancing horse, and

the character of the saint's countenance, all exquisite. This church altogether one of the grandest I have seen. Went from this to the Capuchin church to see the St. Michael of Guido; a most glorious picture; the calm consciousness of power in this young and lovely archangel, who, without effort or anger, subdues and chains his adversary, is imagined with all the power of genius, and executed with all the power of art. Dined at Sir H. Davy's; company, Sir T. Lawrence, Chantrey, and Jackson. Went to the Princess Borghese's; Adair there, and M. and Madame Bourke. The Borghese very charming; said she should have something for me to take to Lady Jersey, &c. when I was returning: again showed her hand. I spoke of Denon's model of it in marble; said he had also done her foot, but the cast broke. Came away early. Scroope to-day said he could trace all the seeds of the Gothic architecture in Rome; the circular arch, the fluted columns, which, by turning the concave into convex, became the bundle of small pillars of the Gothic; the zig-zag ornament which is continually found in the Mosaics, &c. &c. Have heard from Lord John Russell that he is hurried away sooner than he expected by the meeting of Parliament, and that I must join him immediately at Genoa. This, being impossible, alters my plans, and I believe I shall go on to Naples.

Nov. 1st. This being All Saints' Day, went with Sir T. Lawrence and Chantrey to the Pope's private chapel; the scene very new to me and very striking. The assemblage of cardinals, the singularity of the ceremonies, the venerable weak old age of the Pope (who looked like a dying man in a rich dressing gown), and some parts of the music, affected my mind considerably. Among the most

remarkable of the cardinals were Gonsalvi (a very fine looking fellow), Quarantotti (now 87 or 88), Fesch, and little Doria, whose grotesque faces, while praying, amused me the whole time. Litta was at his diocese. After this went to the Palace of the Cæsars; a stupendous ruin; wandered about upon it among laurustinus, phillyrea, &c. Went from thence to the church (just nigh) of S. Gregorio; saw the two fine frescoes of Domenichino and Guido, on the flagellation and martyrdom of St. Andrea; the Domenichino by far the finer of the two; the frightened child beautiful, and the countenance of the saint full of admirable resignation. From thence went to the Capitol, and with some difficulty got in (this being a *festa*), on Chantrey showing his order from Canova. The Sala del Gladiatore, the only one that contains any very fine things. The Gladiator itself much more interesting than the Fighting one. The Antinous exquisite, and restored better than any statue I have seen, the additions being all worthy of the rest. The Venus of the Capitol, in this room, particularly pleasing from the perfect state it is in, and the rich, creamy colour of the marble; the same attitude as the Medici's. A Flora, justly admired for its drapery, having, what Townley used to call, the "reasoning of folds" throughout. Went from thence to the Church of Jesus: a most magnificent church; fine singing going on. Looked at the Temple of Peace, three immense arches. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the prison, where St. Paul and Peter were confined; the miraculous well there, &c. &c. Thence to St. John Lateran to see the people ascending the Santa Scala, and from that to a place near where there was a sort of theatre, with a wax-work exhibition of people going to hell. In the same court a dead woman stretched

out, and half-pence scattered upon a plate that lay upon her. Another brought in on a bier while we were there, and a dead child with it. The horrible howl, by way of a hymn, that the fellows set up around, all frightful.

2nd. Went with Chantrey to the bookseller's, Romani, in the Corso, C. having said that he could send any books for me, duty free, with his purchases of marbles, casts, &c. to England. Bought a Tiraboschi, thirteen volumes. Went off to the church of S. Bibiana to see the statue of the saint by Bernini, which Forsyth says comes nearer "to the serene pathos of the antique" than any of his works; and which an Italian duchess (a friend of Lady Davy's) declared inspired her with more devotion than any statue she had ever seen. Much disappointed by it. The concealment of the foot on which the figure stands is unsatisfactory, as taking away the idea of its being sufficiently supported. One does not see either why the other foot should be lifted up; and there is something very awkward in the disproportionate projection of the knee belonging to it. Called on Lady Davy, and went with her and Chantrey to the Palazzo Borghese. "La Caccia di Diana," by Domenichino, a most magical picture. The beauty of the figure half in shadow, drawing one leg up over the other; the ivory back, &c.; the arch, lively look of the girl near the one who has just let fly the arrow; the helpless, innocent expression of the young thing on her back in the water, and evidently very near sinking under it; all is delightful. The picture called the "Graces" (by Titian), but rather like a Venus and two Graces, very fine, but a good deal injured; the story most poetically told. One tying the bandage over Cupid's eyes, while the second holds his bow, and the third his arrows;

it is quite the *fitting out* of Cupid. His wings like a rainbow; another Cupid hovers over the shoulder of her who is tying the bandage, as if to watch what is going on. A picture by Paul Veronese, of "St. John in the Desert," which Chantrey admired very much. There is a Sibyl, by Domenichino, very beautiful, only the mouth rather unmeaningly open. A picture by Titian, of "Sacred and Profane Love," which I did not much attend to, and do not well remember. Went to the Villa Albani, a perfectly splendid Italian villa; its rooms crowded with statues, columns, bas reliefs, &c. The thing that struck me most was the "Cupid bending his Bow" (said to be a copy from Praxiteles), which gave Guido (I think) the idea of his famous picture on the same subject. The *tazza* of alabaster, in the *Sala del Bigliardo*, very beautiful. Dined with Chantrey; saw his drawings of the places he has passed through; excellent. Went to Lady Davy's in the evening. Doubt much about going to Naples. A letter to-day from my darling Bessy.

3rd. Went to bargain for more books. Bought Lanzi's "History of Painting." Went to see the church of Cecilia in Trastevere. Rather a striking statue, by Maderno, of the saint lying dead on her side, and the severed head placed on just as she was found. There is some good feeling in this statue, but a failure in truth; for the feet hold by the ground, and do not fall away like those of a dead person; besides, the mutilation and attitude of the head prevents it from being very agreeable. From thence to the Palazzo Corsini. A fine "Ecce Homo," by Guercino; some landscapes by Poussin very good, but nothing elevated or poetical in them, like those of Claude or Turner. Another Julius II. by Raphael, but I

believe the worst of them. Some pretty things by Albano. The villa on the other side of the garden here, upon the Monte Gennicolo, is supposed to be the site of the villa of Julius Martial, of which Martial writes, *Hinc septem, &c. &c.* A most splendid palace it is altogether. Thence to the Palazzo Doria, where the things that struck me most (it is not a very fine collection, though large) were the two Claudes; one of them in particular, where a dark tree stands up against the sky in the middle, and there is on the right a magnificent temple. Caravaggio's pictures all disagreeable; sharp and extravagant. It is here the famous portrait by Velasquez is (of Pope Pamfili) which Sir J. Reynolds pronounced the finest picture in Rome. This and the St. Michael of Guido were, they say, the only ones he condescended to copy. We did not see the Velasquez as it was in the *guarda roba.* Went afterwards to the tomb of the Cæcilia Metella. All this ground is interesting; thickly clustered with fragments of ancient Rome, and awaking recollections at every spot. The Circus of Caracalla, the tomb of M. Servilius, the Colombarii, or places for the ashes, the temples of Honour and Virtue (into the former of which, according to Plutarch, there was no passage but through the latter), the Appian Way, upon which all these remains are, &c. Asked Chantrey and Scroope to dine with us at our inn. Very good dinner; excellent champagne, good nizza (or Vin de Nice), and claret. Went to the Opera: "L'Italiana in Algieri." Never was anything so pestiferous as the smell of the house. Monballi by no means a pleasing singer; all art, no voice. Decided upon not going to Naples.

4th. Camac determined to be off, and started at eleven. Went with Chantrey to the studio of Massimiliano; ex-

plained to me the progress of a statue; the taking of the points, the working down to them, &c. It is here done by a wooden square, with plummet lines from it, and different sized compasses; managed otherwise in England, as he promises to show me. Went from thence to Camuccini, the first painter in Rome. His first *cartoons* beautiful, but his finished things bad, from his wretched ideas of colouring: "Jupiter presenting the Cup of Immortality to Psyche," and "Cornelia showing her Children," both beautiful in his first sketch of them. From thence to Thorwaldsen, the rival of Canova, and there are certainly very fine things in his studio; particularly the Mercury, a Peasant Boy, Ganymede and the Eagle, the frieze of the Triumph of Alexander, and a Venus with the Apple. He ought not to have attempted the Graces after Canova. By the bye, Chantrey said the other day in the Capitol that he had as studies always before him the casts of the Apollo, the Antinous, and Germanicus. The first as ideal or divine nature, the second as human nature refined, and the last as real every-day nature. Called upon Lady Davy, and went with her to the Grotto of Egeria, as it is called, but supposed by many to have been a mere nymphæum. Saw the Temple of Bacchus too, and from thence went to S. Onofrio, to the tomb of Tasso. A portrait of him on the wall, said to be taken after his death. Dined with Chantrey, and went to Mrs. Graham (author of the "Letters on India") in the evening.

5th. Breakfasted with Chantrey, and sat afterwards to Jackson, who begged to have my portrait. Went and purchased Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," a damaged copy of the Milan edition, for nine *scudi*. Bought also Vasi's "Views of Rome" for ten *scudi;* besides some rows

of Roman pearls for my darling Bessy. Went to Raphael's villa, where there is one room painted *a fresco* by himself, with the Fornarina's portrait in various shapes and dresses all around. From thence to a *trattoria*, where we eat bread and parmesan, and drank Gensano wine. Then to the Borghese Villa, which exhibits within a melancholy wreck, — niches untreasured of their busts, and rooms depopulated of their statues; nothing left behind but some tasteless and fussy works of Bernini, — the David flinging the Stone, and biting his under lip with the exertion; and Apollo and Daphne, with the toes of the latter most frightfully elongated into leaves and roots. There is still, however, an ancient Hermaphrodite here of Greek marble, which Chantrey thinks better than that at Paris. The Florence one he considers as very poor. Dined with Sir H. Davy: the Scroopes, Sir T. Lawrence, and myself; a pleasant day. Went in the evening to the Duchess of Devonshire's, where I heard Mad. Renaudin sing; the most celebrated musical person they have; and her singing is certainly sweet and tasteful, but the things she selected were not pretty: compositions, I rather think, of her master, Crescembini. Mrs. Dodwell looking beautiful; her husband used to be a great favourite with the Pope, who always called him "Caro Doodle." His first addresses were paid to Vittoria Odescalchi, but he jilted her; and she had six masses said to enable her soul to get over its love for him.

6th. Sat to Jackson; then went with him and Chantrey to Canova, who is sitting to Jackson for Chantrey. The great sculptor a most interesting person, full of all the life of youth, and with the simplicity ever attendant upon genius. Took me to see his last Magdalen, which is divine: she is lying recumbent in all the abandonment of grief;

and the expression of her face, and the beauty of her figure (which is not at all so wasted as that of the kneeling Magdalen), are perfection. Talked with him for some time while he sat. His views of Europe, and of the impossibility of checking the spirit that is abroad by decrees against the liberty of the press, &c. &c., the same as my own. Sismondi's book (he said), which proves what "bricconi" the sovereigns of Europe are, is prohibited here. They read but little in Rome. The "Lugano Gazette" prohibited. Showed me an extract from it in MS., containing a list of a new ministry said to be forming in England. Talked to him about the collection of poems that has been published upon the various subjects of his chisel; what an admirable field for poetry it afforded. Went then with Chantrey through his studio, and was enchanted. What creations his women are! the Hebe, the Dansatrice, the Dirce (the model of which is not yet finished); the Female leading the Old Man, for the monument of the Archduchess Cristine of Austria; the delightful group of Graces, for the Duke of Bedford; and the Love and Psyche, she holding his hand so delicately while she places a butterfly upon it. This is exquisite; their attitude seems one in which they might stand for hours without wishing to change it. His Washington does not please me; the manner in which he holds the pen is mincing and affected. Chantrey is employed by the Americans on the same subject. Went from thence to the Borghese Palace. The Titian (which I had not looked at half enough before) is beautiful; the colours of the flesh quite magical. Why is it called Profane and Divine Love? Took a warm bath. Dined with Silvertop: General Ramsay, Mr. Carr, Chantrey, and Duncan.

7th. Sat to Jackson. Called upon Miss Curran, Prin-

cess Chigi, the Wilbrahams, &c. &c. Went with Lady Davy, Mrs. Graham, and Mr. Eastlake (an artist, studying in Rome), to the Palatine Mount, to the grove where the Arcadians used to hold their meetings. Numerous fragments of capitals, &c. &c. strewed about here. They sent to Sicily for the acanthus to plant around them, the flower of the Corinthian capital. The baths of Livia (so called) are here, but we could not get the key to enter them. The whole thing is very picturesque, and some delightful views of Rome from it. Went from thence to St. Peter's to hear the music. Lord Fortescue just arrived. Speaks of the cascade of Terni with rapture. Both he and his daughter disappointed by St. Peter's; felt a much greater idea of vastness at the Duomo of Milan. Drove thence to the Porta Pia, where people drive and walk on Sundays, but were rather too late. Thence to the Corso. Passed a church, the altar of which was most splendidly illuminated, the doors wide open, and people kneeling in the street. If there had been but a burst of music from it, the glory of the spectacle would have been perfect. Music issuing out of light is as good an idea as we can have of heaven. Dined with Chantrey.

8th. Went to Schadow's, a Prussian sculptor here. Some of his works seemed to me pretty good: Achilles defending the dead Body of the Queen of the Amazons, &c. Went to Romani's the bookseller; bought Denina's "Revolutions of Italy" and "Poeti Viventi" of Italy. Thence to the Capitol with Wilbraham and Lady Anne. Saw the statues again; a fine bust of Scipio in one of the long galleries. Went from this to see Cardinal Fesch's pictures; a large collection, Italian, French, and Flemish. Saw only the Italian part to-day. A fine Assumption by Guido; very like the picture in London which Watson

Taylor has bought; where the Virgin is seen standing on the moon, with two of the loveliest angels that ever embellished heaven at each side of her. Like Watson Taylor's picture the best; though the little cherub on the left side of the Virgin here, with his face half illumined by the glory that is behind her, and half in shadow, is exquisite. The three Marys seeing the Angel at the Sepulchre, by Albano, is beautiful; the colouring of the angel perfect. Three large pictures, forming one subject, the Visitation (or Salutation?) of St. Elizabeth, designed by Michael Angelo, and painted by Sebastian del Piombo, particularly grand and poetical. A sort of creature fit for the heath in "Macbeth;" gigantic, gloomy, indistinct, and sublime. An admirable landscape by Gaspar Poussin, with a ray of lightning darting across it, and setting a tree on fire. [Carr says it is not original.] A Magdalen by Guercino, too pallid, but very interesting. After this went with Chantrey and Jackson to the Villa Madama, just under the Monte Mario. This villa now going to waste, and inhabited by common people, has porticoes and saloons designed by Raphael and painted by Julio Romano. The view from before the house, in the sunset, is beautiful. The Tiber running beneath on your left; Rome full before you (St. Peter's, however, unseen), with the white houses of Albano, on the hill beyond you, lighted up; a fine range of mountains on the left, assuming every variety of colour as the sun went down. Jackson and Chantrey sketched the scene. Dined at Scroope's. Went in the evening to Lady Davy's, and saw a famous Italian beauty, Perticari, whose husband is a distinguished *littérateur*.

9th. Went to settle about my books: found a copy of

"Celepino's Dictionary" of seven languages, and bought it for twenty-two pauls: bought also the "Parnaso Italiano," fifty-six vols., for forty crowns: have now got more than 100 books: a great convenience Chantrey's sending them duty free for me. At two o'clock went, a large party of us, to the Sciarra Palace. Not a very fine collection of pictures, except in the single instance of Titian's Mistress, which is one of his most beautiful pictures. The look of sorrowful reproach in those shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly suspected of something wrong, is exquisite. I could imagine her speaking those words, "If to gaze on thee waking, &c. &c.; if that is betraying, thou hast been betrayed." There is a clever picture, the Gamblers, by Caravaggio; a good little Teniers; and the Vanity and Modesty of Leonardo da Vinci, which, notwithstanding the awkward composition of the four hands, and that eternal triangular face which he gives all his women, is rather a striking picture. Desperate rain. All went to Lady Davy's, and I sung for them. At half-past five Chantrey and I went by appointment to Canova, to be taken by him to see his beautiful Venere Vincitrice (the Princess Borghese) at the Borghese Palace: a great favour to be permitted to see it: Madame Perticari was of the party. Interesting conversation with Canova: told me several conversations he had had with Napoleon: his strong representation to him of the ruinous state of Rome, and Buonaparte bursting out with "I'll make it the capital of all Italy," &c. &c. I saw the statue by candle-light, Canova himself holding the light, and pausing with a sort of fond lingering on all the exquisite beauties of this most perfect figure. What a precious thing to possess! Canova had told Lady Davy with great delight, that I said I would write something about his Magdalen.

Madame Perticari too mentioned it now, and said, "*La Poesia é per la Maddalena?*" I answered that the Venere too should come in for her share. Dined with Chantrey at seven. He began a drawing of me with the camera lucida, and Jackson began another. Went to Lady Davy with Chantrey for half an hour, and home.

10th. Sat to Jackson. Bought a few cameos for my dear girl, and wished that the moment for giving them to her was come. Read of the dismissal of Lord Fitzwilliam from the lieutenancy of his county, and augured from this and other symptoms of the times, sad doings in England. Dined at Sir H. Davy's: M. and Madame de Bourke, Adair, &c.; the Duchess of Devonshire, Lawrence, Canova, &c. in the evening. I sang a little. Lawrence promised to show me the sketch he made of Napoleon's son, describing him as a most interesting boy, and full of all the character of his father, — contemplative, decisive, and animated: everything in his character military; little armies, &c. &c.

11th. Wrote letters to Lord Byron, Power, &c. Went with the Wilbrahams and Lady Davy to finish our view of Cardinal Fesch's pictures, — the Flemish and French schools. What struck me most was a fine head of Christ by Rembrandt, and a Magdalen by Vandyck. The sorrow of this countenance is only surpassed by that of Guercino's Hagar. The latter, however, is far beyond anything in its expression that I have yet seen. The figure of this Magdalen is too robust and abundant, but the upturned eyes almost dissolved in tears are exquisite. There is a much admired picture by Nicolo Poussin, the subject of which is poetical enough; the Hours dancing to the sound of a harp played by Old Time, while a little Love is turning the hour-glass at his feet. There is a

most barbarous profanation by Teniers, of Christ crowned with Thorns — finely executed, but vulgarised down to the lowest level of his boors. A bust of Napoleon crowned with a gilt laurel; rather bold of the cardinal. There is a picture too, in the last of these rooms, fit for neither ladies nor cardinals. Went afterwards to the Vatican, and had another view of the inimitable Apollo. The Genius of the Vatican, a beautiful fragment. Dined at Lord Fortescue's; sung with Lady Mary in the evening; then went to Madame de Bourke's, where Cardinal Cacciapiatta, Princess Czartorisky, &c. were. From thence home with Lady Davy, and sung a little for her and Lawrence according to promise. Heard dreadful stories today of the danger of going to Tivoli, whither the greater part of the Naples banditti are gone; their cutting off people's ears, and sending them to their friends, &c. &c.

12th. Up at half-past four, and started for Tivoli a little after six. Mr. Spencer (Lord Spencer's son) joined our party. The road to Tivoli dreary and stinking, — the latter particularly, where the canal from Lake Solfatara crosses the road. This lake is the region of the *Domus Albumeæ resonantis.* Why does Eustace confusedly apply these words to the cascade at Tivoli? The grotto of Neptune tremendously fine. Nature never disappoints; the humbug is always found in the arts, literature, ruins, &c. &c. The little streamlets that issue from the rock by quiet ways of their own, and join the tumult afterwards, a fine illustration of —— something — I don't know what. Went to the Villa d'Este, and had a view of the country from the terrace; of Mæcenas' villa, of Adrian's among the cypresses, of the three Monticelli crowned with towers or churches. Returned home to dinner about five: was to have gone to

the Princess Borghese's music, and the Duchess of Devonshire's in the evening, but was too tired. Who can enjoy such a party of pleasure as we had to-day, armed as we were with pistols, daggers, sword-canes, &c. &c.?

13th. Called upon Sir T. Lawrence at the Consulta. Saw his fine picture of Canova, which has all the *beau idéal* of the countenance, yet still possessing a strong likeness. Tremble for Jackson's portrait beside it. Showed me his drawing of young Napoleon, which is highly interesting: a beautiful child, full of thoughtfulness and simplicity; a fine subject for verses; the past, the present, and the future, all contained in it. Went with Chantrey to see the Moses of Michael Angelo; *his* first time. Michael Angelo has been called "an inspired savage," and with some justice. Chantrey thought the statue, though vulgar and extravagant in many respects, upon the whole imposing and grand. He took a sketch of the female statue to the left. Went from thence to the Maria degli Angeli, for another look at the beautiful St. Sebastian of Domenichino. How its fresh and glowing colours kill the picture of Carlo Maratti opposite! This church one of the sublimest things in Rome. Called at Canova's, and again looked over his treasures. It is strange enough (if the world did not abound with such anomalies) that Canova values himself more on some wretched daubs he has perpetrated in painting, than on his best sculpture. Such is poor human nature in its *finest* specimens. He introduced me to the poet who has written upon his marbles, and promised to present me with a copy of the work. Dined with the Wilbrahams: Lord Fortescue, Lady Mary, &c.; in the evening Lady De Clifford. I sung with Lady Mary. Have settled to be off with Chantrey and his party on Wednesday next.

14th. Read Guidi's "Ode on the Arcadians" at breakfast; and, after three or four times reading, could repeat the following lines of it:

"O noi d' Arcadia fortunata gente,
Che dopo l' ondeggiar di dubbia sorte,
Sovra i colli Romani abbiam soggiorno!
Noi qui miriamo intorno
Di questa illustre solitaria parte
L' alte famosa membre
Della città di Marte.
Mirate là tra le memorie sparte,
Che glorioso ardire
Serbano ancora infra l' orror degli anni
Delle gran moli i danni,
E caldo ancor dentro le sue ruine
Fuma il vigor delle virtù Latine!
Indomita e superba ancora è Roma,
Benchè si veggia col gran busto a terra:
La barbarica guerra
De' fatali Troni,
E l' altra, che le diede il Tempo irato,
Par, che si prenda a scherno:
Son piene di splendor le sue sventure,
E il gran cenere suo si mostra eterno:
E noi, rivolti all' onorate sponde
Del Tebro, invitto fiume
Or miriamo passar le tumid' onde
Col primo orgoglio ancor l' esser Reine
Sovra tutte l' altere onde marine."

I have now written this out from memory. Went to see the collection of Camuccini, the brother of the painter. Some very pleasing things, particularly the Venus and Adonis, a small cabinet picture by Titian,—and a picture, of which the figures are by Giambellini, and the landscape (beautiful) by his pupil Titian; a charming Guido too, of Christ on the Cross; a good Sassoferrato, Virgin and Child; and a curious subject by a pupil of (I think) Correggio, viz. a Child or Cupid crowning a Skull with a Wreath. He has also some fine marbles and *bassi rilievi* that

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

belonged to the Aldobrandini family. There is a picture of Guercino's here, Esther, in which one of the heads is rather like the matchless head of Agar at Milan. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the church of S. Carlo a Catinari, and saw the four cardinal Virtues by Domenichino, in the corner of the cupola; most lovely things; a perfect youthful Hebe; another with a lofty, yet feminine, look of inspiration; and all beautiful. Went from thence to the church of St. Andrea della Valle, where there are also some glorious things over the choir, by Domenichino. We were a good deal interested here by the various examinations of boys and girls (and some, girls of a more advanced time of life) in their catechism. Went to the Pantheon, and looked over the heads of great men placed there, chiefly by the gift of Canova; all the chief painters; Tasso, Ariosto, Alfieri, &c. &c.; Paesiello, Sacchini, &c. &c. Then went to St. Peter's, to hear the music, which was admirable. Dined at Mr. Ellison's. Called at Chantrey's, and found that Canova had sent me the promised poems, with the words *Al celeberrimo Poeta Thomas Moore, Antonio Canova,* in it, and likewise engravings from the statues of the Nymphs, Venere Vincitrice, &c. &c. Saw the palace of the Cencia family, now belonging to some one else. Here the adventure of the Cencia happened.

15th. Called upon Lady Mary Fortescue, and sung with her for some time. Found one or two pretty airs in her MS. book, which she promised to copy out for me. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the church of St. Agnese, built by Borromini; singular architecture outside; not a straight line in the whole building. The fountain opposite it (Piazza Navona) by Bernini nearly as *outré* in its taste. The inside of the church, which is small

and circular, looked very fine by the sort of light with which it is illuminated,—brilliant on the principal altar, and dim on the rest, showing off the *bassi* (or *alti*) *rilievi* over them with very fine effect. Went to the studio of Pacetti, a sculptor of some eminence here: many fine, antique statues, and a female head by Leonardo da Vinci, very beautiful. There are also here the statue of Venus, described by Winckelman, with an elegant tripod beside her. Got money at Torlonia's. Bought Parini's works and a little mosaic of the Coliseum for Bessy, this being the dear girl's birthday. Heaven send her many happy returns of it; and may she always make me love and value her as intensely as I do at this moment. Went at half-past five with Canova, Sir T. Lawrence, Chantrey, Jackson, and Turner (four Royal Academicians), to the Venetian Academy of Painting (where Canova first studied when he came to Rome), and saw the naked model,—a very noble figure of a man, who threw himself into the attitudes of the various ancient statues with striking effect. From thence we all went to the Academy of St. Luke's, where there were near a hundred students, drawing and modelling from another naked figure, not quite so good as the former. All dined together except Canova, who has not dined from home these twelve years. Went in the evening to Lady Davy's, and had some music.

16th. Went out early for the purpose of seeing the Ægina Marbles, but was disappointed. Called upon Lord William Russell, and had much talk about politics and Lord John. From him to Lady Mary Fortescue, with whom I sung for some time; then to Scroope's, who took me to Lady Charlotte Campbell. How changed from the creature I first knew her seventeen or eighteen years ago. Then went with Lady Davy to see the pictures at the

Capitol; but very few of them good; the Sibyl of Domenichino the flower of it all. What spirit in the looks! what freshness in the complexion! what grandeur in the drapery! Guercino's Sibyl here fades into nothing before it: I hardly remember anything else that pleased me so much. Went from thence to see the Colonna garden, and, contrary to my expectation, was admitted to see the palace. Very grand; the great gallery magnificent. There is a fine Claude, but rubbed till it has become quite dry, hard, and blue. The beautiful little Cupids painted on the looking-glasses, by Carlo Maratti, pleased me very much, particularly one little fellow with his back turned, at the top of a glass on the left side of the room, and another holding a crab to the thigh of one that is sleeping, and looking maliciously with his finger to his nose. In one of the rooms is the Cencia of Guido, with a strong expression of sorrow in the countenance. The ridiculous modesty affected in the pictures and statues here: one of the wings of the Swan has been altered, and intended so as to cover the beauties of Leda in the water; and a statue of Venus has been plastered over in the most clumsy manner. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, which makes my mind easy as to the impossibility of my having caught him at Geneva. Dined with the Davys: young Fortescue and Elmsley the great Greek scholar,—a most pompous and disagreeable personage. Went in the evening to Scroope's. Miss S. gave me the two pretty Venetian bracelets for Bessy.

17th. Left Rome for Florence at nine o'clock; the party in the carriage, Chantrey, Jackson, Reid, and Bramsen,—the latter a sort of guide and interpreter that Chantrey brought up with him. The only remarkable object of the day's journey was Soracte, which assumed a

variety of shapes as we approached it. Arrived at Otricoli before seven, and slept there; a wretched inn.

18th. Started at six, and arrived at Terni about half past ten. Breakfasted, and went to the Falls, which is five Italian miles off. Never was anything so magnificently picturesque as this spot. It is not merely the waterfall, though perfect in its way, but every step and every view is full of enchantment. The view from the top whence the water is seen tumbling down into some cavity, and then springing out again, as if rejected; the rainbow moving with the wind, and sometimes quite blown away, but recovering its hues, and forming again immediately; all beautiful. The views too from below are quite as exquisite. The outline of the dark, bold rocks between you and the fall (of which the different landing-places are seen, when the mist of the spray blows off, and at the very top two lesser streams appear branching out in a sort of forked form); the labyrinth of trees, towards the end of the valley, the root of each tree forming a little island, round which the rapids rush, every thing but the water, still. The rainbow over the fall like the Providence of God watching over a stormy world, sometimes lost sight of for awhile, but soon shining out again, &c. &c. The little orange grove through which you pass in leaving the valley; the rhododendrons on the rocks; the jasmines along the road afterwards. The rest of our day's journey highly interesting; an unvarying feature of this country is the high pointed, rocky mountains, with castles on their summits. Slept at Spoleto; a very clean and comfortable place, and an elysium to us after the filthy wretchedness of Otricoli.

19th. Left Spoleto pretty early, and got to Perugia about two, having been delayed by the want of horses,—

Lucien Buonaparte's suite, among others, being on the road. Went to the University, and saw some old pictures by Cimabue, Pietro Perugino, and Perugino's master. Hot with walking so far. Went thence to the chapel, all painted by Pietro Perugino, the most pleasing and least *dry* productions of his I have yet seen. One traces here all the seeds of Raphael's grace; and the embellishments of the corners of the ceiling are evidently the prototype of Raphael's ornamental painting on the Lodges at the Vatican. Dined here, and continued our route all night. It was dark before we got to Lake Trasimene.

20th. Arrived at Florence about two. Schneider's full, but we went to his *piccola locanda* at the other side. After dinner called for Chantrey at Lord Elgin's, and both went to Lord Burghersh's. Chantrey's opinion of the Duomo here very just. The great object of architecture is to produce, by its different forms and projections, different pleasing effects of light and shadows; but an almost flat surface like that of the Duomo, which substitutes variety of colour for variety of light and shadow, is so far from being in good taste, that, at the best, it can be only considered a large and beautiful toy.

21st. Called with Jackson upon Lord Dillon. Read to us the passage in Hobbes, where he compares the Catholic priesthood to the world of fairies; over-strained, but some of it ingenious. I went to the Mansfields, and, after sitting sometime, Lady Mansfield took me to Bartolini, to whom her daughter is sitting for her bust. Bartolini again entreated me to sit for my bust to him, and says he can take the likeness in six hours. Appointed to-morrow. Chantrey, who means to make a bust of me, wishes I should sit to Bartolini, that "we may see the

difference." Went from thence to the *Annunziata* to hear the music, but it was not good. Called upon Lady Charlemont, and sat with her some time. Lady Mansfield told me that the effect she produces here with her beauty is wonderful; last night, at the Comtesse d'Albany's, the Italians were ready to fall down and worship her. Lord Charlemont called upon me. Dined at Lord Burghersh's. Went to the Opera. Came home at twelve o'clock, and looked at Jackson's sketch of the Mothers in Guido's Slaughter of the Innocents. Chantrey objects to this picture; which fails, he says, in truth and nature; for it is impossible that so many mothers should express their horror at the same time, in the same manner, viz. by opening their mouths into an exact oval.

22nd. Gave Bartolini a first sitting for my bust. Went afterwards to the Gallery for a short time; took a glimpse of the Venus and the Claude. Then to the Pitti Palace, but could not get in. Then to Molini's, where I bought Boccacio, Alfieri's Tragedies, and Casti's Novelle. After that went with Jackson to the church of Santa Croce to see the picture of Bronzino, the Limbo dei Santi Padri, one of the most beautiful pictures in Italy. The female figure that stands shrinkingly in an attitude something like that of the Venus, most exquisitely painted. The Sibyls of Volterrano did not so much strike me now that I had seen Domenichino's figures of the same kind. Went to Molini's other shop, where I saw himself. Found that he knew me by reputation; bought Alfieri's life. Saw and talked with Lord Charlemont for some time. Dined at Lord Dillon's. Went to Lady Burghersh's music in the evening. Duchess Lanti sang; fine voice and execution, like a prima donna. Manielli sang with her, and

a little Irish girl, Miss Gibbons; all Lord B.'s music. Had much talk with Lady Burghersh about Maria Louisa, whom she knows very well, and often passes some time with at her principality. Loved Napoleon at first, but his *rebutant* manner to her disgusted her at last. Treated her like a child. Her Regency a mere sham; did not know what the papers were she had to sign. Never had either message or line from Napoleon after his first abdication, nor until his return from Elba, when he wrote a short note, and without beginning "Madame" or "Chère," or any thing, he said he expected her and the child at Paris immediately. Never hears from him from St. Helena. Keeps his picture secretly, and seems to be proud of the child's likeness to him. She is very romantic.

23rd. Sat to Bartolini. Went to Fiesole: a delicious day for it: the view most beautiful; and, after a shower, the sort of light that was over every thing made it ten times more beautiful. The Apennines, some of them covered with snow, which shine out in a sunshine like that of summer. Dined with Sir Robert Lawley: company, Lord and Lady Dillon, Charlemont and Templeton, Lord Francis Conyngham, &c. Dillon's quotation from Bacon to account for women's readiness in arriving at a result without the intermediate reasoning that men require, that the "temperament of women is more cold and *moist!*" The laugh this excited. Sir Robert Lawley's account of the translation of the Memoirs of the Medici to which he has prefixed a preface. The anecdote of the Cardinal, who being invited to a good dinner on Christmas Day said he was sorry he could not attend, but there was such a mass at such an hour, such an office at another hour; concluding that, in short, *non si può far niente in questo giorno di diavolo.* Went from thence to Mrs. Arthur's

ball. Was introduced, at his own request, to the famous Lucchesini, who told me I was *uno dei pilastri delle arte.* The Charlemonts brought me home. Was locked out, young Lord Caulfield assisting me to knock the porter up. Kept at the door a whole hour, from one to two.

24th. Sat to Bartolini. Desperate snowy day. Went to Lady Burghersh's for the purpose of seeing her put her extracts from Lord Byron's Memoirs in the fire.* Gave another sitting of an hour to Bartolini; Lady Mansfield and her daughter sat with me the greater part of the time. Dined at Lord Burghersh's: company, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Lord Lovaine, &c. &c. Went in the evening to Madame d'O.'s ball; an Anglo-Florentine ball. She is the banker's wife, and accordingly everybody with a good letter of credit asked. The Princess of Wirtemberg there. Drank some very good wine at Lord Burghersh's to-day, called (I think) Montalcino.

25th. Went to the Gallery. The Madonna of Carlo Dolci is to me very beautiful; but I at the same time feel that smooth mannerism of his which artists condemn. Went to the Pitti Palace. The Conspiracy of Catiline, by Salvator Rosa, very fine; the Venus of Tintoret an exquisite picture. Dined with the Morgans. In the evening to the christening of Lady Burghersh's child. Lord Mansfield represented the Prince Regent as sponsor. All those at the christening in full dress; but Lady B. said I should be a privileged person, and go in every-day habit. I did not however. A ball after the christening. Some of the chief Florentine beauties there; among whom the handsomest was Madame Mozzi, with a pair of those "terrible" eyes that Arthur Young mentions among the women in Italy. Must not forget Chantrey's remarks upon the

* Mr. Moore had lent Lord Byron's "Memoirs" to Lady Burghersh. — Ed.

two busts of Seneca in the Gallery, showing the inferior style of one in its minute definement of all the parts, and the merit of the other in generalising, and consulting the effect alone.

26th. Got up early to give a final sitting to Bartolini before my departure. Set off with Chantrey, &c. at twelve o'clock. Arrived at Covigliaio between seven and eight. A dreadful day, a snowy mist closing around us as we went.

27th. Left Covigliaio at eight. Arrived at Bologna at half-past five. Weather cleared up, but the snow very deep on the Apennines. The scene very fine in its way. A waggon overturned across the road, which stopped us some time.

28th. Went to the Gallery. The children quarrelling for the beads in Domenichino's fine picture of the Persecution, the roses scattered on the ground from heaven, and the two lovely girls embracing each other just under the feet of the horses, while another so affectionately extends her hands to protect her aged father; all is admirably imagined. The attitude of Samson, in Guido's picture here, very like that of his Michael. The dead children in his Slaughter of the Innocents, one of them smiling in death, the mother flying away with her child, exquisite; but Chantrey's remark (which, I find, Sir Joshua made before), with respect to the open mouths of the women, very true. There are six or seven figures with the mouths open. The Dead Christ and the Saints of Guido (forming two distinct pictures), a fine picture; the children at the bottom lovely. The Magdalen in Raphael's St. Cecilia here a finely-formed creature. In the picture by Pietro Perugino, next to Guido's Dead Christ, the head of St. John the Evangelist is supposed to be by Raphael, being so much more *sciolto* than the rest.

Went to the Marescalchi Palace; a lovely head of St. Cecilia by Domenichino. Canaletti's view of Sta. Maria della Salute here, with a stormy sky, has more painting in it than any one of his I have seen. Left Bologna about two. Arrived at Modena too late to see the gallery of the Ducal Palace, though we attempted it. Could only see that there were some fine Guercinos, and a good Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto. The palace a splendid building, but the façade only half finished, like everything here. The cathedral a sort of Gothic, and has a spire,—one of the very few one sees here. Slept at Modena.

29th. Left Modena before five in the morning, and arrived at Parma to breakfast. Went to the Gallery. The admirable St. Jerome of Correggio. "How very like Sir Joshua!" I exclaimed the moment I looked at it; and Jackson and Chantrey fully confirmed my idea. The faces of the angel and the boy on the right full of a sort of grotesque sweetness, and perfectly original. The infant Christ must have suggested to Sir Joshua his Puck. There is also the Madonna della Sedilla here of Correggio. In the picture by Raffaelle in this gallery he has painted the Fornarina as St. Catherine; a very lovely figure, the prettiest of his Fornarinas I have seen. Jackson thinks the Fornarina in the tribune at Florence is not Raphael's. The library at Parma splendid; contains 80,000 volumes. Went to Bodoni's printing-house, and bought a copy of Gray's Poems (printed here) for Bessy. Went to the monastery of the Benedictine nuns, where Correggio has painted the children round the ceiling very fancifully and beautifully. These are engraved, I believe, by Rosaspina. The cupola of St. Giovanni and the cathedral are also painted by Correggio, but are much injured and hardly discoverable. Rosaspina, however, has had them engraved.

Went from thence to see the toilet of Maria Louisa given her by Napoleon; the cradle, with the eagle at the bottom of it, and the letter N. in various places; all is silver gilt. At dinner to-day, in calling for a bottle of champagne, which I had lost as a wager, I told the waiter, *C'è un scommesso ch' io ho perduto. Perduto!* he exclaimed, *Ah, per Bacco!* This beats Bob Acres's oath for appropriateness. Slept at Parma. Had gone to the Opera, and seen there Maria Louisa.

30th. Left Parma at five, and arrived at Milan to dinner, having stopped to see the Bridge of Lodi on the way. Wrote a note before dinner to Lord Kinnaird, who came in person to answer it. When I mentioned the waiter's *per Bacco!* to him, he told me that the Austrian government had lately refused permission to the ballet master at Milan to produce a ballet on the subject of Cymbeline, on account of the immorality of betting upon a woman's virtue. He offered us his box for the night, and Chantrey and I went. The same ballet of which I had seen the Prova. The last scene, where the Titans are destroyed by a thunderbolt, and all the nymphs and children are seen in a sort of "visionary distance" behind, is beautiful.

December 1st. Went to the Brera. Jackson took a sketch of the delightful Agar for me. Both he and C. pronounced it a feeble picture as to execution, but agreed as to the admirable expression of Agar. The Albano here (which was also brought from Bologna with Guido's Peter and Paul, and the Guercino), a beautiful picture; the subject, the Ratto di Proserpina: Venus reclining in the clouds, and turning round to kiss Cupid, who seems to have just flown up to her after his achievement; the little Love in the dance, whose face is seen from behind; the

wing of one on the right; the temple in the background; all most poetical. In the large picture of Domenichino here the head of his Sibyl is repeated; as, indeed, it is often in his pictures. Chantrey does not admire the Duomo of Milan; thinks it too flat, and without any of the grandeur or richness of our Gothic at home. As we came along yesterday, I asked C. and J. which of the painters they would wish to be if they had their choice among all. C. said Tintoret; and J., Raphael: the former on account of the prodigious works of Tintoret at Venice, which I regret I did not see more perfectly. I also did not dwell half so much as I ought on the fine Assumption of Titian at the Academy, from which J. has taken a sketch of the child that holds up the drapery of the Virgin, — a delicious thing. Tintoret's Miracle of the Hammer is in the same room. Kinnaird came to us while we were at dinner. Started between four and five from Milan, and slept at Novara.

2nd. Left Novara very early, and arrived at Turin about six. Very ill all this day.

3rd. Colonel Fitzclarence, who arrived a day or two before, sent to tell Chantrey he had an opportunity of seeing a private collection of pictures, — the Marquis Cambiaso's. Went with him and Upton. A Madonna and Child by Raphael; the two heads (of angels, I believe) in the background, beautiful. A fine Rubens, the Dance of Infant Satyrs; one of the most pleasing of his I have ever seen. A picture by Titian, where one of the female figures holds a thin glass bell, in which a little Love is inclosed; showing, as the Marquis explained it, *la fragilità dell' amore.* Went thence to the Ducal Palace; a most splendid thing, all gold. None of the pictures pleased me much, except Vandyck's picture of Charles II. and

two of the other Stuarts, as children: beautiful in its way. The character of the little child with the apple admirably caught. There is also a fine portrait, by the same, of Prince Thomas (I think) on horseback. Dined; and left Turin at night.

4th. Breakfasted at Susa, and commenced the ascent of Mont Cenis in a thick, dense fog, out of which we rose gradually into all the sunshine of a clear, glorious morning; according to the promise of our postilion, who said, as we came along, *Il n'y aura pas de brouillard sur la montagne.* The golden appearance of the mist, before the sun quite rose above it, appearing almost like his golden curls showing themselves, and then turning to silver after he had risen. The valley below us full of a sea of mist, reminding one of the deluge, and as if we were escaping out of it to the high places: so very dense too, and some parts of it, as it began to evaporate, rising slowly with a sort of feathery swell, and as white as snow. Two men on each side of our carriage all the way, to keep it from upsetting. Arrived at St. Jean de Maurienne; a most wretched inn, where we slept.

5th. Arrived at Chambery at half-past five; took a *char-à-banc,* and went with Jackson to see the chateau where Rousseau passed the happiest time of his life with Mad. de Warens. The way to it very rural and wild. Though it was almost dark when we arrived at it, Jackson contrived to make a little sketch of the house for me. Returned to dinner, and slept at Chambery; a most comfortable house. Heard here at night the only characteristic national singing I have met with on the Continent.

6th. Left Chambery between six and seven. Saw Buonaparte's road at the Echelles; a grand thing, and the view of the valley at the end of the long gallery

through the rocks beautiful. Emanuel's old road, though wonderful enough, and the portal to it through the high rocks magnificent, is nothing to Napoleon's. There is a monument, with an inscription, at this opening of Emanuel's road. The passage hence through the mountains very grand. Arrived at Lyons between nine and ten.

7th. Walked about Lyons. The situation of the town very fine, and the view from the inn windows (Hotel de l'Europe) of the height on the other side of the river, with the old castle upon it, very striking. Left Lyons at seven in the evening to travel all night. Were stopped at Tarrare for want of horses, and sat at the postmaster's fire, drinking brandy and water, for two hours.

8th. Breakfasted at Roanne. A new bridge building here, begun by Buonaparte. The current of the Loire about to be turned here. The house where we breakfasted was formerly the post, but was dispossessed of this (as the landlady told us) on account of Napoleon having slept there on his way from Elba, and thus being suspected of knowing his intended return. Reached La Palisse between four and five; dined and slept there; a very comfortable house.

9th. Stopped to lunch at Moulins, where we had a gay scene with the *marchandes* that came in to sell knives and scissors, and the little girl who brought the Moulins hats to sell, to whom Chantrey gave, at my suggestion, a five franc piece, which made her very happy. At Villeneuve-sur-Allier Chantrey bought two of these country hats for his wife and mine. Supped at Pouilly; the white wine of this place famous, and very good. Travelled all night.

10th. Breakfasted at Fontenoy, and arrived at Fontainebleau at two. Went with the rest to see the palace.

Saw what I had not been shown before, a statue of Telemachus in the gardens, by Canova, which Buonaparte had sent from Italy, and which was the first thing (the gardener said) he inquired about on his coming into the garden on his way from Elba. Slept at Fontainebleau.

11th. Arrived at Paris before one o'clock. Went as soon as I could, with a beating heart, to inquire for letters from home. Found only one from my darling Bessy, dated as far back as her birthday, the 15th of November. All, however, was then well; and I trust in Heaven the delay of further intelligence is only owing to her waiting the time of my return to Paris. Received a letter also from the Longmans, telling me that nothing has been done in my Bermuda business as yet; and that it is the opinion of Sir J. Mackintosh (as well as their own most decidedly), that I ought not to go to England at present. This is a sad disappointment; my dear cottage and my books! I must, however, lose no time in determining upon bringing Bessy and her little ones over; and wherever they are will be home, and a happy one, to me.

12th. A visitor announced to me, a stranger; said I had done him the honour to leave a card with him last night. Found I had mistaken another doctor for Yonge. He professed himself rejoiced at an accident which had brought him acquainted with one whom he had long, &c. &c. Proved to be a Mr. Williams, an Irishman, a very gentleman-like sort of person, who offered his services to take lodgings, or do anything useful for me. Went to call on the Granards and Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald. Asked to dine by Lord G. to-day, but had promised Chantrey with my fellow-travellers. Went to Galignani and read the newspapers. Dined at Beauvilliers', and went afterwards to the Opera:

my old acquaintance, the "Carnival de Venise." From thence to drink out a wager of punch, which Bramsen had lost at the Mille Colonnes. Wrote a letter this morning, for Chantrey and Jackson, to the Count Forbin, to ask permission for them to see the Louvre, which is at present shut.

13th. Wrote to my dear Bessy and the Longmans. Met at the post-office an old acquaintance, O'Hagarty, who was an emigrant in Dublin, and taught the harp. I remember Stevenson saying (when O'Hagarty declared he had no other resource but this or else staying in France to be guillotined) "Egad, it was *head* or *harp* with you," a phrase used in tossing up a halfpenny in Dublin. Called afterwards on Mrs. Herbert. Came home to sit to Jackson for a pencil drawing he promised to make of me. Found that the English ambassador had left his card with me. Lord Granard called while I was sitting to Jackson. All dined at Véry's; the Romanée Conti excellent. Went in the evening to see Talma in Coriolanus. His "Adieu Rome," had something fine in it; but there is a great deal of ruffianism in his acting. Stood with Chantrey a long time looking at the extraordinary statue of Voltaire at this theatre. Though quite contrary to Chantrey's theory of what is beautiful in art, from its entering into all the common details of nature, yet he confessed that it has something very admirable in it, and that he never tires of looking at it. Houdon was the sculptor. It would be frightful to have the image of any person one loved with such a true and ghastly resemblance to life.

14th. The permission for Chantrey and Jackson arrived, with a very civil note to Chantrey from Count Forbin. Got in with them as their interpreter. Chantrey explained to me the nature of glazing and scumbling. The

former is laying a substratum of white, and then painting with a transparent colour (blue, red, &c.) over it; the latter is chiefly used for the purpose of producing aerial perspective, and consists in brushing thinly over, with an opaque colour, any distant objects that have been first clearly and accurately painted, so as to give them the haze of distance. He showed me a picture of Rubens, in which a cloud had been painted over again by David: remarked what dead, untransparent colouring it was beside the rest. Jackson, for pleasure, would have a collection of *Titians*, that is, for the *sensual* pleasure; but for the intellectual a set of Raphaels, the latter being so grand and severe. Titian painted upon very rough canvas, without preparing it so much as is generally done. Raphael's Michael and Satan very inferior to Guido's. Teniers sometimes imitated Guido; could imitate any master. The fine picture by Titian, of the Cavalier and his Mistress: Chantrey made me understand, by comparing this with the picture beyond it, the difference between the minute details of the inferior art and that fine, general view of nature which a great artist gives. Pointed out to me the finest statues. He admired very much the Zingarella, and took a sketch of it; the Boy with the Goose; the Head of Vitellius, &c. It was Bernini who supplied the cushion to the Hermaphrodite. By the bye, of Bernini, C.'s criticism is that he did not know the boundaries of his art, nor of what it was capable; but attempted effects that only belong to painting, such as motion, flying draperies, &c. &c. Dined with Lord Granard, and he and I went to the Italian Opera: the "Barbiere" of Rossini.

15th. Went out in pursuit of lodgings; found a little *fairy* suite of apartments; an *entresol* in the Rue Chantereine, and took them at 250 francs a month. Dined

at General Fitzgerald's; Sir Sidney Smith of the party. A large assembly after dinner; Lord and Lady Thomond, Lady Clanricarde, Lord Massey, &c. &c. Came away early.

16th. No letter from Bessy. This is very painful and unaccountable. Called on the Granards. Dined with Chantrey, &c. at the Rocher de Cancalle. Ordered them a most *recherché* dinner; *tronçons d'anguille, paté de foie gras, sauté de carpe,* &c. Went afterwards to three of the little theatres on the *Boulevards*, and were much amused.

17th. Chantrey and the rest went off. Dreadfully wet weather, and Paris most uncomfortable. Called upon Fielding and Lady Elizabeth, who had asked me to dinner; but I had engaged to dine with my new friend Dr. Williams. Made some other calls. The Doctor's dinner was at Grignon's, *solus cum solo*, and dull enough. Went early to the Opera: that most trumpery thing, "Le Rossignol;" but the ballet of "Nina" made up for it. Bigottini very touching in this character, and some of the music full of pathos.

18th. No letter from home; know not what to think of it. Every thing here seems dreary. Read some of "Corinne," at breakfast. The introduction of the heroine is absurd enough, — the car, the senators, the speeches, &c.; but the style and remarks are always very striking. Went to seek for Viotti in order to get permission to attend the rehearsal of Spontini's new opera, "Olympie," this evening. Met him; and he promised to admit Lord G., myself, and Fitzgerald. Sent an apology to Mr. Giffard, with whom I was to dine; and Lord G., Fitzgerald, and myself had an early dinner at Beauvilliers'. The rehearsal

very singular; the stage lighted up, and all the scenery in form, and the artists in their every day clothes: the music, too, full of notes and overloaded harmonies; and the way it was squalled and mewled out by Madames Branchia and Albert detestable. Went afterwards to Coulon's ball, where all the *filles d'Opera* go; a Napoleon the ticket. But few of the celebrated ones there; Madlle. de Gros, who danced a waltz very beautifully with Montjoye; Paul's sister; Madlle. Dupont of the Théâtre Français; Bourgoing of the same, &c. What can induce men to lavish their time and money on such creatures as these? It is to me, with all my fondness for the sex, inconceivable. Came away between one and two.

19th. A letter, at last, from Bessy: our dear Tom has been very ill, but she says he is now better. God send him health! Had not yet got my letter from this. Called upon Fielding, and went to my lodgings: saw my landlady; a good deal of a Tartar. Am happy to find, however, she lives a good way off. Made calls with Fielding at the Ambassador's (saw Lady Elizabeth Stuart), at the Dalrymple's, Hamilton's, Lady Westmoreland's, Lady Rancliffe's, Gallois, &c. Dined with Fielding; none but himself and Lady Elizabeth. Went with him to the Français, and saw Madlle. Mars in the "Suite d'un Bal Masqué." The *equivoque* of this little piece well managed, and her acting charming. Went from thence to Madame Flahault's: a pretty French woman there, Mad. Laborde. I saw my old acquaintance the Duchess de Broglie (Mad. de Stael's daughter), who received me very kindly. Reminded her of the night she danced "Mrs. M'Leod" with me in London.

20th. Left the hotel for my new lodgings. Walked about with Fielding to order wood, tea, sugar, &c. A

disagreeable operation for me to turn housekeeper by myself. Went with Lord Granard and Fielding to dine at the Cadran Bleu, for the purpose of seeing the "Petites Danaïdes" at the Porte St. Martin. With some difficulty got places; amusing enough. Little Jenny Vertpré very pretty. Fielding and I drank *punch à la Romaine* at Tortoni's afterwards.

21st. Had a letter from Lord John Russell. His speech on the reform of corrupt boroughs admirable. Nothing gives me more pleasure, both for his own and the country's sake, than his success on this occasion. Walked about with Fielding, after reading the papers. Wanted me to dine with him, but I refused, and dined alone at the Rotonde. Went to the Gaité afterwards, and finished with iced punch at Tortoni's. The weather as hot as summer.

22nd. Paid my landlady a month in advance, and signed and sealed according to the same form as had been submitted to by the ambassador of Constantinople (Adair), who, I find, was my predecessor in these lodgings. Called on Denon, and saw his lithographical publications. One of the engravings he showed me was from a drawing by Procaccini, whom I guessed, from his style, to be an *élève* of Correggio; and I happened to be right. Dined with Fielding, and went in the evening to Lady Westmoreland's, to take leave of her on her departure for Italy. From thence went to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Was introduced to her husband, who is a sensible, quiet sort of person.*

23rd. Desperate wet day. Wrote to my dear Bessy, my mother, Rogers, and Lord John. Dined at Comte de

* The Duc de Broglie's unpretending manner conceals his remarkable abilities, but only for a day. — ED.

Flahault's. De Souza's story of the violent patriot declaiming against tyranny, and saying that the people ought to rise with one voice and cry out *Vive la Liberté!* at the same time whispering the last word himself, as if he feared the very walls would hear him. Music in the evening. Paer and his daughter sung; he in the *buffo* style, and very well; seems a fine, hearty fellow. One of the things sung by him and her and Flahault was an air that they sing to the bagpipes at Rome in Christmas time. It is harmonised by Paer, and is very pretty. I must have it for my National Melodies. Went afterwards to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's assembly, where I saw Pozzo di Borgo, Suchet, &c. Was introduced to Prince Galitzin, a Russian, who has all my poems by heart, and came sidling up to me with a line or two every now and then during the night.

24th. Had a ticket from Lady Rancliffe to the Chamber of Deputies, and went there, but could not get in, it being quite full. Dined alone at the Rotonde, had been pressed by the Flahaults to dine with them, but said I was engaged. Madame Flahault called to take me to the Opera, the "Olympie." Nothing can be more poetically imagined than the scenery and ballet of this opera. It is a curious idea of Madame Flahault, that Lord Byron chose Venice for a residence, because, as nobody walks there, his not having the power is not so remarkable. Wet to the skin coming home. Stopped at the Rotonde on my way to buy a bottle of brandy, and drank some with hot water before I went to bed. Saw a tour through Switzerland at a stall to-day, dedicated to the Thunder, *C'est à toi, Tonnerre, que je dédie mon livre.*

25th. Christmas Day! Alas! I thought to pass it with my dear family. Have been asked to dine by Fielding; but would rather, *faute de mieux*, pass the day with the

Granards, who are the oldest acquaintances I have here, and old recollections have always something domestic about them. Resolved to invite myself to dinner there, and called; but Lord G. anticipated me by asking me himself. Told him, however, my intentions. Lady Charlotte and Fitzgerald at dinner, and Lady Rancliffe. Went to Mrs. Giffard's in the evening, and heard Blanzini and his wife sing some very pretty things. Mrs. Fitzherbert too, who I thought had cut me, gave me a very kind greeting.

27th. Received a letter from my dear Bessy, to say she sets off from Wiltshire to-day. Meant to go in the mail for Calais myself at four, but the eternal work of passports delays me: have taken my place for to-morrow. Was to have dined with the Dalrymple-Hamiltons, but sent an excuse, and dined with the Fieldings, and went to the Olympic in the evening. Joined the Herberts in Mons. Pradell's box.

28th. Got my passports, and set off at half-past four, in the mail, for Calais. My companions two Frenchwomen, one of whom gave me a very interesting account of her sufferings at St. Domingo, and the kindness of the people of Baltimore to her on her arrival there. In talking of the backwardness of the American literature, I said, what would always prevent them from exerting themselves much in that way, was their having already the work done to their hands in the literature of the mother country; and that, in fact, to be *langue epuisée*. *Comment*, she answered, *une langue epuisée*, when there are such poets as Byron and Scott alive? This silence about me I bore very philosophically: found afterwards she had heard much of my name, but never read me. Travelled all night.

29th. Cold, dreary travelling all day. Found, from the conversation of my companions, that there is much

fear of dissension throughout France, and that commerce is already checked by the appearance of clouds in the horizon. This agrees with what Mad. Flahault told me; and these prognostics of a storm have all appeared within a few weeks.

30th. Arrived, after two nights' travelling, at Calais, about seven o'clock this morning. Went to bed at eight, rose again a little after ten, and heard there were two packets in the distance. Breakfasted, and went down to the pier, where I remained till the packet entered the harbour. Numbers on deck, but no Bessy. At last the dear girl and her little ones made their appearance. Our meeting most happy. The little ones quite well and blooming, and my Bessy herself (notwithstanding a fall she had from a pony during my absence, which broke her nose almost to pieces) looking extremely well. She never told me of this accident, but it was a severe one, and confined her to the house for weeks. What an escape! Her beautiful nose, too, that might have vied with Alcina's own, to have been so battered. It is still swelled, and the delicacy of it a little spoiled; but it will soon, I trust, come right again. Dispatched a man from the pier to take the mail for us to-morrow night; but he misunderstood me (from my speaking English with him), and took the places for to-night; an unlucky mistake, as we all want rest. However, there being no help for us, dined and set off together at six; myself, Bessy, the two young ones, and our excellent servant Hannah, all together. A cold, cold night, with the ground as slippery as glass from the frost.

31st. Crept along all day, in much anxiety for my precious charge, for the hills were as dangerous going up as down; but our conversation about all that has happened during our separation beguiled the way. Find

that Power has published the second number of the "National Melodies" in the unfinished state in which I left it; provoking this. Travelled all night in continual alarms from the slipperiness of the roads.

January 1. 1820. Arrived safe, thanks to that God whose goodness I would not *not* feel for the world! Four nights in the mail rather fagging. Got dinner from a *traiteur:* my dear tidy girl, notwithstanding her fatigue, set about settling and managing everything immediately.

2nd. Employed in unpacking and arranging. Took Bessy to walk on the Boulevards in the evening; the shops glittering with *étrennes* of all sorts.

3rd. Down to the Rue St. Antoine for silk for a pelisse, and bought a bonnet. Took Bessy to dinner at Véry's at the Palais Royal; her reluctance to enter the room. Went afterwards to see the Marionettes; where, notwithstanding her bonnet, somebody cried out, *Voila une dame Anglaise!* Finished at the Mille Colonnes.

4th. We called upon Lady Elizabeth Fielding, and went afterwards to the Couturiere. Rather hard upon me to be the interpreter on these occasions; indeed, housekeeping, millinery, everything, falls upon me just now, and I fear there is but little chance of leisure for writing; besides, there is this infernal young lady learning the pianoforte over my head. Dined at home, and read in the evening; the first time I have attempted anything like study for some months.

5th to 8th. Days hardly worth the noting; spent in efforts to settle ourselves, with but little success. Wrote to tell the Longmans that I meant to call my projected little work, "The Fudge Family in Italy." Had an answer to say they were much pleased with the idea. Began some of the picture sketches. Am only able to

manage a few lines a-day, by staying in bed to breakfast. Read through Fresnoy's "Art of Painting," with Sir Joshua's commentary on it. Read also "Richardson on Painting." Bessy visited by Madame de Flahault, Lady C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Herbert, &c. &c. Lady E. Fielding said to me, comically enough on my return from Calais, "Every one speaks of your conjugal attention, and I assure you all Paris is disgusted with it."

9th to 14th. An idle habit thus lumping the days; but they may well say, *nos numerus sumus*, for they have here little more in them. Thought, before my month was out, of looking out for other lodgings, and walked over to the quartier of the Luxembourg with Fielding and Bessy for that purpose. Saw nothing that would do. A boarding-house in the Faubourg St. Honoré rather tempted me; 500 francs a month for board and lodging; but resolved upon trying my present rooms for another month, having changed my study and bed-room to the back, where the pianoforte-playing young lady cannot annoy me. Bessy very ill on the 13th and 14th. Asked to dine at the Flahault's on the 14th, but she could not go: I did. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, and a long and very kind one from Lord Lansdowne. Worked a little at my poetical scraps. Engaged at present on the "Journal of Mr. Connor." Read "Travels in Italy," by a Madame de Recke, and bought several works of the same kind. Have made a resolution (in which Bessy joins me with pleasure) not to go into society here, excepting a few quiet friends to dinner sometimes. This relieves my fears both about time and purse; and I shall, I trust, get on more industriously from henceforward.

15th. Bessy still very unwell. A note from Mrs. Herbert to offer to take us to the Italian Opera this

evening; but neither can go. A note too from my poetical friend, Mr. Lake, describing himself in great distress, and begging the loan of six Napoleons: can hardly refuse him, but have only three myself till Monday.

16th. Called upon Madame de Souza, by appointment, to talk about the romance she is writing. Wants to publish it in London, but Murray refuses to buy, through fear of piracy in Paris. This, she says, may be obviated by letting Didot (whom she can rely on for not going further) print a few copies here, in order to secure the copyright. I promised to write about it. Read me some of her romance, which was very delicately done, "Adèle de Sénanges," &c. &c. Went upstairs afterwards to the Flahaults. Some conversation about Maria Louisa. Flahault was the person sent by Napoleon, during the Cent Jours, to prevail upon her to join him; but, he says, he saw at once she was determined not to come. I heard read an original letter of Napoleon's to the Empress Josephine, after the surrender of Mack, written in a great hurry, but full of most pithy matter. Begins carelessly about the state of his health, and then suddenly comes to this awful sentence: *J'ai détruit l'armée Autrichienne.* The postscript is *Mille choses aimables à Hortense.* It is directed *L'Empereur à l'Imperatrice.* Went afterwards to call upon Gallois and see his library; an excellent one; very rich in English literature. G. full of kindness in his offers of the use of it. Asked me all about my Bermuda business, and said the Duke of Bedford had talked a good deal to him about it. Went from thence to call upon Mr. Lake with the three Napoleons; not at home. After dinner Bessy suggested that I ought to have left the money, as the poor man might be distressed for it this evening, so I set off again to his lodgings, and left the

money sealed for him, promising to give the next to-morrow.

17th. Got forty pounds at the banker's, and gave Mr. Lake his remaining three Naps. Walked with Bessy to call upon Lady Augusta Leith, Lady Granard, and the Herberts. Lady G. very cordial to my dear girl and the little ones. In my apology to the Duchesse de Broglie for dinner on Wednesday, I mentioned Thursday by mistake, in consequence of which she has written a most urgent note, talking of the many *tentatives infructueuses* she has made to have me, and hoping that I am not engaged for Wednesday; so must go. Dined at home. In the evening Madame de Flahault called to take me to the Opera (theatres being an exception to my vow against going out). The opera "Tarare;" the dancing scene in it quite beautiful.

18th. Worked a little at my poetry. Dined at home.

19th. Stayed at home all the morning. Dined at the Duke de Broglie's: company, thirteen in number besides myself, who was the only English person present. Some men there of reputation for talent, whose names I do not well remember. They discussed English literature as fluently as if they knew anything of the matter. One of them fell into a mistake rather flattering to me. In mentioning those of Lord Byron's works he liked the best, he said the "Corsair" and "Lalla Rookh." Sat next to Madame de Broglie, whom I took out to dinner. Talked with her brother Auguste about Sheridan. He said Sheridan was not at all *un homme instruit;* he knew nothing whatever of French. So like a Frenchman! Told me that he heard, when he met Sheridan at Oatlands, that he (S.) had been, a little before, found reading the Memoirs of Grammont, for the first time, in a translation.

In talking of the very unripened state of political knowledge in France at present, I said, *leurs commencemens sont interessans. Oui,* he replied; *les commencemens des jeunes gens sont interessans; mais les commencemens des vieillards . . . helas!* A son of General Custine's one of the party. Came away early.

20th. Wrote a few lines, and went to make some calls. Dined at home.

21st and 22nd. Employed chiefly in looking for lodgings. Thought of going to Versailles; and Dr. Williams brought a Mr. Read to introduce to me, who lives there, and promises to make researches for me. Walked with Bessy to the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Champs Elysées in pursuit of some quiet lodgings. Saw rooms in the latter, about which I am to give an answer to-morrow.

23rd. Called upon Madame de Souza, and heard some more of her romance, which begins to be rather a task. Have written to the Longmans for her. Went out to walk with Dr. Williams to see a cottage in the Champs Elysées, where he once lived. Quite the thing I want; as rural and secluded a workshop as I ever have had.

24th. Walked out early with Bessy and Williams to the cottage, and decided upon taking it. Should have lost it if I had been a day later. Fixed with the proprietress, to meet and sign and seal on Thursday next. Dined at Latin's: the company, Boissonade, who, they tell me, is the French Porson; Gail, professor of Greek, whose edition of Anacreon I remember my mother buying for me when I was about nineteen, and busy with my own translation. How happy the gift made me! Gail is a convivial and rather weak old man. There was also M. George, professor of theological eloquence; the Abbé Dillon; Spurzheim, the craniologist; a M. Dorien, who has written

two epic poems that nobody has read, a very gentleman-like and well-informed person. The day was altogether very amusing. Story of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money, "What, lend *him* money! *Vous lui donneriez des emetiques; il ne les rendroient pas.*" Truffles another subject; whether the ancients knew them. The only reason for thinking so is that Pliny mentions a *champignon souterrein;* but he does not mention its being used in cookery. After dinner Spurzheim questioned me as to my music; whether I paid much attention to the calculation of the *time.* I told him I did not; and he said he could perceive that in the form of my head above the temples. A friend and pupil of his was in the meantime feeling the back of my head, and discovering there *friendship, love of children, &c. &c.* This is carrying the joke rather too far. Boissonade, I find, is contributing materials to Valpy's new edition of the "Thesaurus."

25th. Bessy and I dined with Dr. Williams; no one else but a Mr. Vanderhausen. Williams says a French lady told him gravely the other day, that she considers these *Piqueurs* (the monsters in Paris that stab women), to be the natural consequence of the study of Lord Byron's works, and the principles inculcated by him. Went in the evening to the Porte St. Martin to see the "Petites Danaïdes."

26th. Dined with Bessy and Dalton at Beauvilliers'; treated the party, which cost me two Napoleons. Went to the Opera in the evening; "Aristippe" and "Zephyr et Flore." Bessy not so much delighted as I expected.

27th. Drew fifty pounds from the banker's, and went out to meet my new landlady; Fielding and Williams with me. F. much pleased with the little *guinguette.* The

papers not being ready, I returned home for Bessy. Called on Mrs. Locke and at the Granards, in our way. Lady Adelaide and Lady Caroline took us in the carriage to the cottage. Settled every thing with my landlady and paid three months in advance. Asked Lord Granard to dine with us to-morrow, for the purpose of going to some spectacle. Lady Caroline offered to join the party, and eat an Irish stew in an *entresol*, by way of novelty. Dined with the Fieldings: sung in the evening to him, her, Montgomery, and the governess,—all four weeping. This is the true tribute to my singing.

28th. Ordered some dishes at the Rotonde, in order that the Irish stew might be in good company. Walked to take a box at the Ambigu Comique. Lord Granard came to dinner, Lady C. not being able to come on account of the desperate state of Lady Augusta's son, who is not expected to live. Went in the evening to the Ambigu Comique. Calas was the piece, and it was not a little interesting to see a whole audience of Catholics in tears for the sufferings of a Protestant family.

29th. Went to make visits with Bessy, and to purchase some things for our new abode.

30th. Called upon Madame de Souza, and heard a little more of the novel.

31st. Left the Rue Chantereine, after six weeks of the most uncomfortable residence I have ever endured, and transported my household goods to the Champs Elysées. A delicious day to begin with. Fleeced most dreadfully by the old harridan landlady in the Rue Chantereine. The delight of my whole establishment at getting into a cottage and garden, not to be expressed. Heaven send them health and happiness in it.

February 1st. Every thing promises for comfort and

quietness in our new abode. Doctor Yonge called on me to tell me of the king's death, supposing my debt was to the government, and that this event would be a means of gaining my reprieve. Worked a little, and read "Reynolds's Discourses" in the evening. What excellent sense there is in them.

2nd to 5th. Days passed quietly and busily, writing at the rate of between twenty and thirty lines a day.

6th. Williams and Dalton dined with us.

7th to 11th. Writing away. The Longmans have announced for some time "The Fudge Family in Italy," to be published in the month of February; but I shall not be ready till the end of April. Lord Granard and Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald called; also Lady E. Fielding, Lady Hunloke, Mrs. Leeson, &c. &c. A Mr. Warden, a naturalised American, introduced to me. Sent me a copy of his work on America.

12th. Mr. Rawlins returned from London; brought me the two boxes of books and papers for my Sheridan task, which I left behind. A letter from Branigan, from Jamaica, in which he tells me that there was a subscription about to be set on foot for me there, till, on the receipt of my letter, expressing my intention to decline any such aid, he put a stop to it.

13th to 19th. So busy writing that I have not time to take note of my days; but they are all alike; near thirty lines a day. Dined with the Fieldings once in this week, the only time I have yet dined from the cottage. Read various works on Italy: "Thompson's Travels" (just published, and for the remarks on Art, pretty well), "Voyage en Italie," Stendhal's "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," &c. &c. The Duke de Berri's assassination an important as well as shocking event. Imputed by the Royalists to

the politics of Mons. de Caze, the present minister. A lady said, who went to see the body laid out at the Louvre, *Voilà la seconde exposition au Louvre de l'industrie de M. de Caze,* alluding to the exhibition of works of French industry this year. My poor mother has been very ill, and I have written to Corry to advance them any additional money they may want, either for her comfort, or the expense they have been at in changing lodgings.

20th. Called upon M. Gallois, and looked over his library for some work relative to the adventures of Rienzi: found the history by Abbè de Cerceau. G. highly interested by my account of my cottage life, my hours of study, meals, &c. &c. *Ah, c'est une douce vie que vous menez là.*

21st and 22nd. Nothing remarkable; thirty lines each day. In the three weeks I have been here I have done 600 lines.

23rd. Walked with Bessy into Paris. Called on the Fieldings; Lady E. asked me to dine to-morrow.

24th. Dined with the Fieldings; only themselves; very agreeable.

25th. Took little Statia a walk to the English pastry-cook's after dinner, for some cakes. Twenty to thirty lines a day.

26th and 27th. Negotiating for a new servant in place of the porteress, who has hitherto been our cook. Are about to take the cook of Lady Lanesborough, who lives near us. Madame Flahault called one of these days and saw Bessy. Camac dined with us on the 26th: full of his Italian princesses. Told us of his taking Turner's (the artist's) umbrella on the Campanal of the Capitol, to screen the Princess of Denmark from the wind, knowing neither the Princess nor Turner; of the wind blowing the umbrella

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

back and injuring it very much, to the annoyance of Turner; how the Princess paid him with smiles, &c. &c.

28th and 29th. Little else than "scribble, scribble."

March 1st.—Our new cook arrived, and I expect our *ménage* will be much more comfortable. Asked Dalton, Dr. Yonge, &c. to take tickets for a concert which Dr. Williams patronises to-morrow night, and at which he is to sing.

2nd. Dined at Beauvilliers' with Dalton and Jack Story (an old Leicestershire acquaintance) and went with them to the concert afterwards. Some of the music very pretty. A daughter of Paccini's, rather a pretty girl, played charmingly on the pianoforte. Lady E. Fielding was there, and brought me partly on my way home.

3rd. Dr. Yonge called, and offered to take Bessy to make any calls she might wish, in his carriage. Went with him; called at Lady Rancliffe's, and saw her. Then to Lady Herbert's, whom we saw, and sat with also. Dined afterwards at Yonge's lodgings, Douglas (my old college friend) to meet us; and went in the evening to the Feydeau to see the "Chaperon Rouge."

4th. Dalton has been so long anxious to give me a dinner at Beauvilliers', that we dropped in and dined with him there; and from thence, afterwards, to the Vaudeville, where we saw "La Visite à Bedlam" and "La Volière de Frère Philippe."

5th. Called upon Madame de Souza, and saw her husband's Camoens. This book has cost him near 4000*l.*, and he has never sold a copy.

6th. Bessy and I walked in early to the Marché des Jacobins, to provide for our dinner-party to-day. Yonge, Dalton, and Douglas dined with us; a most excellent

dinner, admirably cooked by our new *artiste*. The evening a very hearty one. I have now finished a thousand lines.

7th to 10th. Worked away, but begin to despair of being able to keep my promise to the public of "Fudge Family in Italy." Am too pressed for time now to do justice to the humorous part; must therefore only publish it as a journal. Dined with the Fieldings one of these days; Lord Robert Fitzgerald the only other person. Lady E. mentioned some lines of Lord Cowper's upon a tax-gatherer, which are comical enough. Went that evening (the 10th) to Madame de Flahault's,—the only breach in my anti-company system I have yet made. A small party; Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Seymour, Lady E. Stuart, Mrs. Ellis, Lady Hunloke, &c. Flahault sung, and so did I; very nervous about it. If I had given way, should have burst out a-crying; as I remember doing many years ago at a large party at Lady Rothes's. No one believes how much I am sometimes affected in singing, partly from being touched myself, and partly from an anxiety to touch others. De Roos (Lord H. Fitzgerald's son) lent me his carriage home.

11th to 14th. My dear Bessy severely ill. Dr. Yonge attended her twice a-day. Between my anxiety about her, and my desire to get on with my little work, much harassed and downcast. This decides me to give up the humorous part of my plan: shall now call it "The Journal of a Member of the Pococurante Society."

15th and 16th. Bessy much recovered. The other day, Lake (Galignani's poet), while waiting for me below stairs, wrote with a pencil the following lines, addressed to little Anastasia:

"Sweet child, when in thy beauteous face,
The blush of innocence I view,
Thy gentle mother's features trace,
Thy father's look of genius too,
If *envy* wake a moment's sigh,
Thy face is my apology."

Made an effort to organise a quiet dinner of some Irish friends for to-morrow (St. Patrick's Day).

17th. Dined, ten or eleven of us, at the Two Swans: Lord Massey, Gen. Fitzgerald, Sir J. Burke, Douglas, Williams, &c. &c. A very jolly day. Williams and I sang some of the "Irish Melodies," and our voices went admirably together.

18th to 23rd. Here are several days which I have let pass too far to recollect precisely what I have done upon each. Dined one day at Fielding's: company, Lady Hunloke and George Dawson. Wrote to the Longmans, to mention my change of plan with respect to the little work, and proposing to have it printed here, for the greater expedition of sending over proofs. Worked regularly every day, but begin to fall off in my daily number of lines. Read parts of Daru's "History of Venice" (which M. de Souza lent me), and wrote a poem on the subject, which is one of the best I have done. Read also Cerceau's account of Rienzi's conspiracy; on which I have also written a poem. A parallel might be drawn between Rienzi and Napoleon.

24th. Had Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald and her husband, Fielding, and Dalton, to dinner. F. told me that G. Dawson is gone off to England to try and make interest with the Duke of York, to get the king's consent to his marrying Miss Seymour. Our dinner went off very agreeably. Lord Cowper's epigram is as follows:

"Next comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;
And the people all give him whatever he *axes*;
In enforcing his dues, he uses no flummery,
And though *Winter*'s his name, his proceedings are *summary*." *

25th. Dined at the Salon for the first time, and looked at their playing in the evening. Am not surprised at young men being tempted to ruin themselves. Fielding and I afterwards called upon Douglas, who had been thrown out of his gig two or three days since, and nearly broke his arm. Found him sitting up with his two physicians, *à l'Irlandaise*, very nearly the end of half a-dozen of claret.

26th. Dr. Yonge dined with us. In the evening, Dr. Williams and Mr. Warden came. They mentioned a curious acoustic instrument, shaped something like a telescope, which being placed on the chest, and the ear applied to the other end, tells whether there is any cavity in the lungs; as, in that case, the noise is heard to come plainly from the chest, otherwise it is heard from the mouth. Mr. Warden, who has lent me the "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," says it was given to him by a Comte Stendahl; so that, notwithstanding the conjectures about the *alias* of this author, Stendahl may be his real name after all. Asked Warden where he is, that I may acknowledge the copy he sent me from Italy some months ago. Thinks he is somewhere near London; at least, that Count Stendahl whom he believes to be the author.

27th. Was to have dined with Story, but put off on account of the illness of his housekeeper. Received an answer from the Longmans, to say my present title would

* I have always heard these verses attributed to Mr. Theodore Hook, and I believe rightly. — ED.

do very well, and that they had no objection to my getting the work set up in Paris.

28th. The Vaudeville in the evening.

29th and 30th. Worked and walked. Begin to grow a good deal dispirited about my Pococurante. A set of detached poems can hardly do much in the present day.

31st. These three days past our Champs Elysées very gay with that truly French exhibition of Longchamps. Received, to my great surprise, a letter from Stendahl, dated (as well as I could judge from a fracture in the paper), "Palerme," telling me he had just read "Lalla Rookh" for the fifth time, and saying that, as I must have friends who love the arts, *pour avoir quelque chose de commun avec eux*, he sends me an order for three copies of his "Histoire de la Peinture," which he begs me to read. The order on the bookseller is signed Aubertin, but the note to me is signed Stendahl. This is all odd enough.

April 1st. Walked with Bessy to market, and lost a great part of my day by doing so.

2nd. Williams dined with us. Some very characteristic stories about Irish Orangemen and freemasons.

3rd. Took dear Anastasia to school for the first time. It is a school quite near, where we can see her every day, and she is to come home every Saturday till Monday. Fielding called upon me, and went to Stendahl's bookseller with our order, as I intend one of the copies for Fielding. The bookseller evidently knows nothing about him, and says he believes he is travelling. The orders on him always signed Aubertin. Have come nearly to the resolution of not publishing my Pococurante; at least till after I have done something of more importance.

4th. Walked to the Marais to look for Smith, an English printer, whom I think of employing to set up my

little work, if I determine to go on with it. Had some difficulty in finding him. He said he would send me an estimate of the expense.

7th. Went to see the Marquis Somariva's collection, with Bessy and Fielding: the Magdalen of Canova its chief ornament; an exquisite thing, and excelling in what is generally out of the sphere of sculpture,—expression.

8th. Writing on; rather inclined to persevere in my publication; but it is somewhat discouraging now to write, when the attention of all the reading world is absorbed by two writers,—Scott and Byron; and when one finds such sentences as the following in the last Edinburgh Review, "These novels (Scott's) have thrown evidently into the shade all contemporary prose, and even all recent poetry, except, perhaps, those inspired by the genius, or demon, of Byron."

9th. Williams called on us in the evening; and he, Bessy, myself, and our neighbour Mrs. Brook, sallied forth to enjoy a little of the humours of the Palais Royal. Went to the Café de la Paix, the Café des Aveugles, and another, where the lady *au comptoir* is just six feet two inches high. Much amused with our evening.

10th. Received a note from Madame de Souza, begging me to call upon her on the subject of her romance. Received also the estimate from Smith; 32 francs a sheet for six copies, 36 francs a sheet for 300 copies, the paper, of course, not included. Went myself in the evening on a ramble through the theatres of the Boulevards; saw Mad. Saqui, &c. &c.

11th. Called on Madame de Souza. Didot prints 1500 copies of her work (consisting of two volumes, 250 pages each) for 3000 francs, paper and all. This is very cheap. Madame de Flahault walked back with me

home, and offered Bessy her box at the Italian Opera for the evening. Went and saw two pieces, in one of which Pellegrini sang.

12th. Bessy took a fancy for some spectacle in the evening. Walked in early: enlisted Dr. Yonge and Edward Moore as recruits. Dined at a *restaurateur's* opposite the Cadran Bleu, and went to three or four little theatres. At one of them had a private box for ten sous apiece.

13th. Called upon Wedderburn Webster. Told me he had heard from Lord Byron (about two months since). He was at Ravenna. Fear from this that he has got into the clutches of the Guiccioli's husband.

14th. Walked to the Jardin Marbœuf, which will be a favourite haunt of mine during the summer: wrote some lines there. Have been employed this day or two in correcting the second number of the "National Melodies" for Power.

15th. Dined at Flahault's. A lady (Mrs. Skinner) had called upon us in the morning, who said she had translated, while in India, the prose story of "Lalla Rookh," for the amusement of her moonshee, and he was astonished at the accuracy of its costume. No one at Flahault's but themselves and the De Souzas. Went with Madame de Flahault to the Italian Opera. When we were leaving the theatre, the Duchesse de Raguse came over to whisper to her, and asked (as Madame de Flahault told me afterwards) whether it was Mons. Walter Scott she had by the arm. Upon Mad. de F.'s saying, "No, it was Mr. Moore," the Duchesse replied, *Ah! c'est la même chose, c'est Lalla Rookh que j'adore.* This Duchesse de Raguse has, it seems, *cut* her husband, on account of his treachery to Napoleon. I had mentioned to Mad. de Flahault, the other day, how strange I thought it that Lady E. Stuart had never returned Bessy's visit. She spoke of it to Lady E., who

assured her she *did* visit us in the Rue Chatereine, but would do it again, as that had been a mistake. Though Bessy does not care a pin about such things, I like that these high people should be made to *mind their manners.*

16th to 19th. Lost two of these days at very stupid dinners; one with a Leicestershire squire, Jack Story, and the other with Wedderburn Webster, at the Trois Frères Provençaux; Douglas of the latter party. Meant to go to the "Barbiere di Seviglia," but was too late, so adjourned to the Café de la Paix; drank punch, listened to nonsense from ——, and was heartily sick of both. He told me that, one day, travelling from Newstead to town with Lord Byron in his vis-a-vis, the latter kept his pistols beside him, and continued silent for hours, with the most ferocious expression possible on his countenance. "For God's sake, my dear B. (said W——' at last), what are you thinking of? Are you about to commit murder; or what other dreadful thing are you meditating?" To which B. answered, that he always had a sort of presentiment that his own life would be attacked some time or other; and that this was the reason of his always going armed, as it was also the subject of his thoughts at that moment.

20th. Dined with the F———. By the bye, told me some time ago that Madame de Flahault had betrayed all the secrets of the Princess Charlotte, with whom she was on terms of close intimacy, to the Regent. So far is this from being true, that when, on the Princess's marriage, the Regent required of Madame de Flahault, in the name of Prince Leopold and his own, to give up all the Princess C.'s letters, she boldly but respectfully refused, saying she valued them too highly, &c.

22nd. Bessy and I took dear Anastasia in the evening

to the theatre of M. Comte, where we saw an extraordinary old man eat whole walnuts, and a crawfish, a bird, and an eel, all alive. A *gens-d'armes*, who seemed to know all about him, said that he suffered no inconvenience from any of these things, except the walnuts, which he could not digest. He swallowed also a pack of cards, his comrade accompanying it with the joke of "Vous mangez à *la carte*."

23rd. Fielding and Lady E. dined with us. In the evening we all walked in the Jardin Marbœuf; and, afterwards, Fielding and I went to a concert given by Livius, where I heard Mdlle. Münck sing very pleasingly. Viotti, too, was there, whom I always like to meet. Lord Trimlestown told me this evening that he is occupied in translating my "Paradise and the Peri" into French. He wrote, some years ago, rather pretty French verses to me on my poem to the "Invisible Girl," which also, at the same time, produced some very lively lines from Croker. I lost the copies of both by lending them. Croker imagined a woman of fashion to address me on the prospect of my becoming a lawyer, deprecating the idea that I should ever be

> "Wrapt in a gown a world too big,
> And shaded in a waste of wig!"

24th. Called upon Fielding; and he and I went to the printer's, but again missed him. Thence to Breguet's, and saw some of his very curious inventions in wheel-work.

25th. Dined with the Villamils, and went with them in the evening to see "Marie Stuart," the new French tragedy. Very successful; but, as I thought, very dull. Elizabeth goes on a hunting party from London to

Fotheringay; and Marie, pointing to the horizon, says, *C'est là qu'est mon pays; là l'Ecosse commence;* she continues,

> "Ces nuages errants, qui traversent le ciel,
> Peut-être hier ont vu mon palais paternel."

There are, however, one or two pathetic passages, and one or two well-turned lines. After the play, Miss Wilson, one of our party, having on a hat, certainly rather remarkable, attracted the attention of the *parterre*, and almost every man in it looked up at our box, laughed aloud, and almost hooted; and if the entertainment had not commenced, there is no knowing how far they would have carried their insults.

26th. Began to transcribe for the press. Went to Madame de Flahault's in the evening, from an idea that she had fixed with me to meet the Duke of Devonshire at tea; but found she had dined out.

27th Received a note from Madame de Flahault expressing her regret that she had let me know that the Duke was coming to her, and saying she hoped I would show I forgave her by coming early to her concert this evening. Transcribed through the day; the evening wet; did not go to Madame de F.'s.

28th. Received a letter, at last, from Lord Byron, through Murray, telling me he had informed Lady B. of his having given me his memoirs for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offering her the perusal of them in case she might wish to confute any of his statements. Her note in answer to this offer (the original of which he inclosed me) is as follows:—

"Kirkby Mallory, March 10. 1820.

"I received your letter of January 1., offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the

publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake, I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the *consequences*.

"A. BYRON."

"To Lord Byron."

His reply to this, which he has also inclosed, and requested me (after reading it and taking a copy) to forward to Lady B., is as follows:

"Ravenna, April 3. 1820.

"I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be — and I cannot pretend to unriddle it — I could hardly be very sensible, even if I understood it, as, before it could take place, I shall be where 'nothing can touch him further.'... I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention; for be assured no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and if it could, I would answer with Florentine,

'Et io, che posto son con loro in croce
. . . . . e certo
La fiera moglie, più ch' altro, mi nuoce.'

"BYRON."

"To Lady Byron."

The Villamils, Miss Wilson, and Edward Moore dined with us, and went in the evening to the Variétés.

May 1st. Wrote to Lord Byron. Went with the Storys to the Italian Opera in the evening; the "Barbiere," which improves upon me. Lord Kinnaird came to the box to me; arrived only a day or two ago from Milan; staid with us and saw Bessy out. Agreed to fix a day to dine together at Flahault's.

2nd. Called upon Madame de Flahault: fixed Friday to dine to meet Kinnaird. Told Madame de Souza of the answer I had received from Murray, who does not appear

to wish to have anything to do with her romance. Told me of Napoleon, that, when he was embarking from Elba, his four hundred veterans wished to be aboard the same ship with him; but the captain of the vessel remonstrated and said, that if there came the slightest breath of wind, they would be upset with so many on board; and that he must take at most but the half of the guard; upon which Buonaparte answered, *Il fera beau;* and ordered that all should accompany him.

4th. Williams dined with us; went in the evening and bought a copy of the French translation of "Lalla Rookh," just published by the translator of Lord Byron. It is amusing enough that they have given a biographical sketch of me before it, entitled, "Notice sur *Sir* Thomas Moore."

5th. Sent Bessy's mother three pounds, making eleven since Bessy arrived.

6th. Dined at Flahault's to meet Lord Kinnaird. By the bye, he said at F.'s. the other day, that he felt there were three persons he ought to have called out; the Duke of Wellington, De Caze, and Dupin the advocate-general; the former was too much above him, he said, and the last too much below him.

7th. Williams dined with us; he has begun copying out Lord B.'s "Memoirs" for me, as I fear the original papers may become worn out by passing through so many hands.

8th. A wet day; but went to Villamil's in a calèche, which I had hired; Williams, Bessy and I, Hannah and the children. Left the latter at V.'s, and went on, after a *déjeuner à la fourchette,* to Versailles. Only saw the palace; it was too wet to walk about and see the *grandes eaux.* Returned at night between nine and ten.

9th. Gave the first copy of my work to the printer a

week since, and he promised me a proof on Friday last; but none has yet come, and the season is far advanced. Have begun a poem on Lord Byron, which is a ticklish subject, whether with reference to himself or the public.

10th to 13th. Nothing particular. Received the proof of the first sheet, and forwarded it quite correct to the Longmans on the 13th. Went (on the 9th or 10th) with the Fieldings to look at houses in the neighbourhood of Villamil, as they wish to have one there. Lunched with the V.s, who asked the Fieldings to go out there with us to a fête next Sunday. Another of these days the Storys dined with us, and Douglas, and Dr. Yonge. Douglas has received a letter from Lord Strangford, in which he complains of my not having answered the letter he wrote from Sweden, and says, "As there is no one almost I love half so well as Moore, his silence grieves me." Went to the Vaudeville in the evening. Went on the 11th to a concert at Flahault's, where I heard a very beautiful Spanish woman sing, Madame Merlin. Her singing, however, not very good; and spoils her features as much as playing the flute did Miriova's. Had a long conversation with the Duchesse de Broglie. On the 13th, went with the Storys to the Italian Opera.

14th. Though the day was wet, the Fieldings called upon us, and we all went to pass the day with the Villamils. It cleared up; and, before dinner, we walked to look at the apartments at Bellevue for the Fieldings: would not do, however. Saw La Fayette there for the first time, and was introduced to him; a fine, interesting, old man.

15th. Dined at Madame de Flahault's to meet Loch, an Edinburgh man. Went with him in the evening to Madame Flahault's box at the Opera. Had a note to-day

from Sir C. Morgan; he and my lady just arrived from Italy. Have written to ask them to dinner some day this *week*. Received a note from Lord Essex, saying that he is here for a few days, and hoping I will dine with him soon.

16th and 17th. Dined one of these days with the Fieldings. Told me that a person meeting a friend running through the rain with an umbrella over him said, "Where are you running to in such a hurry, like a mad mushroom?"

18th. Dined with Lord Essex; his niece, and the Fieldings, and Ducane, the company. Went with F. in the evening to the Porte St. Martin. Potier, in the "Marriage du ci-devant Jeune Homme," excellent. My work goes on printing, but rather slowly. Called at Denon's, who has promised Bessy a copy of Rogers's portrait.

19th. Dined with the Fieldings, who, I grieve to say, are about to leave Paris to live at Boulogne. Went with them in the evening to Madame de Flahault's to meet Lady Morgan. The Davys there; who, by the bye, called upon me some evenings since; just arrived. Davy went to Ravenna to see Lord Byron, who is now living domesticated with the Guiccioli, and her husband after all. He was rather anxious to get off with Davy to Bologna, professedly for the purpose of seeing Lady Davy, but I have no doubt with a wish to give his *Contessa* the slip. There were at Flahault's also great numbers of the French *liberaux*; Constant, General Foy, Sebastiani, &c. &c. Came away early.

20th. The Morgans and Fielding dined with us. We went in the evening to the Variétés, where Lady Elizabeth joined us.

21st. Dr. Yonge and Douglas dined with us. We were joined in the evening by Williams, and we all went to a fête at the Beaujon. Nothing can be more singular and beautiful than the view from the gallery of this extraordinary place.

23rd. Still writing, and giving copy, as I write, to the printer. Went to dine with Douglas and Yonge at the Cadran Bleu, and visited two of the little theatres afterwards. Talking of the importance of individuals to themselves, D. mentioned a letter from a servant maid, in which she says, "I hear it is all over London that I am about to leave my place."

24th. Had been invited for to-day to dine with the Davys and a *Roman* party at the Rocher de Cancalle, but had already promised, at the request of Douglas, to dine with Henry and Lady Emily at the other side of Paris. The Miss Byrnes (the eldest of whom is heiress to 8000*l.* a year) took us. Poor Lady Emily sadly broken, and looking all but dead. The day altogether an interesting one. We had music in the evening, and the Miss Byrnes played and sung. It is so long since I myself have sung, that my breath almost failed me with nervousness. Lord H. Fitzgerald, whom we found (with Lady de Roos) paying a morning visit on our arrival, mentioned a circumstance of an English lady taking lodgings in the Champs Elysées; and after she had agreed for them, the proprietor said, *Et je vous assure, Madame, que vous ne verrez rien de dégoutant ou effrayant.* It was a maison de santé, where mad people were taken.

25th. Went to take a box at the Feydeau for our party to-night, and called upon Lady Davy. Saw Sir Humphry, who dines with the Duc de Richelieu, and she comes to dine with us. Have asked Fielding to meet her.

On my return found that Lord Kinnaird had been to bring back Lord B.'s "Memoirs," and Bessy had asked him to dinner. He came, and made the party very agreeable. Told us of a Scotchman who, upon being asked by a stranger the way to some place, answered, as usual, with the question of "Where do you come from?" "That's nothing whatever to you," answered the other. "Very true," replied the Scotchman, "nor is it muckle concern of mine where ye are ganging, either." Saw the "Voitures Versées" and the "Maison à Vendre," at the Feydeau. Lady Davy told me that an Irish lady, Mrs. M'Neal, whom I met in Italy, told her at Naples that I spoke with great gratitude of her (Lady Davy's) attentions, in showing me all the sights at Rome; and that I said she "was the best Cicisbeo in Italy." By the bye, have just received a wretched catchpenny from London, called the "Man in the Moon," where I am caricatured as "Erin's pocket Apollo," and as a Cupid.

26th. Called upon Fielding, but missed him by mistake. Walked in with Bessy and the children in the evening. Wrote in Lady E.'s album, which she left behind for the purpose, my verses upon "Love and Time." Am asked to dine with the Cadogans to-morrow; but as the Storys have got a box for Rossini's "Turco in Italia," shall prefer that.

27th. Breakfasted with Fielding, and went about with him till half past one. He goes to-morrow to his new house at Boulogne; for which I grieve very sincerely, as he is almost the only man here I have any pleasure in associating with. Williams came to write out the Memoirs, and dined with us. In the evening Bessy and I went with the Storys to the Opera. Lord and Lady

Spencer were there. The music of this opera not good in general.

28th May; June. Here follows an interval of near a month, during which I have taken "no note of time," on account of the various distractions that have occupied every minute; among which, the chief was the finishing my work for the Longmans. Just as I was sending them the last sheet, and the title, I received a letter from Longman himself, inclosing one from Sir J. Mackintosh, to whom they had shown the first two sheets of the work, for the purpose of asking his opinion as to the prudence of publishing the attacks it contains upon Castlereagh, Van., and Sid., at this moment, when it is possible my friends, in bringing this Bermuda business to a settlement, may have to apply for the remission of the government part of the claims. Mackintosh is of opinion that I certainly should not publish them, as it might interfere with the success of such an application; which he thinks could not fail to be acceded to, and without "imposing much restraint on my liberty." The Longmans agree perfectly with him, and suggest that I should "work this volume up without the politics, or entice my muse into some other region." I answered it was with the most perfect willingness I agreed to give up the publication, as nothing but a wish to reimburse them the sums they had advanced for me could have induced me to send such a frail bark afloat among the public just now; and that if they were good enough to wait, the giving up the work was much more a relief than a disappointment to me. That if the satire was good enough to justify, in any degree, the imprudence such a step would appear in many people's eyes, I should say *at jacta esto alea*, and give it to the world; as, though I agreed with them in suppressing it, it was not at all on the grounds that they and

Sir J. Mackintosh had so considerately suggested, but solely from my wish to let the next thing I publish be of some magnitude and importance; and that I did not think it at all likely that I should ever consent to receive anything in the way of favour from any member of the present government.

It is impossible for me to recollect the dates of the occurrences during this month, but I shall set them down at random, as they present themselves to my memory.

Our Wiltshire friends, the Lockes, arrived for two or three days in Paris. Dined with them at their hotel, on the very day the disturbances on the subject of the election law assumed the first alarming appearance. This was, I recollect, Saturday, the 3rd of June. On the Monday following, Bessy and I walked in after dinner to call on them, and found great agitation every where. Saw the crowd of students on their way to the Faubourg St. Antoiné, to try and excite the people of that quarter; shops all shutting up in the Rue de la Paix. After leaving Bessy at home, returned to the Place Louis XV., from which I found the cavalry had cleared away all the people. These disturbances lasted thus the whole of this week, and I certainly thought it probable some serious explosion would follow; but the concession made by the government tranquillised, at length, the mind of the public, and the week following everything was as quiet as before. The appearance of the Champs Elysées during this time, filled with troops, and the cavalry dismounted and resting under the trees, was highly picturesque. One of the evenings (Monday 5th), after the cavalry had been making vain efforts to disperse the *attroupements*, there came on a desperate shower, which effectually did the business; and a man running into a shop where I had taken shelter,

exclaimed, *Cela vaut bien tous les gens-d'armes.* It is said that the royal family had actually begun to pack up for Compiègne.

Received a letter from Lord Byron about the 7th or 8th, commissioning me to find out an Irishwoman of the name of Mahony, who had written to him to request he would let her have the proof sheets of one of his new works that she might translate it into French, and so make a little money by being first in the field with a translation, she being an orphan, &c. He begged me, if I found she was deserving of assistance, draw upon him for a few hundred francs for her; but to tell her "not to translate him, as that would be the height of ingratitude." She had said in her letter to him, "Moore is here, and is writing; I might ask *him*, but it is a Life of Johnson; and the French don't care about Johnson." I called upon the lady, and found her so respectably dressed and lodged, that I felt delicate, at first, about mentioning the gift Lord Byron intended for her; and when, on my second visit, I presented the fifteen Napoleons, the poor girl refused them, saying it was not in that way she wished to be served; having contrived hitherto, though an orphan, to support herself without pecuniary assistance from any one. She began to talk about "Moore;" upon which I thought it right to declare who I was; and her broad Irish stare at the communication was not a little diverting. It should be mentioned that charity to this lady would be quite as disinterested, and as solely *pour l'amour de Dieu*, as that of Sterne to the poor woman "with the dislocated hip," as she was not at all handsome. On returning the first night from seeking her in the Rue de Bondy, with Williams and Mr. Sullivan, I got completely *cerné*, in a small street, between two lines of troops, who let every-

body in but no one out. We thought we were likely to be kept there for some hours, if there should be any rush of the mob towards the spot; but, after some expostulation, one of the *gens-d'armes* let us slip privately between his horse and the wall. This was on Saturday the 10th.

Received during this month two more letters from Byron, informing me that law proceedings are about to be commenced by the Guiccioli's husband for a separation, and exulting in the *éclat* it will make. Received a note from a woman, signing herself De Bocher, expressing great anxiety to know me, and begging me to call upon her. Did so, and found it was the celebrated ——, now grown rather old. Something to me very disgusting in the manners of these *femmes entretenues;* I have always felt it so.

Gave a good many dinners this month, till Bessy (whose three pounds a week was beginning to run very short) cried out for a *relâche.* Had Lady Davy, Silvertop, and Lord Granard together; the Storys another day; Sullivan, Dr. Yonge, Heath (my old friend the engraver), and his travelling companion Mr. Green, &c. The day that Heath dined with us was one of the few hot ones that we have had this summer; and we had dinner out of doors under the shade of the trees, which with champagne and *vin de Grave,* well *frappé,* was very luxurious. Frequent parties too to plays and gardens. Saw a man go up in a balloon from Tivoli, which brought tears into my eyes, being the first I have seen since I was a little child. Saw Madlle. Garnerin afterwards ascend from the Parc de Sablons, which did not affect me at all. There was a balloon in the form of an elephant went up from the Beaujon, and a Frenchman exclaimed, as its ungainly legs were dangling in the air, *Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel.* Wickedly comical.

Dined one day with the Mansfields, who had just returned from Italy. Went with them to the ballet of "Clari," and left my opera glass with young Lady Caroline, who has taken it away with her to England. Lady Frederica about to be married to Stanhope. Lord Mansfield had received most gloomy letters from his Tory friends in England, prognosticating revolution and all sorts of devilment from the queen's arrival, and the popular *furor* in her favour. The king's worst enemies must be satisfied at the pickle he has got into now.

Dined with the Flahaults, and met there a pretty woman, Mad. Lavalette, who (singularly enough) volunteered to perform the same office for Labèdoyére (his wife having refused) that her namesake afterwards succeeded in so fortunately.

Lady Elizabeth Stuart sent a kind message to Bessy through Lady Davy, expressing her regret at not knowing her, and hoping she should have an opportunity of making her acquaintance. Said the same to me afterwards.

July 1st. Came out upon our promised visit to the Villamils at La Butte Coaslin, a beautiful place hanging over Sévres, and commanding a superb view of the Seine, Paris, St. Cloud, &c. They have fitted for us, very comfortably, a small cottage near their house, where I shall be more independent in my mornings than if I were an inmate; and shall, I hope, have leisure to complete some work. They are plain, excellent people; and Mrs. Villamil sings sweetly and tastefully, which will be an *agrément* for our evenings. Have been trying this week past to perform my promise to Power, of having a number of the "National Melodies" ready for him within the month of June, but have as yet done but five songs.

2nd. Heath and his friend Mr. Green called to take Bessy and me to Versailles, but she too ill with the restless nights little Tom gives her to go. I accompanied them. Heath told me some anecdotes of Sheridan, with whom he was very intimate. H. was one of eight who lent him a hundred pounds each for some purpose, which I must inquire further about from Heath. H. came to La Butte, and we had music. Told me that the proprietors of the "Day" newspaper, before they joined with the "Traveller," had actually a meeting to consider whether they should not change their politics. Precious fellows! Q——, who is a proprietor of the "Traveller," and who has always been a Whig, if not a Radical, in his politics, writes the high-flying government articles in the "New Times."

3rd. Went into Paris in the carriage with Mrs. V. and Miss Wilson; performed some commissions; walked back to Sévres; music in the evening.

4th. Finished a song to a waltz air, and copied it out. Have some thoughts of a novel in verse; the subject modern and English; to be in letters.

5th. Was to have gone to a *déjeuner* at Simnot's, but sent an apology. Wrote another song to a Portuguese air. Walked before dinner with Bessy to Meudon Terrace, and in the evening to the Wood of St. Cloud.

6th. Heath came to breakfast, for the purpose of going to see the [Sévres] manufactory and Meudon. He and Kenny dined with us.

7th. Heath came to take Bessy and Miss Wilson into Paris; Villamil and I went in a cuckoo. Called upon Douglas to see his wretched bargains in the picture way; *soi-disant* Murillos, del Sartos, &c. Thence to the bazaar in the Rue de Cadé, where there are a few good pictures; though, I think, hardly one of them original. Leda and

Nymphs, by Correggio; the price 80,000 francs; a beautiful landscape, said to be by Domenichino; several Murillos, &c. From thence to Galignani's, where Villamil purchased a copy of the "Musée Napoleon;" price 110*l.* We then went to the Luxembourg, which gives me a higher idea than I have yet had of the French school. Great beauty and power in David's Sabines and Leonidas. Girardet's Deluge, an extraordinary fancy, extravagantly executed; far too bright and sunny to give an idea of the horrors of the Deluge; Poussin's a more sublime notion of it.

8th. Was roused at five in the morning by the intelligence of Mrs. Villamil's *accouchement.* Wrote words to a Scotch dirge. Williams and the French physician dined with us. W. told me that Villamil had given him 500 francs. Received a note from Miss Edgeworth, begging me to call upon her.

9th. Another note from Miss Edgeworth, to say she wishes me to join a party to the Marquis d'Osmond's, at Chatenay, on Wednesday next. Kenny, the dramatic author, who lives at Bellevue, near this (and to whom Heath introduced me), called at the cottage. This poor man married Holcroft's widow, with six or seven children, and not a sixpence of money. He has five by her himself; and they live here in a waste house, almost in a state of starvation. His later efforts too, in the theatrical way, have been unsuccessful. Talked of the "School for Scandal;" thinks Joseph a very unskilful character, and that no one could be imposed upon by such ill-contrived villany.* Douglas dined with us; Villamil, with his usual

* I cannot agree with Mr. Kenny in this opinion; besides which,

hospitality, having invited him the other day when he came to call upon us.

10th. Went into town. Called upon Miss Edgeworth; not at home. Went to Galignani's to consult Cone or Ebel about the crystal hunters of the Alps: could make out nothing. Introduced Brownlow North (the bishop's son) to Villamil; he is coming out to lodge at Meudon.

11th. Have done two more songs, which makes the number of twelve for the "National Melodies."

12th. Cadeau, a painter, came down for the purpose of taking a sketch of the cottage I am in here, which Villamil offered to have painted for me, when I said I had drawings of my former cottages, and meant to have one of that in the Allée des Veuves. Walked with him to choose a good point of view. Met Kenny with Miss Holcroft, one of his *examen domûs*, a fine girl. By the bye, he told me yesterday evening (having joined us in our walk), that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near 500*l.*, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of 25*l.* to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "'Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c. &c. "My dear

if the villany is too well concealed, the audience may be deceived as well as the characters in the play. — Ed.

fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask *me* for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask *you* for five and twenty pounds."

13th. All went to town; Villamil and I in a célérifère. Despatched my two songs to Power. V. and I breakfasted at Tortoni's, on oysters, mutton cutlets, chablis, and coffee. Purchased some books on Egypt, having again taken up the idea of making that country the scene of a poem. Have purchased within these few days Maillet's "Description of Egypt," Abdallatif's "Relation d'Egypte," Quatremère's "Mémoire," and "Fables Egyptiennes." Have also been reading De Pauw on the same subject. All dined (Bessy, Miss Wilson, Villamil, Doller, and myself) at the Rotonde, and went to the Variétés in the evening. Arrived at home at twelve. Mrs. King (who was our companion in the célérifère) told us that her husband, wishing to ask for pump-water, looked in the dictionary for "pump," and finding *escarpin* (which means a *light shoe*), asked for *escarpin eau.*

14th. Sat under the trees in the beautiful glade we have here, and read, with but little interruption, from breakfast till dinner. Finished the first volume of Maillet in Egypt. Have at length, I think, got the outline of my Egyptian story. Mr. Sullivan called after; walked with us; told me that that unfortunate man Trotter (so unaccountably taken up by Mr. Fox) died in a wretched garret in Cork, as an out-patient of the hospital there.

15th. Read Maillet, and the part of Antenor's travels relating to Egypt. Walked about the park of St. Cloud, which was all quiet and coolness. Have offered to be godfather to the Villamil, and have been accepted of gladly.

16th. Studied, and wrote letters. In the evening, all went (with the children of both families, making about eight or nine little ones) to the fête at Meudon. Bought fairings, saw the dancing, and made the young things as happy as possible. I took little Tom on my lap in a merry-go-round, and he crowed the whole time with joy.

17th. Sent off letters to Mackintosh, Perry, and Rogers. In the evening walked with Villamil and a Mr. Dumoulin to see the dancing and fireworks at Meudon.

18th. Read. Walked to ask Kenny to dinner: saw his wife. Poor fellow! He and Dumoulin dined. A walk in the evening by the banks of the Seine, delightful. Would have liked it much better, however, if I had been alone.

19th. Read Quatremère and some of the "Fables Egyptiennes," by Pernetz. After dinner walked with Bessy, &c. to the park of St. Cloud.

20th. Went into town with Villamil; breakfasted at Véry's. Took him to Madame de Souza, with whom he was much pleased. * * * Madame de Souza gave me Chenier's book, in order that I might make use of what he says about her novels in the article which I have promised her for the "Edinburgh Review." Bought "Sethos," an Egyptian romance; and have found a work by Chateaubriand, called "Les Martyrs," which is very much in the same *beat* with my new story. Must buy it as soon as I have money enough; also Larcher's "Herodotus." Villamil very kindly, when I was mentioning this morning my anxiety to consult Fleury or Tillemont's "Ecclesiastical History," said he had long been wishing for the book, and begged me to buy it him. In the evening listened to Mrs. V. singing, with her sweet voice, some of the wild

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA

and melancholy songs of her country. She sang also a *bolero* of her own, which is full of character.

21st. Finished De Pauw and the "Fables Egyptiennes." Think I have got my mind now sufficiently imbued with the subject to make at least a commencement, which I shall in a day or two.

22nd. Read "Sethos," from which I find the author of "Antenor" has extracted his account of the Egyptian mysteries word for word. After dinner walked to the Lantern of Diogenes; the view from thence by moonlight beautiful.

23rd. Read "Sethos;" much pleased with it: whose is it?

24th. Madame de Souza and Gallois came out to call upon us and the Villamils. G. and I talked of the wonderful learning of La Mothe-le-Vayer, and some of those old writers. He said that the *esprit de société* prevented men from reading as deeply as they used to do. At the time when the streets of cities were neither paved nor lighted, people were obliged to stay at home in the evening; and, in fact, the invention of *réverbères* had produced a complete revolution in the state of the human mind. Madame de Souza told me what a servant (who had come the day before to ask her to get him a situation, and who had been in the employ of Murat) said to her, *J'ai servi le Roi de Naples, et je n'aurais pas quitté Naples, si Murat n'avait pas été culbuté.* This mixture of the ceremonious title of king with the familiar phrases that followed, contained in it, she remarked, the whole history of the Revolution. Gallois has promised to lend me Gibbon, Regnier's Egypt, and D'Anville.

25th. Began my Egyptian poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it; am delighted with my subject. Think I shall call it the "Epicurean." The

story is to be told in letters from a young Epicurean, who, in the second century of Christianity, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the Elixir of Immortality, which is supposed to be among the secrets of the Egyptian priests. He meets, during a festival on the Nile, a young girl, the daughter of one of their priests who had lately died. She enters the catacombs, and disappears. He hovers around the spot, and at last finds a well, &c. by which those who are initiated enter (as described in "Sethos"); sees the maiden in one of the theatrical spectacles which they used to exhibit in the subterraneous elysium of the Pyramids; finds opportunities of conversing with her. Their intercourse in this mysterious place described. They are discovered; and he is thrown into those eternal prisons where they who violate the rules of initiation are confined; is liberated by the girl, and they escape together; reach some beautiful region, where she lingers with him, and is near becoming a victim to his arts. She flies, however; and it appears, by a letter from her, that she is gone to take refuge with a Christian monk in the Thebais, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had, in dying, consigned her. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians takes place in Egypt, and she is seized, chiefly through the means (unintentionally) of her lover, and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described in a letter from the Solitary of Thebais, and the attempt which the young philosopher makes to rescue her. He is carried off, nearly dead, to the cell of the Solitary. His letters thence after he has become a Christian, and devoted himself to repentance and the remembrance of the beloved saint who has gone before him. If I don't make something of all this, the devil's in it.

26th. Wrote some more. Walked in the evening. Kenny was of the party. Told me rather a good story of Macklin. When Reynolds and Holman were both in the first dawn of their reputation, the latter wrote to Reynolds from some of the provinces, to say that he had heard Macklin had seen him one night in "Werter" (a play of Reynolds's), and had expressed himself highly delighted with the performance. "If you should meet him," continued Holman, "pray tell him how much flattered I feel, &c. &c., and how proud I shall be to continue to merit," &c. &c. Reynolds accordingly took the first opportunity to address Macklin when he met him; but he had not gone far with "his friend Holman's" rapturous acknowledgments, when Macklin, interrupting him, said, "Stop, stop, sir! before you go any further, have the goodness to tell me *who* are *you*, and who is the fellow you're talking of."

27th. V. and I went into town, and breakfasted at the Rocher de Cancalle. I bought "Les Martyrs" of Chateaubriand, and find he has in some degree anticipated part of my thought, by making a pagan girl become a martyr. He places his scene in the time of Diocletian.

August 1st. Wrote eighteen lines of my poem. Am now in the first letter which the Epicurean writes from Alexandria to his friend in Athens, giving an account of the dream he had, which set him upon going into Egypt in search of the Elixir of Immortality. Have done more than a hundred lines. Within these few days received a letter from Bowles, with a very pretty poem, written by him at Sloperton Gate, on his pony *insisting* upon stopping with him there.

3rd. Went in the evening, with Bessy, to town. Received a letter from Perry, which had been delayed some

time at the ambassador's, informing me that he had arranged a letter of credit for me, on Lafitte, for 500*l.* He is always kind and ready.

4th. Wrote eighteen lines in the morning, and then went with Bessy to finish her lace commission for Heath, in Paris. Met Yonge in his carriage, which he gave us the use of for the rest of the day. Called on the Storys, and proposed to them to join us at a restaurateur's to dinner. Dined at Véry's; Mrs. S., her sister, a Dr. Lamb, Dr. Yonge, and ourselves. *Omelette aux confitures,* with a glass of noyeau thrown over it; a very excellent thing. Returned in the célérifère at eight.

5th. Set off with Villamil, on a long-projected trip to Ermenonville, Chantilly, Compiègne, &c.; arrived by St. Denis and Louvres, at Mortefontaine, which was (and, V. supposes, still is), the property of Joseph Buonaparte. Beautiful masses of water here, a great part of which was made by Joseph, who, on the signing of the treaty with America (which took place here in 1800, I think), gave a sort of marine fête upon those waters. He used to have 400 workmen constantly employed here. Those Buonapartes were the fellows to keep all around them in a bustle. He is called *Prince* Joseph here by every one. Dined at Mortefontaine, and meant to have slept there; but I suggested going on to Ermenonville, which we did, and put up at the sign of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Walked instantly to the chateau, and considered ourselves very lucky, as the sun was just setting; and we could not possibly have had a more happy moment for seeing the beauties of this most interesting place. Visited, first, the view *before* the house, which was flat, rural, and glowing, and put me in mind of one of Cuyp's pictures: took a peep at the wild lake and barren scenery which is separated from the

rest of the grounds by a road; and then went to the view *behind* the house, which, in the pale light of that hour, with its little temple on the hill, and the solitary tomb on the Isle of Poplars, had an effect most solemn and touching. Left it between eight and nine, with the intention of returning for a more extensive tour round the place in the morning. Found that Compiègne would make us take more time than I, at least, would wish to give, and determined to return home next day.

6th. Rose at six; and, after breakfast, went to the chateau. Were escorted, as on the night before, by an old English steward, who had lived with the family of the Girardins between thirty and forty years. Rousseau inhabited the lodge in which he now lives at the gate. Had the rooms upstairs, and died there after a visit to the Hermitage on the wild lake. The account of his desiring to be taken to the window when he was dying, is, according to our old friend, all a romance. Feel now how lucky we were in our views of the evening before, as the place looked far less interesting in the equal glare of sunshine than it did in the soft midday light by which we first viewed it. M. Girardin, during the Revolution, though suffering various insults from the people around him, to whom he had been a benefactor, yet still continued here as long as they left him the bones of Rousseau; but as soon as these were carried away to the Pantheon, he quitted his favourite lakes and woods with disgust, and never more returned during the remaining thirteen years of his life. He seems to have been a man (in spite of his bad inscriptions) worthy of such a residence. The old fellow told us of the style of his living before the Revolution; his thirty covers every day, his band of music in the establishment, his buck-hunts by night in those woods with torches and

horns, &c. &c. The little temple near the Isle of Poplars is fancifully imagined. It is dedicated to the advancement of Science, and, *like* science, left imperfect. On the finished columns which form the front are the names of Newton, Montesquieu, Descartes, Voltaire, William Penn, with the respective inscriptions, *Lucem, Justitiam, Nihil est in rebus inane, Ridiculam,* and *Humilitatem.* At the back of the temple there is nothing but the *bases* of future columns, and *Quis hoc perficiat?* inscribed on the first. The materials for finishing them are strewed about picturesquely on the bank. This is all rather well imagined, though the names he has written on the standing columns might have been better selected. The whole temple is, by an inscription within, dedicated to Montaigne. Some parts of the *agreste* lake on the other side of the road reminded me of scenes in the river St. Lawrence. The tomb of the Inconnû adds another interesting association to the lake where the temple is. The place altogether, I think, contains 3000 acres, or rather *arpents.* Left Ermenonville between twelve and one, and arrived at home to dinner. In the evening I sauntered out and called upon Kenny. Miss Holcroft, a very nice girl, sang me a song or two to the harp. Kenny told me that Charles Lamb, sitting down once to play whist with Elliston, whose hands were very dirty, said, after looking at them for some time, "Well, Elliston, if *dirt* was trumps, what a hand you would have!" Received to-day a letter from Rogers, which begins thus, "What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed!"

8th and 9th. Read, wrote, and walked, — always the most useful account I give of myself.

10th. Obliged to go in with my letters. Called at the

Granards. A clever paper from England to-day, written by my friend Lord John, in the form of a Petition to the King on the subject of the Queen; full of good sense, moderation, and talent. Called upon Lady Annesley (Sophy Cawdor, the soldier's wife), who wanted me to dine with her and some French countess at a restaurateur's. Was proceeding to dine at some such place myself, when I met Mercer, who asked me to dine with him to meet Sir W. Gell and Keppel Craven, who were on their way from Naples to England, as witnesses for the Queen. Accepted the invitation: Gell still a coxcomb, but rather amusing. Said the constitution of Naples came in a gig (*corricolo*). Told some ludicrous things about the Duchess of Devonshire's sway at Rome; her passion for Gonsalvi, her admiration of the purity of the Roman government. Returned in the nine o'clock célérifère.

11th. Wrote sixteen lines, and then went in to join Villamil and the ladies, for the purpose of giving them a long-owed dinner at a restaurateur's. Received a letter from Egan, the harp-maker, in Dublin, very well and flatteringly indited, telling me of the perfection to which he had, at last, brought the Irish harp, and begging me to allow him to present me one of his best, as a mark of admiration, &c. &c. Dined at Riche's; dinner very good, and not dear; fifty francs for five of us. Dumoulin has proposed to copy out Lord B.'s "Memoirs" for me, and he will be more industrious at it than Williams. Lord B. in his last letter, alluding to what I told him of my intention, approves of a copy being made, and deposited in honourable hands in case of accident.

12th. Received a parcel from Power, containing, among other things, Luttrel's new work, "Advice to Julia," full of well-bred facetiousness and sparkle of the very first

water. It is just what I advised him to do, and what few could have done half so well. Worked and walked.

13th. Received a letter from Elliston, urging me to do something for Drury, and expressing his anxiety about Lord Byron's tragedy. Went in the evening to see the dancing at St. Cloud.

14th. Went to town with Villamil. Called upon Madame de Souza and Gallois, to ask them to dinner here on Thursday next, to meet the Dukes and Duchesses of San Carlos and Santa Fé. The De Souzas will come; Gallois ill, and fears he cannot. Borrowed of him Regnier's "Mémoires sur l'Egypte" and another work. Looked over D'Anville's map. D'Anville never out of Paris, and yet, when the Comte de Choiseul (ambassador at Constantinople) took his plan of the Troad on the spot, D'Anville found and corrected a number of errors in it.

15th. Finished my first letter, consisting altogether of 280 lines. Some Spaniards to dinner.

16th. Went into Paris for the remainder of my custom-house operations. Received a letter from Power, in which, to my horror, he incloses an advertisement which he is about to publish, announcing the eighth number of the "Irish Melodies," as "ready for the press;" not a word of it yet written! Bought De Pauw's "Recherches." Met Phillips the painter, Naldi, &c. &c. Received a letter from Lord Strangford, marked "confidential," telling me he is anxious to remove a misapprehension I am under about the Prince's 200*l.* gift to Sheridan; can furnish me with facts, he says, that will completely disprove that story. Shall be glad to hear them. I can only say that I have the authority, direct, of Vaughan (Him of the Hat), for his being commissioned by the Prince to offer the money; and the authority, at second hand, of Sir Gilbert Blaine and

Mrs. Sheridan, for the *time* at which it was offered (viz. when Sheridan had become unable to take any sustenance), as well as for its being by them respectfully refused.

17th. Began a National Melody to a Sicilian air, and searched in Bunting for Irish airs.

18th. Went in, in the evening, to town, with the packet of lace which Bessy has bought for Heath; a Mr. White takes charge of it for me. Received on my return a letter from the unfortunate daughter of my friend ——, who is passing through Paris, entreating to see me. Bessy instantly set her heart on the generous project of offering, if she would quit B——, according to the desire of her father and mother, to take her to live with us till she could safely deposit her under their roof. My noble-hearted Bess! Few women would have the courage or heart to do this; and, what makes it more generous is, that she never liked —— from the first. It will, however, be utterly impossible.

19th. Went into town to see this poor creature. Found her with B——, and was a little shocked at first at the composure and confidence with which she met me. When he went away, however, had some serious conversation with her, and mentioned Bessy's proposal. As I expected, she said it was quite impossible; they had lost everything in the world for each other, and must remain together. Her first burst of tears was on telling me that she was about to sell some of her trinkets to enable them to leave Paris. Went to the Granards, and came out to the manufactory with the girls, Lord Granard, and Mercer. After seeing the manufactory, brought them to Villamil's to see Bessy, who had been ill two or three days, and was then in bed.

20th. Bessy much better. Wrote words to an Irish

air. The Storys called at half-past two; and they and we and the Villamils, after a luncheon, went to Versailles to see the Great Waters play. There were some symptoms of a renewal of disturbances last night in Paris. People speak of a conspiracy to blow up the Chateau de Vincennes; have not heard particulars. Was told the other day that the insurance on the houses at Paris, M. A. C.L. (Maison Assurée contre l'Incendie), are interpreted by the wags into *Mes amis, chassez Louis.*

21st. The conspiracy not so formidable as represented, but the funds have fallen. Copied out the two Melodies I have written within these two days, and despatched them to Power.

22nd and 23rd. Read Denon's "Voyage en Egypte," and made extracts. Began words to a pretty Venetian air Mercer gave me.

24th. Finished two verses to the air, and copied them out. At two o'clock went into town with Bessy and Miss Wilson. Dined by myself at Véry's while the ladies were shopping. A concert in the Tuileries Gardens this evening, being the eve of St. Louis. Returned in the célérifère at nine.

25th. Began an Irish Melody. Went in to dinner, Villamil and all, to the Storys'. Fireworks in the evening, on the Place Louis Quinze, which we were to have gone to Mrs. Labouchere's house (late the Duke of Wellington's) to see, but were too late. Returned home through the Bois de Boulogne; a most lovely moonlight down by the river.

26th. Finished my Irish Melody (three verses) during a walk to Bellevue, St. Cloud, &c. Had a couple of cutlets on my way, in a delightful little cabinet at a restaurateur's, looking over the Seine. Shall often pay a

visit to this place if I stay here. The Envoy of Buenos Ayres dined with us. Sung in the evening with Mrs. V.

27th. Wrote a verse of another Irish Melody, and set off at two in a cuckoo to dine with Mr. Read at Versailles. The horse stopped half way, and was unable to proceed; was obliged to go on a-foot. Company at Read's, his wife and sister, Mr. Johnson, a Mr. Moore, and Sir Robert Hudson. R——, a poet of the Hunt school; at least I believe so, for I have not read his works; a gentlemanlike person. Saw but the last remains of the waterworks in the evening. Mrs. and Miss Crawley (mother and sister to the formidable looking poet, who, as Murray says, "thinks himself the moral Lord Byron") drank tea with the Reads, and lent me a new publication of Crawley's, called the "Angel of the World." This gentleman is one of the very few clever Irishmen who have thought proper to make war upon me (in ambuscade too), more than once. I am afraid he will never be successful enough to give me the same motives for attacking him.

28th. Went in by appointment to call on Madame de Souza, for the purpose of being taken by her to the Institute. Was received there with much kindness by M. Fourrier, one of the Egyptian *savans*, and author of the "Mémoire" prefixed to the great work on Egypt. He promised to lend me a copy of this memoir; said that he merely held the pen, for that every word in it was *disputé* among the whole number of those on the Expedition, and that it was the result of their collected knowledge on the subject. Talked of the different writers on Egypt; recommended Jablonski. Had my name inscribed among those permitted to read in the library of the Institute, which is open every day from eleven till four. When I mentioned to Madame de Souza what he said about the

concoction of the memoir, she told me it was all done too in the presence of the Emperor! Villamil and the ladies came into town; met them at Riche's to dinner, and went all to the French Opera afterwards: the ballet of "Clari," more touching than all the stately, humbug tragedies they possess.

29th. Read the Mémoires of Andreossy and others on Egypt, published in two volumes. Have also read within these few days Regnier's work, which is almost purely a military detail, exposing the bad conduct of Menou, and attributing the defeat of the French entirely to him. Severe upon Lord Hutchinson, his slowness, timidity, &c. &c. Forgot to mention that yesterday, after being at the Institute, I called upon Denon, and told him my desire to get a little assistance from him in my Egyptian plan. He fixed Friday for me to go and *causer* with him on the subject. Showed me the cabinet of things he had himself found in Egypt; particularly the foot of a mummy, of beautiful shape and proportions; and so fine a knowledge had they (he said) of what was true beauty, that, in order to keep the instep in its elevated shape, they had put (as he showed me) a fold of linen or cotton in the hollow part of the sole. A large dinner at Villamil's. In the evening sung with Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. V.

30th. Had scarcely begun my studies for the day when Douglas called to entreat of me to dine with Lord Miltown, who had sent his carriage for me. Refused as sturdily as I could, but Douglas persevered, till, finding that my day was already cut up by him, I thought I might as well sacrifice the rest. Went in, and dined at the Two Swans; Sir Henry Mildmay made the fourth of the party. Returned in the célérifère at nine.

31st. Copied out some extracts from Denon. Walked with Bessy and the little ones in the park of Bellevue: played quadrilles in the evening, while some of the ladies danced. Wrote to Lord Strangford, and sent him a fragment of Byron's writing, which he requested to illustrate an edition of Sir Fulke Greville's "Life of Sir Philip Sydney."

September 1st. Went into town early for my appointment with Denon. Showed me his original drawings made on the spot in Egypt; various views of the island of Philoè, all beautiful; the isle of Elephantine also highly picturesque. I wish I could take my poetical people to these islands, but I fear they are too far off. The entrance of the temple of Tintyra (Dendyrah) full of taste and elegance; and that of Latopolis still more so. Said he had never seen, among all the ruins of Italy or Sicily, anything to compare with these for grandeur, except, perhaps, the Coliseum. The strange figures with beasts' heads, he thinks, were all allusions to the disguises and ceremonies used in initiation. The broken-up statue of Memnon, whose fragments cover an immense space of ground, measures fifty feet across the breast, from shoulder to shoulder. Staid near four hours with him, looking over these drawings, and hearing his explanation of them. Arrived at home at five. Scotch friends of Villamil's at dinner, and Kenny in the evening. All violent against the Queen; rank Tories of course. By the bye, the edition of Sydney's life, alluded to above, is by Sir Egerton Brydges, and dedicated by him to Lord Spencer, Lord Byron, William Spencer, Strangford, and William Herbert, as equally descended from *the* Sydney, and "worthy of that descent by attachment to literature," &c. Among the drawings of Denon was one of the Sauterelle, which

is very large, and, he says, harmonious. He took them for bees at first; their colours are rose mixed with black. In talking of Savary's never having been further than Cairo, he said S. had that kind of imagination which is chilled by the real scene, and can best describe what it has not seen, merely taking it from the descriptions of others. This is very much the case with myself.

2nd. Villamil is going into Switzerland for some weeks with his Scotch friends, which rather compels me to prolong our visit a little further, as Mrs. V. wishes very much that we should not leave her in his absence. We are accordingly to be called to the upper house. Copied out extracts from "Tableau de l'Egypte," Denon, &c. and went into Paris at four to join the ladies, &c. who were to meet at a restaurateur's with V.'s Scotch friends. Ordered them a *diner fin*, which pleased the Sandys exceedingly. In the evening sauntered about the Palais Royal, and went to see Marionettes and Ombres Chinoises. Got thoroughly wet coming home in the tilbury.

3rd. Wrote words to an Irish air; three verses. Copied out, and walked a little. The Scotchmen to dinner. Music in the evening.

4th. Wrote letters, and went into town. Called at Madame de Souza's to see if Fourrier had sent the book there he promised me. She out, and the book not visible. Asked to dine by the Storys. Met Douglas, who told me Lord Miltown expected me to dinner at six o'clock. Went there; but his lordship did not come in till near seven, when he brought the awful news that four or five dandies were at his heels. This was too much. One dandy or so I can bear, but a whole dinner of dandies (such conceited, fastidious ones as D.) is insupportable; so I begged him to keep my secret, ran out of the house,

and went and dined at Véry's. Got home at ten o'clock.

5th. Began another Irish Melody: the words founded upon the whimsical idea of a mad Irish scribbler of the name of Hamilton, that we Paddies are descended from the Jews; upon which hypothesis I found a parallel between Erin and the "sad one of Sion," — England, of course, Babylon.

6th. Villamil went off on his Swiss expedition, and we left our little pavilion for the great house, not without some regrets on my part. Poor Williams, like many other people in this world, has got into difficulties by borrowing money from Jews, and must fly from Paris. Have written some weeks since to Lord Strangford, with the very faint hope of getting him taken out on the embassy, in any situation, medical or otherwise. No answer. Mean also to speak to Lord Miltown, who *might*, perhaps, have been glad of him as a secretary and companion to Italy, had he not sent for the same sort of conveniency from Ireland. Too late, I fear, everywhere; shall try, however.

7th. Wrote a verse or two of my Hebraico-Hibernian Melody. In the evening took the whole party to a restaurateur's at St. Cloud, and had coffee. Had lunched there myself in the morning, and met Prince Galitzin, who is just returned from Spain, and gives but a bad account of both its present state and future prospects. Numbers of people assembled about Diogenes' Lantern this morning, to look at the eclipse. The effect of the whole landscape in that sort of veiled light which the eclipse produced, was curious and beautiful.

8th. Went into town in order to take the Lady Forbeses to see Sommariva's Magdalen. Called at Madame

de Souza's, and found that Fourrier had sent the book there. Mercer was of our party to Count Sommariva's, who, on finding out who I was, showed particular kindness and civility to me. Said that Canova considers the Terpsichore in his (the count's) possession to be his masterpiece. Much mistaken, I think. Saw the Galatèe, which he has painted as a "*homage* to Canova, not as a present;" though the public thought proper, he said, to report it otherwise. Went to a bookseller's to look at a copy of the "Voyages de Pythagore," which, I believe, I must buy, though it costs three Napoleons; but there is so much in it concerning Egypt, that my Circulating Library copy, unless I transcribe a whole volume of it, will not be sufficient for my purpose. Meant to have dined with the Storys at Riche's, but Williams's anxiety for an answer from Lord Strangford delayed me beyond the time, and I dined alone at Véry's. No answer after all. Got home at ten.

9th. Began another Irish Melody. Dined late. Kenny told me that John Lamb (the brother of Charles), once knocked down Hazlitt who was impertinent to him, and on those who were present interfering, and begging of Hazlitt to shake hands and forgive him, H. said, "Well, I don't care if I do. I am a metaphysician, and do not mind a blow; nothing but an *idea* hurts *me*."

10th. Dined early, a large party, in order to go to the fête of St. Cloud afterwards. Too late for the waters; but took Anastasia to see the wild beasts, tumbling, &c. and bought some fairings. Finished my Irish Melody in the morning, which makes now six that are done towards the eighth number.

11th. Went in to Paris at twelve, in order to take Bessy to the Père la Chaise before the flowers are all gone from the tombs. The dear girl was, as I knew she would

be, very much affected; but our dull guide insisted upon taking us to the worst part of it, which a good deal spoiled the effect. Saw the tombs of Labedoyère and Ney, which I had missed last year. Gave them a dinner at the Cadran Bleu (Bessy, Dumoulin, Miss Wilson, Anastasia, and Dr. Yonge's little girl), and took them afterwards to the Porte St. Martin. Iced punch on our way home. The whole cost me about three Napoleons, just what I ought to have reserved for the "Voyages de Pythagore." Bessy, however, told me when we came home, that she had saved by little pilferings from me, at different times, four Napoleons, and that I should have them now to buy those books.

12th. Read Fourrier's book, which is only the preface to the great work, and contains nothing that I care a pin about, referring merely to the events of the Expedition. Went in to dine with Madame de Souza. Bought the "Voyages de Pythagore" with my dear girl's stolen money. Company at dinner, M. Fourrier, Gallois, Comtesse Rumford, and the De Souzas. F. talked a good deal about Egypt before dinner, but I already knew most of what he told me. He said the Egyptians, though they did not draw gracefully, had a perfect idea of the *haut style* in art; and that an accurate description, in lively language, of some of their *tableaux sculptés*, would be as sublime and striking as a copy of it in drawing must be dry and uninteresting. He instanced Mr. Hamilton's descriptions of some Egyptian sculpture, which I must take care and see. The Egyptians had no idea of *nuances*, or perspective, in their painting. F. said that perspective is not founded in truth, as lines do not really seem to approach each other in nature as they are represented in painting. He praised De Pauw's book as one of authority, notwithstanding its occasional *bizarrerie*. Spoke of "Sethos" as a classic book in

France. Gallois mentioned a little work by the same author (the Abbé Terrasson) upon the *Applicabilité de la Philosophie aux Productions de l'Esprit*, and said it was full of ingenuity and talent. In talking of the witnesses against the Queen, who stopped at Beauvais and went home again, Fourrier said that the next batch should come through certain towns in France celebrated for false witnesses. De ——, I think, is one of them; and De Souza quoted a passage from the "Plaideurs" (allusive to this character of that place), which I must see. Fourrier mentioned a good instance of parody in this play; a famous line (of Corneille's, I think), which Racine applies to a huissier, leaving it quite in its original form —

"Des rides sur son front ont gravé ses *exploits*."

The pun is in the double meaning of the last word. The "Plaideurs," it appears, does not act very well. They praised Fleury's work, "Des Mœurs des Israélites."

14th. Called on Gallois. Told me his surprise at hearing from Malthus that all his works had not brought him more than a thousand pounds. It seemed to him that the English character must have a good deal changed, to prize works of imagination so much more than those of depth and utility. Looked over D'Anville's map of Ancient Egypt, and find he makes Lake Mœris about eight leagues from Memphis. A letter from Lady Donegal, and one from Lord Byron; the latter full of epigrams. * * * * Saw Rees at three, but he was engaged to dinner. Told me that my Bermuda business was in a fair train; that Sheddon shows much anxiety about it; but that nothing can be done till the Crown's claims are brought into court, and this cannot be till January next. So here we are for the winter. He

said that Lord Strangford mentioned, the day he called in Paternoster Row, that he had had much conversation with Lord Castlereagh about me; and that Lord C., in speaking of what I had written against him, said that "the humorous and laughing things he did not at all mind, but the verses of the Tutor, in the 'Fudge Family,' were quite another sort of thing, and were in very bad taste indeed." This I can easily believe.

15th. Began an Irish Melody. Read some of Heliodorus's "Ethiopics" (in a French translation), and the second volume of Paul Lucas's "Voyages." Went into town between three and four to dine with Rees. Kenny accompanied me. Dined at Véry's; and went afterwards to the Café de la Paix, de Mille Colonnes, des Aveugles, &c. Rees has brought Bessy Walter Scott's "Abbot."

16th. Went to La Chapelle's to order wine for Mrs. V. Find he keeps a little shop, like the fellow who serves me, and in the same street: he was in his tradesman's jacket, packing up some wine. This is the man Villamil had the other day to meet the Duke of San Carlos at dinner! Such a thing could not happen in aristocratic England.

17th. Rees came out to breakfast for the purpose of going to see Versailles and the waters of St. Cloud. Williams was of our party. Met the ladies at St. Cloud at four, and having seen the humours of the fair came home to dinner at seven.

19th. Went into town to call upon young Perry, who is arrived, and to dine with Rees at Smith's the printer; Humboldt to be of the party, my chief inducement. Called at Denon's with Rees, &c. A good thing in a letter I have had from Tegart, that the Queen has said she never committed adultery but once, and that was with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband. The dinner at Smith's very

pleasant, thanks to Humboldt. He promised to lend me a translation of Strabo, in the notes of which there is much about Egypt. Spoke contemptuously of the great government work, as a confused heap of common-places; Fourrier's a pompous preface, with nothing in it. Said the Egyptians were blackish, with good aquiline noses; the Sphynx a negro face (which it certainly appears in Denon's drawing of it). Asked him if he thought Cleopatra was "blackish?" Yes, certainly. He remarked that we know less of the individual character of the Egyptians than that of any other nation of antiquity. I said that their institutions were such as to make the state and theocracy every thing, the individuals nothing. He instanced other countries, where the people in the same way acted by masses, — the Chinese, the Etrurians, — and where nothing secured the result of individual exertion. Said that Dr. Young (the writer in the "Quarterly") had come nearer the discovery of some clue to the hieroglyphics than any one. Mentioned Chateaubriand's "Martyrs," and said he had studied most extensively for that work, and had actually travelled to the regions there described for the purpose of accuracy. Got home at ten. Rees has some books here in Paris, out of which he has allowed me to select some for use while I remain; and I have chosen the "Encyclopædia" and "Pinkerton's Travels."

19th. Finished Heliodorus. Much more of a romance, and more interesting, than I thought it was, having never before read any but detached passages in the original.

20th. Read Sonnini, in whom there is but little for my purpose, except the description of seeds and flowers. He never found, or went to see antiquities on his way. Sang with Mrs. V., before dinner, some beautiful Nothurnes of Blanzini's.

22nd. Began another Irish Melody, finished Sonnini, and sent to the library for the Volney and Savary. Took Anastasia to St. Cloud, and treated her to the merry-go-round and the camera obscura.

23rd. Met Croker at St. Cloud with Theodore Hook, who is his travelling companion. Finished my Irish Melody this morning; have now done nine.

24th. Sent off my three Melodies to Power. Read Volney; found that all Humboldt said about the negro face of the Sphynx, &c. &c. was from Volney. Kenny came in the evening; walked with him to the célérifère on his way to town, and then took a saunter in the moonlight to see the dancing at St. Cloud.

25th. Went into town, having promised Hill and Perry to dine with them at a restaurateur's. Called on Lady Granard who has been very ill. She thinks the "Abbot" cannot be Scott's, as it is evidently written to favour the Queen's cause: says that the circumstances and authorities she has either known or consulted on the subject, convince her that Greenfield is the author of the greater and better part of these novels. Scott might have written the "Tales of my Landlord," but not the "Waverley" series. * * * A frightful bust of Petrarch in bronze here, which I did not remark before; thought to be authentic, but looks like an old, dull, sensual monk. Met Richard Power, to my no small delight, in the Palais Royal; he arrived but last night, with Wrixon, Beecher's brother. Both joined our party at the Rocher de Cancalle, the remainder being Hill, Perry, Kenny, Poole (the author of "Hamlet Travestie"), and O'Meara, the celebrated surgeon of Napoleon, who is here upon the Queen's business, forwarding witnesses, &c. &c.

27th. Power came out to breakfast; began a sketch

of our little *pavilion* here. All went on to Versailles; and he and I, Bessy and Miss Wilson, walked through the Trianons, delighted with the "Cruche Cassée" of Greuze at the Grand Trianon. There is also a pretty statue by Chaudet, a young man who died at twenty-three—a Cupid with a butterfly and rose. Comte Sommariva has a small figure by Chaudet, representing Sensibility, who has just touched a sensitive plant, and withdrawn her hand on seeing it move. This is not very good. Power told me what a judge of painting he had heard I was grown, and that Jackson said he would take my opinion before that of most of the connoisseurs he knew. I have still, however, but very little confidence in my own judgment of this art, and am yet but a learner; my zeal, too, has a little gone off since I left Italy. Martial's well-known epigram, I am not surprised to find, has been applied to the quarrel between their majesties. I remember translating it thus, when I was a boy,

> "So like in their manners, so like in their life,
> An infamous husband and infamous wife;
> It is something most strange and surprising to me,
> That a couple so *like* should never *agree!*"

Richard Power dined with us; as excellent a fellow as ever.

28th. This morning the young son of the Duchess de Berry was born. As I came in in the cuckoo, one of my fellow-travellers, supposing this to be Saturday, said it was well the child was not born a few hours sooner, as Monsieur had all the old womanish superstitions about the ill luck of Friday, *Ils sont fanatisés*, he said; *toute cette maison est fanatisée.* Walked about a little after dinner to see the illuminations, and returned home by the nine o'clock coach.

29th. Walked through the park of St. Cloud to Ville d'Avray, and enjoyed the deliciousness of the day and of the scenery, with an enthusiasm even more youthful than when I was really young; for *then* my ardour was expended upon living objects, and it is only within these few years I have begun to delight in the charms of *in*animate nature, — the safest, as well as the purest, passion. Finished the Egyptian part of Strabo in the evening.

October 1st. *Non mi ricordo.*

2nd. Wrote letters; one to Wilkie, telling him fairly I did not find it possible to go on with my Sheridan task here, at such a distance from all those living authorities, whom I felt the necessity of almost at every instant consulting. Dined with Richard Power, Wrixon, Lyne (an Irish barrister), and Story, at Beauvilliers'.

3rd. A day of fêtes for the young Bourbon. Went into town to dine with the Storys. Richard Power and I and Wrixon dined at Story's, and went to see the fireworks on the Pont Louis Seize afterwards. Power gave me to-day a most precious gift — a head of Grattan in wax, powerfully like, and executed in Dublin.

4th. I dreamt last night that Rees told me in confidence, that my friends in England were purchasing an annuity for me. They are certainly doing something of which the secret is withheld from me. In the first place, Perry some time ago wrote me a letter in which he said, "I am happy to see, by a transaction which I witnessed yesterday in an Assurance office, of which I am a director, that your Bermuda business is in a fair way of being settled." What this can mean I know not. In the next place, Rees told me when he was here, that he had taken the liberty of opening the letter which Mackintosh sent through his hands to me, in order to see

whether something was mentioned in it, which (as I understood him) he did not wish me to know. And in the third place he said to Kenny (who mentioned it afterwards to me), "Moore has a great many good friends, and *some that he is not at all aware of.*" All this is very mysterious, and it is no wonder it should set me dreaming. But no matter; as long as they don't do anything to compromise my honour or independence, God speed their labours! Dined at Beauvilliers' and went afterwards to the Opera,—"Panurge" and "Flore et Zephyre:" exquisite as usual.

5th. Poor Dumoulin, who has been some days confined to his bed, very ill and delirious this morning; and Williams, who pronounced him in danger the day before yesterday, has never been to him since. This is bad. Went into town, distressed and angry, in order to send out whoever I could to this poor, lonely man. The people of the inn, too, have moved him down to a noisy front room, without curtains, where the rattle of the coaches, and the glare of the windows must make it seem like a little hell to him. Remonstrated with them, and requested that he should be changed carefully into another room. Had an appointment with Madame de Souza at twelve, to accompany her to the Bibliothèque du Roi; but called to put it off, that I might go in search of Williams or some other physician. She told me she had a still better plan for my reading the great work on Egypt, which was at the Ecole de Médecine, where M. Moreau would give me a little cabinet to myself with a fire in it, &c. &c. Found that Williams had gone out this morning to Dumoulin. When I told Madame de Souza of his neglect, and said I hoped he could produce some tolerable reason for it, she said, in her expressive broken English, "That man must be dead himself for an excuse." Dined with her: com-

pany, Lord Kinnaird, Gallois, M. Moreau, Mr. Labouchere, and myself. Lord K. full of intelligence about the state of England, where he perceives a rapidly growing coalition between the middling and lower classes against the higher. In talking of the equal distribution of property among children in France, under the present law, we were led to joke upon the consequences of a similar *partage* of a father's talents among his family; what a gavelkind of genius the Duke of Northumberland (for instance) could afford, &c. &c. Lord Kinnaird told us he saw Monsieur and Madame pelted with sausages, on their passing through the Champs Elysées, during the Saturnalia of Tuesday; all in play, but comical enough. A sausage actually hit the Duchess's bonnet, and her dame d'honneur was *accablée* with them.

6th. Have resolved to devote one of the songs of this number of Irish Melodies to Grattan. Such a work should, for its own sake, contain a remembrance of *him*. Looked for an air to suit it, and found one. Walked about Meudon and St. Cloud, enjoying the glories of this rich autumnal sunshine.

8th. Went in at two to see Madlle. Garnerin go up and descend in the parachute. Her ascent most grand; the sun shining upon the balloon when it was high up made it look like one of the golden apples of the Hesperides hung in the air; but we did not see her come down again. Dined with the Storys, and he and I went to the Beaujon afterwards.

9th. Went to Denon's, who, I found, has a copy of the great work on Egypt, and said, when I told him I was going to read it at the Library, *Mais donnez moi la préférence*. Received, all of us, invitations to the grand ball at the Tuileries on Wednesday.

10th. Villamil arrived as we were sitting down to an early dinner for the purpose of going to the Opera. The ladies and I went. "Don Juan." Fodor comes up perfectly to one's imagination of Zerlina; her singing and acting of "Batti, Batti!" perfect. Lord Wellesley and his wife in the next box to us.

11th. Took a walk of three hours through the vineyards on the opposite hill to Meudon; the day delicious. At night went alone to the ball given by the Gardes du Corps at the Chateau of the Tuileries, in honour of the *Naissance*. Not so fine as I expected; Versailles English, and bad French.

12th. Went to the Bibliothèque de Médecine at half-past two, and found a fire prepared for me in the Doyen's cabinet, where I read till past four. Returned to dinner; music in the evening.

13th. Read and wrote. Have now finished, at intervals, about twenty-four or twenty-eight lines of my song upon Grattan.

14th. Went into town with Villamil. Took him to Denon's, who had the massy volumes of the "Egypte" laid out for me. Asked him would he entrust me with the volumes of the text; and he said, though he never lent to any one, yet, if I would be secret, he would to *me*. Met ——, who walked about with me and made me take a family dinner with him at his hotel. I have not seen so much of him since we were in college together, and I find that his vanity is even greater than has been reported to me, and his display of cleverness far less than I expected. He is undoubtedly a good partisan, a quick skirmisher in reviews and newspapers, and a sort of servant of all-work for his employers; but as to anything of the higher order of talent, I am greatly mistaken

if he has the slightest claim to it. Could collect from him that the instigators and managers of the present infamous prosecution against the Queen are all at loggerheads with each other; the Chancellor accusing the Attorney-general, and *vice versâ*.

15th. Went with Villamil, and passed five dull hours at a horse-race in the Champ de Mars, with nothing to amuse me but the varieties of the sunshine and shadow upon the golden dome of the Invalides, the groups of horsemen, the fields, &c. &c.*

16th. We took our leave of La Butte after three months and a half's residence; and, as far as tranquillity, fine scenery, and sweet sunshine go, I could not wish to pass a more delightful summer. Our *déménagement* was, as usual, managed so well and expeditiously by Bessy, that I felt none of the inconvenience of it, and we are now reinstated comfortably in our home in the Allée des Veuves. We dined alone with our little ones, for the first time, since the first of July, which was a very great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, "This is the first rational day we have had for a long time."* I sat up to read the account of Goëthe's "Doctor Faustus" in the "Edinburgh Magazine;" and, before I went to bed, experienced one of those bursts of devotion which, perhaps, are worth all the church-going forms in the world. Tears came fast from me as I knelt down to adore the one only God whom I acknowledge, and poured forth the aspirations of a soul deeply grateful for all his goodness.

* Mrs. Moore was quite right: in reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy. — Ed.

17th. Met —— walking with a gentleman and two ladies. After I had passed, I observed the party stop; and the gentleman make signs to —— as if to call me back, which —— accordingly did, saying, "Moore, here's Mr. Canning wishes very much to be introduced to you." It was no other than the right honourable orator himself, who put out his hand to shake mine in the most cordial manner. A singular circumstance this, and as creditable to him as it is certainly flattering to me. His daughter a very pretty girl. I remember, when I saw and walked in company with this girl at Rome, I made a resolution (on observing not only her beauty, but feeling all those associations of an elegant and happy home which her manner called up), that I would never write another line against her father. His cordial reception of me has now *clinched* this determination. Dined at home snugly, and read the great work on Egypt in the evening, five or six volumes of which I brought away from Denon's.

18th. Called upon Canning, and was at —— at five to dinner. His conversation to-day less ostentatious, and much more sensible. He says he wrote his article on the Elgin Marbles for the "Quarterly" in one morning. Went with him and his little girl, &c. to the Gaiété in the evening, to see little Poucet.

19th. Finished my lines upon Grattan, which amount to forty-eight; much the largest poem in the "Melodies."

20th. Read and wrote. Have apprised Jeffrey, through the Longmans, of my intention to review Madame de Souza's novel, so must set about it immediately.

22nd. Began the review of Madame de Souza.

23rd. Dined with Lord Rancliffe. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck (she was Lady Mary Lowther),

Lady Adelaide Forbes, and Mercer. Lady Mary invited me to go with her to her box at the Opera. Went, and saw the new ballet, "Les Pages du Duc de Vendôme," which is beautiful. Heard to-night that Madlle. Garnerin, whom I saw ascend in the balloon a fortnight ago, has never been heard of since. This is frightful. They say that, intending to descend by the parachute, she forgot to take the implements necessary for that purpose; and, accordingly, became the victim of the balloon to be carried wherever it pleased, and perhaps has been starved in the clouds. Lady Mary told me that Wordsworth, who has returned within the last fortnight from Switzerland and Milan, was making inquiries after me, and wishes to see me.

24th. Went with Bessy to market, and afterwards called upon Wordsworth. A young Frenchman called in, and it was amusing to hear him and Wordsworth at cross purposes upon the subject of "Athalie;" Wordsworth saying that he did not wish to see it acted, as it would never come up to the high imagination he had formed in reading it, of the prophetic inspiration of the priests, &c. &c.; and the Frenchman insisting that in acting alone could it be properly enjoyed,—that is to say, in the manner it was acted *now;* for he acknowledged that till the Corps de Ballet came to its aid, it was very dull, even on the stage,—*une action morte.* Saw Wordsworth's wife; she seems a comfortable sort of person enough. A note came from Lady Mary while I was there, to offer us both seats in her box at the Français, for the evening; and the struggle of Wordsworth (who had already arranged to go with his wife and sister there) between nobility and domesticity was very amusing. After long hesitation, however, and having

written one note to say he must attend his wife, *my Lady* carried it, and he wrote another accepting the seat. I should have liked well enough to have gone myself, but this was our dear little Tom's birthday, and I had promised to pass the evening at home. Walked with Wordsworth, who was going to call upon Canning, and finding that Canning expected him, by his having left his name and Peel's with the porter, did not go up. While I was at dinner, a note arrived from Canning to ask me to dinner to-morrow. This is excellent! Can he ever have read the verses in the later editions of the "Fudge Family?" I fear not. Wrote to say I should have the honour of waiting on him.

25th. Read "Mdlle. de Tournon" in the morning, for the purpose of this little twaddling task I have brought upon myself of reviewing it. Finished also Madame de Genlis's touching story, "Mdlle. de Clermont," which is, to be sure, charmingly written. Dined with Canning. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck, Wordsworth, and the secretary, young Chinnery. The day very agreeable. I felt myself excited in an unusual way, and talked (I sometimes feared) rather too much; but they seemed to like it, and to be amused. There was one circumstance which showed a very pleasant sort of intelligence between the father and daughter. I told a story to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical. Canning said some very pleasant things, and in a very quiet, unobtrusive manner. Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting

the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion. Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth;* one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation.

26th. Read the "Princesse de Clèves," the first attempt at an historical novel (I believe) in French. Its great charm is the naïveté and straightforwardness of the details.

27th. Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of "Childe Harold" founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. "Tintern Abbey" the source of it all; from which same poem too the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of "Childe Harold," is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation.* Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are

* There is some resemblance between "Tintern Abbey" and "Childe Harold;" but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, "When they tell me Homer made Virgil," I answer, "Then it is his best work:" so of "Wordsworth" it may be said, "If he wrote the third canto of Childe Harold, it is his best work." — Ed.

Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his "Sir Charles Grandison" was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now; so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man; and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c. as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius. Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men: by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his "Political Economy," and Reynolds in his "Lectures on Painting." Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from

books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke.* I walked with Wordsworth to the Tuilleries: he goes off to-morrow. At twelve o'clock, Phillips the painter, and his wife, called upon us. Mentioned the fine collection of pictures he has just seen at Munich, a combination of two or three different collections. Bessy and I called upon Lady Davy at half-past two, and drove about with her till it was time to go to dinner at Grignon's. Told me that Sir Humphry has mentioned in a letter she has just received from him, that he has at present some important discovery in his head; bids her not breathe a word of it to any Frenchman; and says, "the game I aim at is of the highest sort." Another discovery, such as that of the lamp, is too much to expect from one man. We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without any thing having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, "Davy!" and, on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, "Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?" "No, what was it?" "To show the world my own opinion of it." Williams and Mr. Crawford dined with us, and we afterwards went to the Feydeau, where we saw two rather dull things, the "Deux Jaloux" and "Corisande." On my return home I received a letter giving me the melancholy, though long-expected, intelligence of the death of one of my dearest friends, Dalton.

* There is much justice in these remarks of Mr. Wordsworth.—Ed.

How fast they go!—but *his* death was a relief both to himself and all who loved him.

28th and 29th. Nothing remarkable. Finished the article on Mad. de Souza, and hope to be able to send it off on the 30th.

30th. Began copying the article, but was stopped by the want of a reference to one of Mad. de Souza's novels. The bookseller whom I had commissioned to look for a copy of "Jablonski" brought me a copy, which I bought of him for eighteen francs.

31st. Went into Paris with Bessy for visits and purchases. Called upon Mad. de Souza, who read us an extract from some Memoirs, giving an account of the enormous quantity Louis XIV. used to eat. "I have seen him," says the writer of the Memoirs, "not once, but often, eat four plates of different soups, an entire pheasant, a partridge, a dish full of salad, a piece of ham, a slice of mutton with gravy, and large quantities of all kinds of *confitures*." Mr. Crawford came to us in the evening: he mentioned a curious instance of Canning's sensitiveness to attacks from the press; that, many years ago, when he was about to be married, he called upon Perry, and expressed a hope that there would be no quizzing remarks upon the circumstance. Find that Mr. Crawford is the author of several articles in the "Edinburgh Review;" that on Lord Amherst's Embassy, one on the Commerce of the Indian Archipelago, &c. &c. On our return home to dinner to-day we found Kenny waiting for us, having brought Miss Holcroft to introduce to Bessy.

Nov. 1st. Had a note from poor Dumoulin, to say that he is "indebted to God knows who for a remittance of ten pounds just sent him by his family." This is in con-

sequence of the letter I wrote to his father during his illness. He adds, however, that as this will hardly pay his expenses, he may perhaps have to trouble me in a day or two for five Napoleons. Kenny and Crawford dined with us; the first little dinner we have ventured since our being reduced to one servant.

2nd. Went into Paris with Crawford, and took him to Denon's. Denon out. I remained there alone about an hour, looking over the great Egyptian work. Remarked that there is much beauty in those female faces, which are among the sculptured ornaments in the ruins of Tentyra. Dined with the Granards: company, the Mercers, young Crosbie, a Mr. Rich, &c. &c. Mercer mentioned that, on the death of the Danish ambassador here, some commissaire of police having come to the house for the purpose of making a *procés verbal* of his death, it was resisted by the suite as an infringement of the ambassador's privilege, to which the answer of the police was, that *Un ambassadeur dès qu'il est mort, rentre dans la vie privée.* Lord Bristol and his daughters came in the evening; the Rancliffes too. Mr. Rich said at dinner that a curé (I forget in what part of France) asked him once whether it was true that the English women wore rings in their noses? to which Mr. R. answered, that, "in the north of England, near China, it was possible they might, but certainly not about London."

3rd. Read. Walked after dinner, and met my old friend Joddrel, who is living with his family at Passy Went in the evening with Bessy to the Fosters; had music.

4th. Went into Paris to order a pianoforte. Looked over Belzoni's Atlas at Galignani's. Received a letter from Dumoulin's father, full of thanks, &c.

5th. Bought a work while in town yesterday ("His-

toire des Juifs"), the sixth volume of which promises to be very useful to me in my Egyptian story. Had resolved now to resume this task, and pursue it uninterruptedly, but have received such anxious letters from Wilkie and Murray (who have borne, I will say, with singular patience the intention which I lately communicated to them of suspending my Sheridan operations till I return to England), requesting me, at least, to give them a few pages of preface for the collection of S.'s works which they are about to publish, that I cannot with any decency refuse it. I believe I have not mentioned in my Journal that, about a fortnight ago, I wrote to Wilkie, representing the exceeding difficulty of continuing my "Life of Sheridan" here, so far away from all the oral authorities it was so necessary for me to consult, and that it was my intention not to go any further in the work till I arrived in England; begging them at the same time to draw upon me at six and eight months for the sum which they had advanced to me on it. They have said nothing of this latter part of my communication in their answers, but in my last letter I have again referred to it, and said that I must at least insist upon their taking interest on the sum advanced till the work is finished.

6th. Took Bessy in to attend Mulock's first lecture on English literature; *flumen verborum guttula mentis.* One of his figures was rather awkward, if pursued too minutely. He talked of persons going to the "well-spring of English poesy, in order to *communicate what they have quaffed to others.*" I dined with Sir H. Mildmay; a dinner of dandies, but rather agreeable. It seems that, in consequence of Denman's bold parallel between his Majesty and Nero, Carlton Palace is now called "Nerot's

Hotel." Henry de Roos sung with Lady Mildmay in the evening, as did I some of Blangini's Notturnes. Sung also a great number of my own songs, and had the pleasure of seeing my audience much pleased. It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, "Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business." By the bye, Mr. Stretch, whom I walked with yesterday, said he had been told by the nephew of the Persian ambassador, that "Lalla Rookh" had been translated into their language, and that the songs (particularly that about "Bendameer's Stream") are sung about everywhere; nor can they believe there but that the whole work has been taken originally from some Persian manuscript. Went in the evening to Lady E. Stuart's. Bessy had been asked, but would not go.

7th. Read, and walked about the garden. Williams dined with us.

8th. A lovely day. Walked in with Bessy to pay some visits. Tried over some Irish airs in the evening, in order to find one for a story on the subject of Donoghue and his White Horse.

9th. Wrote a verse of the song about Donoghue; copied it out and sent it to Power. Went into Paris at three, with Bessy. Called upon Miss Edgeworth, who was not able to receive us. Dressed at Villamil's (where Bessy remained to pass the evening), and dined at Lord Charlemont's. Made Bessy's apology for not dining there. Company, Lord and Lady Lovaine and their daughter; the dinner very agreeable.

10th. Dumoulin thinks of being moved to a *maison de santé* in Paris; but they ask eight or ten Napoleons a month, and his money is but barely sufficient to pay for

where he is. Have offered to advance five Naps., if Mr. V. will give the remainder. Saw this morning at the bottom of a pill-box, sent me from the apothecary's, these words, "May Hebe's choicest gift be thy lot, thou pride of Erin's Isle!" Glory on a pill-box! Read the great work on Egypt; have nearly finished all the volumes of it Denon lent me. The "History of the Jews" has given me many useful hints with respect to the Cabalistical theology which they borrowed from the Egyptians.

11th. Read till two, and then went into Paris. The decision of the House of Lords against the Queen occupying every one's mind and tongue. What a barefaced defiance of all law and justice, and what precious scoundrels there are in the high places of the world. My excellent friend Lord Lansdowne has, however, done *his* duty on this occasion; and while there are yet left such men as he and Lord Grey, the salvation of England is not wholly to be despaired of.

12th. Began my preface to Sheridan's works. Went in, between three and four, to dine with Mrs. Villamil, for the purpose of taking all our little ones to the Marionettes in the evening. A party of fourteen of us, nurses, children, and all.

13th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to express my delight at his conduct. Have heard that my darling mother has been very ill, but is now better. God preserve her dear life! Often too sad bodings come over my mind about her and my beloved father. Went to market with Bessy, and then to the reading-room. The news of the bill's defeat arrived to my great joy. Wrote to Douglas, Lord Rancliffe, &c., about the dinner, which we had agreed to have whenever this cursed measure came to its catastrophe.

14th. Wrote some more of the preface. Called with Bessy upon the Boddingtons and Forsters. Dined at Lord Rancliffe's. Lord Charlemont will join our dinner, which is to be, I believe, on Sunday.

15th. Sadly interrupted by my vicinity to Paris, and the various calls and distractions that it produces. Wrote a little, and read "Clarke's Travels." This is my darling Bessy's birthday. Kenny and Williams dined with us; and we had the Forsters, Storys, and Villamils, in the evening.

16th. Took my letters. A very pretty little poem to-day in the "Examiner," signed "A. B., Canterbury," written for the purpose of "inviting some fair friends to come and celebrate the poet Moore's birthday." Read Clarke in the evening, and Jablonski.

17th. Went in with Bessy to Mulock's lecture. Absurd and false from beginning to end. Dryden was no poet; Butler had no originality; and Locke was "of the school of the devil," both in his philosophy, politics, and Christianity. We called upon Lady Charlemont, who was all kindness to Bessy. Dined with the Storys; and Viotti having given his box at the French Opera to Lady Augusta Leith, went with her, and saw the "Pages."

18th. Had a letter from the Longmans, to say that the hope they had of finding out from my deputy that the money had never been paid into his hands, had been disappointed, and they must now proceed to negotiate as soon as possible. Kenny called in, and speaking of such a calamity coming upon one so perfectly innocent of all delinquency in it as I am, said, "It is well you are a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it." There is a great deal of truth as well as humour in this. Kenny wrote his "Raising the Wind" in seven days. Read Clarke in the

evening. By the bye, K. paid me the three Napoleons to-day.

19th. Had a note from Madame de Souza to ask me to dine to-day, to meet Fourrier and Gallois. Said I would. Finished my preface, and at two went out to Sèvres, with Williams, to see how poor Dumoulin is getting on. Found him wretchedly ill; he can hardly recover. Dinner at Madame de Souza's very agreeable; nothing but French spoken, which, when there are no English by, I can manage very well. Gallois had in his pocket a copy of "Little" (the 1st edition), very nicely bound, which he had found *en boutiquant* for five francs. Fourrier, in speaking of the mummies, said that one is often able to trace the *family features* in a number of them deposited together. He promised to borrow me a copy of "Zoega" from the Institute. Left at about nine, and went to the Granards, where I sung a little with Lady Caroline. At home before eleven. There is a dinner announced at Grignon's in celebration of the Queen, which I rather fear originates in a low quarter, and may make it necessary to give up ours, for fear of being confounded with them.

20th. Had a letter from Lord Byron; very amusing; several epigrams in it; one of them for the approaching anniversary of his marriage (2nd of next January), most marvellously comical:—

To Penelope.

"This day of all our days has done
The worst for me and you;
'Tis now six years since we were *one*,
And five since we were *two*."

Went into town with my letters. Dined at Story's: company, the Villamils, Forsters, &c. &c. Music in the evening.

21st. Answered Byron. Called upon Sir Charles Stuart to know if he could put me in the way of having the MS. of "Byron's Memoirs" (the continuation of them), sent from Ravenna. He said there was no way, except Byron could get it as far as Florence or Turin; in which case Lord Burghersh, or Hill, might forward it by a courier. Came back for Bessy at five, and both went to dine with the Villamils, who had taken a box for the new opera of Rossini in the evening. The Spanish Consul (to London) and his wife at dinner. The opera wretched ("Torvaldo and Dorliska," I believe it is called); all bits and scraps out of the rest of this rather over-rated author's works. It is said that the Duchesse de Berri wrote to her father (as a slap over the knuckles for his late sanction of the Revolution), *Je suis accouchée d'un fils et pas d'une constitution.* Villamil, before dinner, on my praising his Geneva watch (which I have had the loan of while he was away), entreated me to accept of it as a *gage d'amitié*, but I declined it *friendlily.*

22nd. Read Jablonski, and found some good hints for my work. Went in to dine at Mercer's to meet Sir W. Gell, expecting to hear much about the Queen. Company, the Forbeses, Lord Valletort, Warrender, &c. &c. Gell full of jokes, but few of them good. Spoke of some one who calls the Champs Elysées the Sham Elizas. His best hit was upon Cornwall's using the word "blasted." "That's not language for good society, sir; it is too much of the *Æolic* dialect." The day altogether tolerably pleasant.

23rd. Copied out my preface (or, as I prefer calling it, advertisement), and went with Bessy to leave it at the ambassador's. Made some calls, and returned to dinner. Had sent Denon's books home in the morning, and got

some more volumes back, which I read in the evening: one of these *savans* (M. St. Hilaire) an insufferable coxcomb.

24th. Soon after breakfast, to my great surprise, Lord John Russell was announced to me. Arrived last night; truly happy to see him. Talked much of the political proceedings in England: thinks that the Queen's business has done a great deal of good in renewing the old and natural alliance between the Whigs and the people, and weakening the influence of the Radicals with the latter. Told me, to my great pride and delight, that he (Lord John) has just dedicated the second edition of his Essays to me; spoke of my poem on him, which appeared to have given him great pleasure. Lord Granard called to ask me to dine with him to-day, and Lord John bid me say I was engaged to *him*; agreed to meet at four in town. Corrected some of the "Irish Melodies" for the edition Power is about to print, and went at three into town. We dined at Véry's, and went to the Français afterwards: "La Fille d'Honneur," a comedy by Duval, rather interesting.

25th. Corrected some more of the "Melodies." Called at Lord Granard's. Begged me to fix a day for Lord John to meet me there: mentioned Tuesday. Called on Madame de Souza, who said Tuesday was the day Lord John had agreed for us both to dine with her. Went to Gallois: told me he had found, among his books, "Greave's Description of the Pyramids," which he thought might be useful for me. Found Lord John at home: walked out together in the Tuileries. Says the great difficulty the Whigs would find in coming in would be the want of some one to lead in the House of Commons. Does not think there will be any change. The King, before the Queen's trial,

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

opened a sort of indirect negotiation with Lord Holland, for the purpose of sounding, but it came to nothing. We drove about in a cabriolet: called upon Lady Charlemont, &c. He proposed I should dine with him alone at his hôtel, and I sent home to tell Bessy, lest she should wait dinner; a very agreeable *tête-a-tête*. *Chez moi* before ten, and found a copy of Lord John's book, just arrived by the ambassador's courier, from the Longmans. He calls himself in the dedication my "attached friend." This tribute from a Russell gives me real pleasure.

26th. Corrected the "Melodies;" read; walked into Paris. Read the French work in the evening. Yonge supped with us.

27th. Went to call upon Lord John, but he was out. Called at Lord Charlemont's. While there, the Duke of Hamilton came in. Much talk about Italy, and the chance the Neapolitans have of defending themselves against the Austrians. The Duke as high and pompous in his manner as ever. Returned home at four, and found that Lord John had been to ask me to join him at dinner and the Français. Walked in again; dined at Véry's; and went to see "Athalie," which I confess I found rather an operation, except only the scene where Joad is under the influence of inspiration, and where the effect of the chorus breaking in affected my imagination most powerfully.

28th. Went in with Bessy to market for to-morrow, when the Villamils and Lady Augusta Leith are to dine with us. Have had a letter from home, to say that my darling mother is somewhat better. Dined at Madame de Souza's: company, Lord John, Lady Gwydir, Gallois, De Lessert. The task of speaking nothing but French throughout the whole dinner rather oppressive; it is so impossible to bring out one's mind as one wishes; *on dit ce qu'on peut, et*

*pas ce qu'on veut.** And then for English people to address each other in bad French appears to me so ridiculous, that I can hardly keep my countenance while I am engaged in it. Came home early, and read Lord John's book, which is delightful.

29th. Wrote a note to Lord John, to express what I felt on reading him: said it "was a rare thing to be at once so sensible and so lively; and to be furnished, like a pyramid, both with point and base." Revised my "Melodies," and read Jablonski. Our dinner very comfortable. Music in the evening.

30th. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, beside Lord John, Mercer, Lord Valletort, the Rancliffes, &c. It was mentioned at dinner, as a specimen of French punning, that the following was among the Potierana lately published, "Il a l'esprit *seize*," i. e. *treize et trois* (très étroit). Mercer told me of a punster who had so much the character of never opening his mouth without a pun, that one day, upon his merely asking some one at dinner for a little spinach, the person stared, looked puzzled, and said, *Je vous démande pardon, Monsieur, mais,* pour cette fois, *je ne comprends pas.* The quickness of the French at punning arises, I think, very much from their being such bad spellers. Not having the fear of orthography before their eyes, they have at least one restraint less upon their fancy in this sort of exercise. Sung in the evening, and so did Mercer,—one a pretty air, which he learned from Madame Durazzo, but could not get her to tell him the words "Io credo (she said) che sono *improper.*"

December 1st. Looked over my Egyptian notes, for

* This was, I believe, the observation (and a very just one) of Mr. Hare, Mr. Fox's friend. He is one of those men who glittered with wit and humour in their day, but whose fame *caret vate sacro.*—ED.

the purpose of resuming my poem, and beginning another epistle. Forgot to mention that I walked yesterday to the Mercers for the purpose of ordering a pianoforte for Lady Rancliffe; and, at the same time, took the opportunity of looking at the lodgings in that quarter, as our year here will end the first of February. Found them dear; saw nothing comfortable under 1500 francs a-year, unfurnished. Have heard of a house at Auteuil, which I have some thoughts of taking, as I have almost made up my mind not to return to England till I have finished my poem. Dined at Lord Rancliffe's: company, Lord Bristol, Mercer, Lord Granard, and Lady Adelaide. Some singing in the evening.

2nd. Wrote some lines of my second letter. Have heard within these few days, from the Longmans, that the King's proctor had called upon them, to say that he hoped, in two or three months, to have some favourable news to communicate to me.

3rd. Received from Madame de Souza the large folio volume of Zoega, which M. Fourrier promised to procure for me. Dined at home. Read Zoega in the evening.

4th. Thought of words for one of Blangini's Notturnes to send to Power. Walked with Williams to the maison de santé to see poor Dumoulin. Shall have to advance the money for his fortnight there; the Villamils seem very awkward in producing their promised share of the sum for him. Williams thinks he will not recover. Walked about with Lord John, and called on the Charlemonts. Thought I was engaged to dine at the Forsters', but, on coming home, found they did not expect me till the evening; and I went and dined at Rosset's (a restaurateur) in the Rue de Rivoli. Mdlle. Münch and her mother at the Forsters'. Sang two or three Italian trios with them. This girl's

voice and manner of singing very good. Supped, and home at twelve. Find that the pretty vignettes in Forster's edition of "Anacreon" are from Mrs. Forster's drawings.

5th. Finished the words to Blangini's Notturne. Read Zoega. Went in at four to Lord John: dined together at Véry's. In Voltaire's "Adelaide de Guesclin," when (on the first night, I believe) the actor said, *Es tu content. Coucy?* a voice from the *parterre* answered, *Cosi, Cosi,* We went to the Vaudeville, and saw the "Jugement de Midas" and the "Rendez-vous, Bourgeois." Asked Lord John to dine with us on Sunday; and half fixed for Bessy, and him, and me to go to a restaurateur's and *spectacle* on Thursday.

6th. Wrote a few lines of my letter. Walked by the Seine for an hour. Williams dined with us. In the evening read Zoega. Was to have gone this morning (Bessy and I), with Lady Charlemont, to Mulock's lecture; but finding that I myself was to be one of the victims of his tomahawk to-day, deferred our going till Friday.

7th. A note from Rancliffe asking me to meet Lord John to-day, but having given Bessy the hope of our enjoying a day together, did not like to disappoint her, so refused. Copied out my duet, and corrected the proofs of the "Irish Melodies" which Power sent me; dispatched them by the post. Bessy and I went shopping: dined afterwards at a wretched restaurant at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, and in the evening to the Variétés. Four pieces, none very good. The Englishman's *toujours* in Douvres et Calais, amusing enough.

8th. Read Zoega in the evening.

9th. Went with Bessy to the market for to-morrow's dinner, and after this set off by myself, on a house-hunting expedition, to the Marais. Went as far as the Place

Royale, and was not sorry to find myself for once in the Rue de Tournelle, where Ninon de l'Enclos, St. Evremond, &c., used to hold their Epicurean meetings. Saw nothing that was not dear or uncomfortable, or both. Must give up all thoughts of that quarter. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord John, Lady Rancliffe, Burgess, and Lady Montgomery, &c. A very agreeable day. Much talk with Lady R. about the unlucky change of politics in her family, which she very much regrets. In talking of Lady Holland's management of the conversation at her table, Lord John mentioned her great dislike to the subject of bullion, and her saying once to Lord Lauderdale after an illness he had, upon his introducing this topic at Holland House, "My dear Lauderdale, as long as you were ill, I suffered you to talk bullion, but now I really cannot suffer it any longer." A light subject for an invalid, put upon a regimen of *bouillon* and bullion. Came away with Lord John at half-past ten, and went to Tortoni's to eat ice. Talked of Mackintosh's want of observation in common life, and his helplessness in the House of Commons from that circumstance. Tierney, who is, on the contrary, more minute than comprehensive, has rather a slighting opinion of his consequence; and says he is a "very good historical man, and may be relied upon for a sound opinion about Cardinal Wolsey or so; but for anything of the present day," &c. Asked Lord C. to dine with us to-morrow.

10th. Read and walked a little. Lord John, Lord Charlemont, and Mercer, to dinner with us. The day went off very well. The noble lords seemed excited by the novelty of their situation in such a little democratic cabin, and were more than usually agreeable. Lord John mentioned of the late Lord Lansdowne (who was remark-

able for the sententious and speech-like pomposity of his conversation, that, in giving his opinion one day of Lord —— he said, "I have a high opinion of his lordship's character; so remarkable do I think him for the pure and unbending integrity of his principles, that I look upon it as impossible he should ever be guilty of the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude, unless it were most damnably well worth his while." Took Mercer with us in the evening to Villamil's, where there was music; young Sapio and his father, and a French girl. Bessy has been persuaded by Lord Charlemont to dine with him on Saturday next.

11th. Went into town to Mulock's lecture. Find that he praised me in his discourse on the living poets, the other day, exceedingly; set me at the head of them all, near Lord Byron, who, he says, is the only person in the world who seems to have any proper notion of religion! In alluding to "Lalla Rookh" he said, "As for his Persian poem (I forget the name of it), I really never could read it." The lecture to-day upon evangelical literature and religion in general; mere verbiage. Had to dinner with us, Miss Mackey, Wilder, and Tate; rather a different day from yesterday. The Villamils in the evening; all stopped to supper.

12th. Wrote eight lines of my poem. Went in (Bessy and I) to dine with the Villamils: company, young Sapio and Williams. Poor Dumoulin died yesterday morning. Williams opened him to-day, and found that his death was occasioned by the quantity of bark which another physician had given him, and which produced inflammation in the stomach and brain. What a world it is! Here are two men whom I saw drinking wine together a few months ago, and now one of them is cutting open the other.

13th. Wrote ten lines. Dined at Lord Granard's; company, Lord John, Lord Alvanley, Lord Valletort, Kangaroo Cooke, the Rancliffes. The dinner too large for conversation, and there was but little fun from Alvanley. Cooke told of Admiral Cotton once (at Lisbon, I think) saying during dinner, "Make signal for the Kangaroo to get under weigh;" and Cooke who had just been expressing his anxiety to leave Lisbon, thought the speech alluded to his nickname, and considered it an extraordinary liberty for one who knew so little of him as Admiral Cotton to take. He found out afterwards, however, that his namesake was a sloop of war. Lord Granard mentioned of the thin-legged Bavarian ambassador here, that the other day at court, his sword having got between his legs, a short-sighted person behind him remarked to a friend, "What an odd dress that gentleman's is; he has a white stocking on one leg, and a black one on the other." Left the Granards before nine, with Lord John, to call on his friends the Grahams, to whom he wishes to introduce me; but they were out, and he drove me home. Read some of Zoega before I went to bed.

14th. Went into town with Bessy for our dinner at a restaurateur's with Lord John. Chose a new bonnet for her. Met Lord John at the Cadran Bleu at five, and thence to the Porte St. Martin to see Potier in the "Beau Narcisse" and the "Danaïdes."

15th. A beautiful, clear, frosty day. Walked to Auteuil to see the house Williams recommends; a comfortless concern, like almost all I see. Looked at some other apartments there, but found nothing to suit me. A quiet dinner at home, which of late is a rarity to me. In the evening, read. Have done ten lines to-day.

16th. Lord Granard called. Walked out with him a

little way, and then went alone as far as Neuilly, where I meant to have a search for lodgings, but there were threats of rain, and I returned home. Dined (Bessy and I) at Lord Charlemont's; the dear girl looking all neatness and beauty; not so pretty as Lady Charlemont certainly, but having the advantage of more youth on her side. The day very agreeable. Lord John told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat;" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching. Have done about twelve lines to-day.

17th. Wrote a little, and walked. Called upon Kenny, and found he had been very ill. Asked him to dine with us; very agreeable; is much frightened at the idea of his tragedy coming in contact with Lord Byron's, which is, I understand, to be played at both theatres. Left him in the evening, and read for about an hour and a-half at Zoega. He supped with us.

18th. Wrote my letters, and went in to call upon Lord John, for the purpose of being introduced to his friends, the Grahams. Find he has nearly finished a little novelette, a story, since he has been in Paris. Sent off to Perry by to-day's post, the parody he wrote on William

Spencer's poem the other day. Spencer's is entitled "The Year 1806;" and begins, "It is gone with its thorns and its roses." Lord John's parody begins, very happily, "It is gone where the late Mr. Rose is." Mrs. Graham a nice little Frenchwoman. Told us that her friend Mdlle. Montjoye (one of the ladies of the Duchesse d'Orleans) mentioned the Duke's having spoken of me as being very well known to him, and that he seemed surprised at my not having been to wait upon him. Must go. I suppose. Staid with Lord John till five; and then went to dine at Bombarda's, a restaurateur's, for the purpose of being in time to see the "Mystères d'Isis" at the Opera. Was much interested with the scenery and costumes, which are said to be after drawings by Denon.

19th. Received a note from Lord John (to whom I had once mentioned about the circumstances of poor Dumoulin's death), telling me that he had just been paid five hundred francs, which he had lent some time ago to a French officer; and that, as he was determined not to touch the sum, he inclosed it to me that I might make use of it for the discharge of my poor countryman's debts, &c. &c. I wrote in answer that I had every reason to think the father would be forthcoming in all that was necessary, but that I would keep a couple of hundred francs to meet any demand that might be urgent. Dined at home, and read in the evening.

20th. Bessy and I went in to dine with Lord John at Véry's; had a *cabinet particulier*. Mercer was of the party; a very agreeable dinner. Lord John mentioned an old physician (I believe) of the old Marquis of Lansdowne, called Ingerhouz, who when he was told that old Frederick of Prussia was dead, asked anxiously, "Are you very sure dat he is dead?" "Quite sure." "On vhat

authority?" "Saw it in the papers." "You are very, very sure?" "Perfectly so." "Vell, now he is really dead, I *vill* say he vas de greatest tyrant dat ever existed." Went all, except Mercer, to the French Opera, to see "Nina," which was acted to perfection by Bigottini.

21st. Went with Lord John, Mr. M'Kay (who has a pass for all the prisons and hospitals), and Bessy, to see the Hôtel Dieu and the Salpétrière; the former, a general hospital, and admirably conducted; the latter, for superannuated women and mad women, also a very interesting institution. To the Hôtel Dieu the government allows a franc a-day for each sick person: there are now near 1000 in it. Dined with M'Kay at the *table d'hôte* at Meurice's, for the purpose of being made known to Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the work which has lately had success, the "Sketch-Book;" a good-looking and intelligent-mannered man."

22nd. Took a walk alone, for about two hours and a quarter, to Neuilly, by the Barrière du Roule, and back by the Champs Elysées. Found, when I returned home, the packets from Lord Byron containing the continuation of his "Memoirs;" the postage altogether forty-six francs and a-half. He advises me, in the letter which accompanies them, to try and dispose of the reversion of the MS. now. This is worth consideration. Williams dined with us. In the evening I went to the *parterre* of the Opera to see "Anacreon" and the "Jugement de Paris."

23rd. Breakfasted with Lord John, and went afterwards with him, M'Kay, Williams, and Mr. Irving, to the Saint Lazare prison, for female offenders; well regulated. Some of the women go out with considerable earnings from their work. The *chef* mentioned one who had made 1500 francs when she left it. He says the morals of the

prison are much improved. Went home with Lord John afterwards, and read a little story he has written since he came to Paris, called the "Nun of Arrouca." Dined at Montron's; the party, two or three Sicilians, Perigord, Latour Maimbourg, a Madame Hamelin, &c. &c. Lord Alvanley the only Englishman besides myself in company; the day very agreeable. A translation of "Lalla Rookh" in French verse, by a M. Arnaud, is, it seems, now in the press: he does not understand a word of English. This produced a discussion as to the possibility of a translation, under such circumstances, doing the original justice. M. Airoldi, a very agreeable Sicilian, whom I sat next to, mentioned, as a case in point, that the best Italian translation of Homer is done by Monti, who does not know anything of Greek. M. Arnaud is the author of "Germanicus" and some other tragedies. They talked of a celebrated Sicilian poet, the Abate Mele, whom I never heard of before, in the *genre Anacreontique* and pastoral. M. Airoldi told me that, under Murat, one of his spies once came to tell him, that, in a certain house, a sonnet had been discovered by a person of the name of Filicaja, beginning *Italia, Italia, &c.* They then showed him a copy of the sonnet, which is by no means inapplicable to the state of Italy of that time. Murat agreed it was very seditious, and ordered them to arrest this Filicaja immediately. On coming to the house, however, where they found the sonnet, and mentioning the object of their search to the master of it, he said that there was but one small objection to their arresting Filicaja, namely, that he died about 200 years ago.* Went from Montron's to the Français, where Lord John and Lady Rancliffe

* This story has been told of others, especially of Eugène Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy. Probably not true, but *ben trovato*.—Ed.

had taken a box, and saw Madle. Mars in the "Jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard."

24th. Have done now about 100 lines of my second letter. Slow work this, but I must turn over a new leaf. Had a letter from the Longmans, saying they think it would be quite right for me to stay in France till I have completed my Egyptian work. Easily said this. Walked with Bessy, Miss Forster, and the children, to the Louvre. Dined (both) with the Villamils; an odd party of the Sapios, Spaniards, &c. &c. A man told us of a Frenchman in London having mistaken the sign of the Two Friends over an eating-house for the Deux *Friands*. A considerable accession to the *ménagerie* in the evening. Singing by the Sapios, Mrs. Villamil, Mercer, &c.

25th. Went with Bessy and Williams to see the house at Auteuil. She liked it all but the kitchen, which is away from the house, and a wretched paved place, such as we could not bear to see our excellent Hannah inhabit. The French do not care where they put their servants. Dined at home, of course, to-day, and made Williams partake of our beef and plum-pudding. Finished Zoega in the evening.

26th. Wrote a few lines. Took a long walk by myself to the Boulevards des Invalides et du Mont Parnasse. Saw many houses to be sold, but no furnished lodgings. At six o'clock Lord Granard's carriage came for us, and Bessy and I dined there. A vast effort for her, and one she will not repeat, although the girls were civil and kind to her. No one but Lord John at dinner. In the evening came Lady Rancliffe, Princess Castelcicala, Prince Somebody, &c. &c. Came away early.

27th. Had a job-coach for the half-day to return some of Bessy's calls. Miss Forster went with us. Dined

afterwards (Williams of the party) at the Cadran Bleu, and went to the Ambigu Comique to see "Thérèse," a most interesting and well-acted little piece. The villain Valter, admirable. Received to-day Crawford's work from London.

28th. Began words to a Notturne for Power. Went in to order wine for dinner. Have perceived, within these two days, a little tumour in my groin, produced by the same cause as that which I had about ten years ago. Lord John and Mr. Irving came to dinner; the evening very agreeable. Mr. Irving complains grievously of the last thing Lord Byron has sent, as unworthy of himself, and likely to injure Murray's property in the former works. Lord John went to Lady Rancliffe's ball, but I begged him to make an excuse for me. The tumour begins to be so troublesome, that I have resolved to send for Dupuytren in the morning. In talking of people who had a sort of *non sequitur* head, there were two or three ridiculous instances mentioned. A man, who being asked did he understand German, answered, "No, but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." Another, going into a book-shop to ask if they had the "Whole Duty of Man," and receiving for answer, "No, sir, but we have Mrs. Glasse's Cookery," &c. &c.

29th. Sent for Dupuytren: fear very much that the tumour will suppurate, which, from the place in which it is situated, may give me much uneasiness. Dupuytren arrived at one: says that the tumour will disperse, and ordered me a mercurial plaster for that purpose; but ordered me to lie in bed, and be very careful of myself. Were to have had some people to supper in the evening, but wrote to put them off. Montron called; said, in bad English, upon my remarking that Lady Byron was not

a fit wife for Lord B. "'Tis indeed a very hard thing to find a good person in that capacity." Williams and his friend Dunwiddy (two of our guests whom the notes had not reached) came to supper in my bedroom. Asked Dupuytren to-day, whether he had been paid for his visit to poor Dumoulin; and, when he said not, paid him.

30th. Thought myself a little better. Read, and endeavoured to write, but visitors interrupted me,—Forster, Lord Granard, and Lord John, who says, as I cannot dine at Lady Rancliffe's with him on Monday, he will set off on that day. He looked over some of the sheets of Lord Byron's continuation of his "Memoirs." In the evening I read a little of Crawford's book. Williams came to tea. My darling Bessy nurses me most attentively and tenderly.

31st. A good many visitors. Lord John came between two and three, and read over the remainder of B.'s continuation. Staid with me till near six. Goes off to-morrow. I wrote a few lines of my poem to-day.

January 1st, 1821. Had rather an uncomfortable night, and fear that the tumour is suppurating. Sent a note to Dupuytren by Mrs. Forster. Read some of Jablonski, and wrote a few lines. Dupuytren did not come.

2nd. A visit from Dr. Arthur, to offer his services. *L'abondance de richesses* in doctors, at all events. Gallois came, and sat for some time: lamented that Lord John showed to so little advantage in society, from his extreme taciturnity, and still more from his apparent coldness and indifference to what is said by others: said that several here to whom he was introduced had been much disappointed in consequence of this manner. I can easily imagine that to Frenchmen such reserve and silence must appear something quite out of the course of nature. After

Gallois came Y—— (another doctor), and persisted in staying till Dupuytren's arrival; which quite put an end to my plan of keeping my *friends* out of the concern; and he was, of course, called into consultation. It appeared that the tumour had already broken, and Dupuytren widened the aperture (roughly enough) with a lancet, which Y—— said, afterwards, was unnecessary, and would render it rather tedious in healing. Bessy, who had walked out with Williams (another doctor) to make some purchases, was a good deal alarmed, on her return, to find me bleeding. Williams dined below with her, and came up to my room at night for supper; during which I read out to them Irving's beautiful account of Christmas in his "Sketch Book." Looked this morning over the "Curiosities of Literature." Quotes from Bacon's will the following striking words: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." A pretty quotation for small editions, *Quam brevis immensum cepit membrana Maronem!* (Martial). He says, "Though the fire offices will insure books, they will not allow authors to value their own manuscripts." A fine instance of Fairfax's admirable translation. Tasso of Olindo, *Brama assai, poco spera, nulla chiede;* which Fairfax has done.

"He, full of bashfulness and truth,
Lov'd much, hop'd little, and desired nought."

3rd. Read, and tried to write a little. Nicolle of the Port-Royal Society said of a *show*-off man in society, "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the stair-case." Noah (according

to the Rabbins), when in the ark, had no other light than jewels and pearls. Among the titles of the king of Ava is, "absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas." Good *invalid* reading this kind of book is. I wish men oftener would give us what they *read* than what they *think*. Mr. Baring and Charles Sheridan have called upon me, but I could not see them. Have been much easier since the lancing.

4th. Corrected the revise of the advertisement to Sheridan, and copied out with some difficulty the duet of "Blangini" to send to Power. Williams in the evening.

5th. Have got to a sofa, which is less enfeebling; about twelve or fourteen lines between to-day and yesterday. Saw Mrs. Story, who is just returned from England, and has brought the shawl I commissioned her to buy for Bessy: come just in time for the dear girl's new year's gift. Douglas called; said he had heard me highly praised yesterday by Mr. Irving. Williams in the evening; read me a passage from a letter of his wife's, in which she calls down all the blessings of heaven upon me for my friendship and services to him. Poor fellow! I have done nothing for him; I wish I could. I see that Byron in his continuation says, that I advised him to go into the details of his loves more fully; but, if I recollect right, it was only his adventures in the East I alluded to, as in recounting these there could be but little harm done to any one. He showed me once, I recollect, a letter of Lord Sligo's, relating the adventure by which the Giaour was suggested, and with which he seemed to intimate that he himself was connected.

6th. Wrote thirteen lines to-day.

7th. Came down to the *salon;* found myself much

feebler than I had the least idea of. Douglas called with Lady Susan and one of her daughters: proposed to me to go out a little way in their carriage, and, the day being so fine, went with them for half an hour. Walked a little in the garden afterwards. In the evening, wrote a few lines, which I rejected before I went to bed.

8th. Mrs. Story called to take me out in her carriage at half-past two; a gentle, kind-hearted little woman, worth hosts of your clever ones. Eat a very hearty dinner, and wrote some lines in the evening; have now finished my second letter within two lines.

9th. Wrote the two concluding lines before I got up: this letter is 192 lines long, and I have been no less than five weeks about it! This will never do. Walked about the garden for half an hour, and went out for a short time with Mrs. Story at three. Read in the evening.

10th. Drove out with Mrs. Story, and made calls; in the evening read over my Egyptian notes for my "Letter."

11th. Again drove out, all wet days; no walking. Miss Forster dined with us, and I sang to her and Bessy in the evening.

12th. Drove out, and walked a little. Bessy and I dined with the Forsters; music in the evening: an agreeable day. Wrote words this morning to a Notturne of Blangini's. A letter from Lord John to-day, the second I have received from him since he went. A letter from Lord Byron yesterday; in which he tells me of his intention to visit England in the spring, and proposes (as a means of paying my debts) that he and I should set up a newspaper together on his arrival there.

13th. Drove into town rather late: not being able to return time enough for dinner, dined at Dupont's, the

restaurateur's (formerly Massinot, whom I have commemorated in the "Fudges"), and got home to tea at seven. In the evening began copying out my Blangini duet.

14th. Began words to another Notturne of Blangini's before I got up. Drove out with Mrs. S. Dined at home, and finished my copying of yesterday's Notturne in the evening.

15th. Wrote letters to Lord John, Lady Donegal, &c. and dispatched my Notturne to Power, besides finishing the words of the other. Had seen, Saturday (13.), Lord B.'s verses to me ("My Boat is on the Shore"), very incorrectly given in the "Times;" sent off a correct copy of them to-day to Perry, and added some nonsense of my own about Sir Richard Steele, the high sheriff, who has just dispersed a meeting in Dublin by the military, beginning,

> "Though sprung from the *clever* Sir Richard this man be,
> He's as different a *sort* of Sir Richard as can be," &c.

Dined at Story's. Went to Villamil's: music in the evening; the Sapios, &c. &c.

16th. Began my third letter. Dined at home, and read in the evening.

17th. Wrote a few lines: went in with Bessy and the little ones to walk them about the Palais Royal. Dined with the Storys, and went to the Mille Colonnes in the evening for coffee and Ponch à la Romaine.

18th. Went out with Mrs. Story: called upon Douglas, and asked him to meet Charles Sheridan at dinner with me to-day; Lord Granard the other guest: had asked Washington Irving too, but he was engaged. C. Sheridan clever, but not a very negociable sort of cleverness; he will never turn it to much account in the

world. Mentioned a good story of a robber who plundered the mail by means of four or five straw figures with muskets planted behind a hedge: told an anecdote of his father having induced a sentimental old maid to put a favourite cock to death, and then placing himself privately behind her bed at night and crowing faintly (as the ghost of a cock might be supposed to cry), in order to frighten her, which he did effectually. I made Douglas dispatch a note to Lady Susan and her daughters to come in the evening. They arrived accordingly to tea, and we had music; staid supper, and did not leave us till near one.

19th. Wrote some lines. Douglas Kinnaird called at two; walked with him in the Tuileries Gardens for an hour. Went to dine (Bessy and I) at the Two Swans; a sort of frisk set on foot by Douglas and Lord Miltown: company, Sir G. and Lady Webster, Baron and Baroness Roebeck, Lady Susan and her daughters, Douglas and Lord Miltown: rather a noisy and frivolous day. In the evening all adjourned to Douglas's, where we had music. Irving and Lord Sandon added to the party.

20th. Wrote some lines: walked by myself for a couple of hours on the solitary road that leads off from the barrier of Neuilly, and brought back a few more lines.

21st. Went in and left my excuse for dinner to-day at Sir H. Mildmay's. Met Lord Granard, who took upon him to be sentimentally angry at my never dining with *him*, and said I was cutting my old friends. Dined at home: have done this week near fifty lines of my third letter.

22nd. Dispatched a fourth duet of Blangini to Power. Vicomte Chabot (an old acquaintance of mine, who dined at Lord Miltown's on Saturday, and who is in the service of the Duke of Orleans) called, and left a note for me to dine

with the Duke to-morrow. I had had some conversation with Chabot on Saturday, in which I said how flattered I had been to find, from the intimation I received through Madame de Montjoye, that the Duke had not forgot me, and that, only for the necessity of the dress coat, with which I was not provided, I should have gone to his levée. Chabot (as he tells me in his note) mentioned all this to his highness, who has thus answered my confession of having no coat by asking me to dinner. Walked with Charles Sheridan, for the purpose of leaving my answer at the Palais Royal: am engaged to Lord Rancliffe to-morrow, but, of course, cannot disobey the royal command. Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that, on the contrary, it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*." He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said certainly, "Latin, Greek, and Algebra:" "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebrians, to be sure," said Sheridan. Dined at Lord Gwydir's: company, the De Souzas, Rancliffe, Montron, Alvanley, Kinnaird, &c. &c.: the conversation chiefly in French. Madame de Souza said very truly that admiration is a feeling *qui ne désire que finir*; I forget quite the phrase, but it meant that admiration is always impatient to put an end to itself, and is glad to seize the first opportunity of doing so. Went from thence with Bessy and the Storys to Sapio's concert, given at a Russian nobleman's house: very crowded; heard but little. Introduced Bessy to the Duchess of Sussex, who said she was very like what Lady

Heathcote was in her day of beauty, and had "a very wild poetic face." Mademoiselle d'Este said to me too, "What a very handsome person your wife is." Had sandwiches at Story's afterwards.

23rd. Chabot called again to say that the Duke was obliged to go to the Tuileries this evening, and as he wanted to have a little more of my company, and "to talk over old times," he wished, if possible, I would dine with him on Friday next instead. Chabot offered to call at the Rancliffes' on his way back, and tell them I was free now for my engagement to them: did so: the company at Rancliffe's, Kinnaird, Cook, Alvanley, Montron, &c.; six or seven English speaking broken French to each other, because there was one Frenchman (who could speak as good broken English) in company: this is too absurd, and the conversation was, accordingly, as dull as it was ungrammatical; even Alvanley is stupid in French.

24th. Wrote a little. Bessy and I dined with the Douglases: company, Washington Irving and his brother, Williams, and Lord Miltown; in the evening, Baroness Roebeck, a young bride of seventeen, with the most perfect Hebe eyes and cheeks I have seen for a long time. Sung a good deal; supped, and had a very pleasant evening. Called this morning before dinner on Mr. Canning, and was most cordially received. Miss Canning and I to practise Blangini together.

25th. Wrote letters, and walked into Paris: saw the "New Edinburgh" announced, and find that "Madlle. de Tournon" is in this number. Dined at Boddington's. Went with the Forsters to a ball at a Mr. Boode's, a Dutchman; very splendid and very raffish; came away immediately.

26th. Called upon Chabot (whose rooms are over the

Duke of Orleans's) at a quarter before six, in order to go under his escort to dinner. The Duke met me on my entering the room with, "I wish you a very good night, Mr. Moore:" he however speaks English perfectly well. There was only their own family party; and though the thing was at first rather royal and formidable, I soon found myself perfectly at my ease among as unaffected and domestic a circle as ever I witnessed in my station. The Duke drank wine with me at dinner *à l'Anglaise*, and I was placed next the Duchess, who did all the civilities of the partridges, patés, &c. before her in a very quiet and kind manner. After the dinner, which was over unusually soon, the Duchess sat down to work, and four or five fine children were admitted, with whom the Duke played most delightedly, making *polichinelle* caps for them, &c. Mademoiselle showed me a lithographic work lately published, "The Antiquities of Normandy," and the Duke and she at each side of me looked through the whole of the engravings. They then asked me to sing, and I have seldom had a more pleased audience; indeed, the reiteration of "charmant," "delicieux," &c. became at last almost oppressive. The Duke reminded me of the songs he had taught me at Domington Park, "Cadet Roussel" and "Polichinelle est par tout bien reçu," and I played them over, which amused him very much. He said he did not see the least alteration in my looks since we last met, which must now be near eighteen years ago. In talking of the fitness of the English language for music, and the skill with which (they were pleased to say) I softened down its asperity, a Frenchman who was there said, in the true spirit of his nation, *Mais la langue Anglaise n'est pas plus dure que l'Allemande*, never seeming to have the least suspicion that his own is the most

detestable language for music of any. The "Evening Bells" seemed particularly to be the favourite, and the whole family understood English well enough to comprehend the meaning of the words. As I was engaged in the evening to the Forsters, I begged of Chabot to ask whether I might take an early leave, which was granted, with a thousand expressions of thanks for the pleasure I had given them, &c., and I came away at a little after nine, very much pleased and flattered by the day. Music at Forster's; Madlle. Monck, Mrs. Dickens, &c. &c.

27th. A free day; went into Paris, half intending to go to some spectacle in the evening, but returned home at six to an Irish stew, and read afterwards.

28th. Douglas Kinnaird called in the morning; had taken a box for the Variétés; agreed to join his party at the Trois Frères Provençaux, consisting of Sheridan, young Hibbert, and Sir Charles Willoughby: pieces at the Variétés, the "Bonnes d'Enfans," "Diable d'Argent," &c. &c. Called this morning at Canning's to answer their invitation for Friday; saw him, and sat some time there.

29th. Besieged by hosts of visitors now every morning, but contrive to do a little, and have this week written fifty more lines of my third letter.

30th. Wrote ten lines. Sheridan called; asked him to dinner: the Forsters in the evening.

31st. Wrote fourteen lines. Dined at the Villamils'; some singing in the evening; Mercer, Sapio, &c.; a very pretty trio just composed by Garcia.

Feb. 1st. Did nothing. Dined with the Storys; a large party of Websters, &c. A most unprofitable day altogether, except that I went for about ten minutes in the evening to a Mrs. Fyler's, and saw a number of pretty

English girls, as refreshing to the eyes in this country as a parterre would be in a desert.

2nd. Wrote a few lines. Dined at Canning's: company, Sheridan, Lord C. Churchill, Gen. Buchan, and one or two more. Not much from Canning. In talking of letters being charged by weight, he said that the post office once refused to carry a letter of Sir J. Cox Hippesley's, "it was so dull." I sung for them in the evening, and Miss C. sung some duets of Blangini with me. Refused an invitation this morning for the Duke of Orleans's music on Sunday.

3rd. Called at Chabot's, and left the first number of my "National Melodies" (which I borrowed from Lady Webster) for Mademoiselle. Had company at home: the Villamils, Washington Irving, Forster, and Story; Mrs. Story and the Miss Kingstons in the evening. Sapio came too, and we had a good deal of music: supped, and did not break up till two; all seemed very happy.

4th. Wrote some lines. I dined at Douglas's. Went away between eight and nine to the Duke of Orleans's; the rooms looked very splendid; the music good; Cinti, Bordogni, Pellegrini, &c. Lord Miltown took me back to Douglas's, where I sang and supped. This morning took Irving to introduce him to Mr. Canning.

5th. Have now done fifty-three lines this week. Went out rather early and made some calls. Dined at the Rancliffes': took Irving with me to introduce him: company, Lord and Lady Charlemont, Lord Bristol, Kinnaird, &c.; an agreeable day enough. A letter from Lord Byron today, in which there is the following epigram upon the braziers going up "in armour" with an address to the Queen: —

"The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass:
A superfluous pageant, for, by the Lord Harry,
They'll find where they're going much more than they carry."

The Longmans tell me that, in consequence of my article on Madame de Souza's novel, they have had it translated.

6th. Wrote some lines. Dined with the Storys at Véry's (Bessy of the party); and went to Feydeau to see the opera of "Joseph" by Mehul. Some operas do not *do* at this theatre; the French are as unfit for the heroic in music as in poetry; the light, common style is their element in both.

7th. Dined at Mad. de Souza's; only Gallois and a Frenchwoman, whose name I could not make out, an idolatress of Lord Byron, as almost all the Frenchwomen are. Spoke of M. Mercier's prohibited play, "La Démence de Charles IX.;" his style *bizarre* and affected. M. Arnaud (the person who has translated "Lalla Rookh") has also written a play, "Guillaume de Nassau," which they think could not be acted on account of its political allusions. Talking of authors reading their plays in society, they asked if it was the practice in London. I said no; that the English would not stand it; it would make them laugh. The Frenchwoman said, *Nous dissimulons mieux l'ennui.* The fact is the English have too quick a sense of the ridiculous to go decorously through such an operation. I remember when a party, many years ago, consisting of Monk Lewis, Miss Lydia White, Lady Charleville, &c. got up a reading of "Comus" at Lady Cork's, I saw Lord Grey (who sat in the front of the audience) put his hat before his face, as soon as Lewis stood up to begin, "The star that bids the shepherd fold," and he was evidently concealing a laugh. I had foreseen that this would be the

case, and having at first undertaken to read "Comus," contrived afterwards to smuggle myself out of it, and was merely concerned with the musical part of the business. Returned home about ten, and found Mrs. Story and her cousins, who supped with us.

8th. Wrote between to-day and yesterday twelve or thirteen lines. To-day a grand treat for the little ones, the Villamils, the Storys, and ourselves had taken four boxes at Franconi's for our whole establishments, and mustered there, what with nurses, children, and one or two adult friends, thirty in number. Some of the very young ones fell asleep half way in the evening, but all enjoyed themselves heartily, and the whole flock was got home again without any sort of embarrassment or accident.

9th. Wrote about eight lines; dined at home, and went in the evening for the purpose of seeing the new opera, "La Mort du Tasse," but could not get in. Went from thence to the Gymnase, and saw two very amusing pieces, "Le Colonel," and the "Cuisinier and Secrétaire;" the examination of the pretended cook by the pretended secretary, in the latter, excellent. *Comment entendez vous les ortolans à la Provençale? quel est votre système la dessus?* In one of his songs he calls himself Le Cæsar de la Bechamel, and L'Alexandre du Rost Bef.

10th. About twelve lines. Received the "Edinburgh Review" with the article on Madlle. de Tournon: tremble a little at the way in which Madame de S. will take it. Dined at Sir G. Webster's: company, his brother and the Storys, and Lord Miltown.

11th. Walked out to look again at the house at Auteuil. Had some idea of taking an additional apartment there, for the sake of a better kitchen; but, upon my asking the woman whether I might *sous-louer* these extra rooms,

which would be much more than I could make use of, she said that they had already suffered too much by the subletting of the apartments in separate chambers to individuals; and added (as if she saw my *radicalism* in my face), *Je n'aime pas qu'on fasse une république ici.* Dined at Villamil's: music in the evening; the Sapios, &c. &c. Left that house with the Storys at twelve (Bessy and I), and went to sup at Lord Miltown's, where we found Lady Robert Fitzgerald, Lady Saltoun, &c., and did not get home till near three o'clock.

12th. Fifty lines this week. Met Gallois. Madame de Souza, it appears, is much mortified at the article I have written, particularly at the extract I have made from her "Adèle de Senanges." This is unlucky. I confess I hesitated about the passage myself, but it was coupled with a fling at the proceedings against the Queen, and I could not bring myself to leave it out. Why did I break through the resolution I had formed, never to review the work of friend? Dined at Lord Charlemont's: the Rancliffes, Kinnaird, Mrs. Henry Baring, Sir Sidney Smith, &c. This last-named person said, that, when he was at Jerusalem, there was no *Bible* to be had for love or money. Mrs. Story called for me, and I went with her to Lady Susan Douglas's: there was music there, but I came away immediately, notwithstanding a violent seizure upon me by Lady Susan, and by a much more irresistible person, Mademoiselle d'Este.

13th. Wrote to Lord Byron. Called upon Kinnaird, who goes off to-day. Dined at the Forsters', a family party, and took a lesson in quadrilles from the girls in the evening. Have determined to send Anastatia to Mrs. Forster's, whose usual price for girls is 100 guineas a-year, but who has expressed a readiness to take her upon more

moderate terms. Found a note on my return home from Miss Drew, to offer me a ticket and convoy to the funeral ceremony for the Duc de Berri at St. Denis, to-morrow.

14th. Went early to the Douglases', but they, from not having heard from me, had given up the thought of going; breakfasted with them, and returned home, but was chased out again by visitors. The two Miss Forsters and Williams dined with us.

15th. Dined at the Storys': had written some lines in the morning. Have received two or three kind notes from Madame de Souza, but fear there will never be the same cordial feeling between us again. Some attempts at singing in the evening, but the card-tables got the better of us.

16th. Dined at Mildmay's. Company at Mildmay's, Lord Sandon, Lord Francis Leveson, the De Rooses, &c.

17th. Dined at the Granards', and was home early in the evening.

18th. Wrote near fourteen lines. Dined at the Douglases', and went to Lafitte's *soirée dansante* in the evening; prettier French women there than it is often one's luck to meet with.

19th. Have done, notwithstanding my abominable and frivolous dissipation this week, near fifty lines, and not bad, at least so I think now: what they will appear upon cooler revisal is another thing.

20th. Worked at a second *verse* for one of the Irish Melodies ("Oh, the Sight entrancing)," which I had left unfinished. Dined (Bessy and I) with Mrs. Story and her cousins, and went to the Variétés: "the Bonnes d'Enfans," "L'Ennui," "Ci-devant Jeune Homme," the "Interieur d'une Étude." It is all settled with the Villamils, that we shall take the cottage of theirs that Col. King had last year.

21st. Finished my verse. Dined at the Rocher de Cancalle, with a party invited by Col. Cope, Lords Charlemont and Rancliffe, Fitzherbert, Fox, Lambton, &c.: a dinner at twenty francs a head, and, of course, full of erudition: *bisque d'écrevisses, epigramme d'agneau,* and (still more literary) an historical salad (*salade d'homards historiée*); a *pâte d' Angoulême,* one of the best things in it. A good deal of laughing, at very little expense of wit. Some of us afterwards adjourned to Mrs. Fitzherbert's, a pretty and rather gay little woman: at home before twelve. Not a bad pun of Rancliffe's to-day, that the *points* of the *epigrammes d'agneau* were *pointes d'asperges.*

22nd. Sent off my second verse to Power. Have received by Flahault (who is arrived for a short time) a very kind letter from Lord Lansdowne. It is amusing to find that even he is becoming a reformer; and the same impulse of the times that makes him a reformer, will make others revolutionists. Dined at home: Williams of our party: Mrs. Story, her cousins, and Kenny came in the evening, and supped with us. Kenny told a story of an outside passenger of a stage-coach, whom his fellow-travellers called "the gentleman in black" ("Won't the gentleman in black have some breakfast?" &c.). When the coach was overturned, and the coachman was collecting his passengers, he saw one of them sitting in a rut, powdered over with dust, and said, "And pray who are you, sir?" "I am the gentleman in black," was the answer.

23rd. Went out early to breakfast with Flahault: showed me a letter from Italy, giving an account of the state of the country, of the Carbonari, and the opposite party, the Calderai: the former, though not regularly organised, are bound by an oath; and their first principle is to forget all distinctions, and co-operate as Italians for

the great cause. They have contrived to get the lower clergy into their interest by connecting religion with the objects of the sect. Went and took a box at the Porte St. Martin. Bessy and I dined with the Storys, and went all (joined by the Villamils) to this theatre: the "Vampire," "Jeune Werther," and the "Dieux à la Courtille."

24th. Walked into town with Irving: employed, during the morning, in finishing another Irish Melody, "Yes, sad One of Sion." Dined with Canning; company, Burgess and Lady Montgomery, Rancliffe, Lord Bristol and daughters, and Chenevix, whom I did not know at first, not having seen him for near twenty years. A good deal of conversation with him and Canning after dinner. Chenevix's ultraism (which was the motive of his writing those strong articles against France in the "Edinburgh") breaks out at every word. Talking of the sort of *enragé* that Ducis had made of Hamlet, he said that Talma, in acting it, was like Casimir Perrier in the Tribune: remarked that, for many years after the Revolution, the French artists never painted a picture without introducing *blood* into it. He spoke of the exceeding comicality of my translation of Lamartine's verses in the last "Edinburgh;" but find he regretted the slight I had thrown upon this young author, as it had been his intention to introduce him to the notice of English readers as the only, in short the *earliest*, French poet. From Canning's, Irving and I went to the Opera, Henry de Roos having given me an order for two to his box.

25th. Went to the Chapel Royal with the Douglases. A little girl and her mother in tears before me during the service: upon inquiring, I found that it was at the sight of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had had the little girl educated, and whom she had never seen so close before,

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA

that caused *her* emotion, and of course affected the mother also. Went afterwards with Villamil to see the collection of M. Portalis in the Place Vendôme; he himself received us. Some fine things: a good picture by Murillo; a head of a man full of expression, by Spagnoletti; a beautiful small picture by Carlo Dolci, of Christ surrounded by the saints that preceded his coming; a portrait of an old man by the same author, and a female head surrounded by flowers, very pretty and delicate; some fine Vanhuysums. Portalis invited us to his house on Wednesday next. Dined with Lord Rancliffe: company, Lord Sandon, Lord Francis Leveson, Lord Granard, and Lady Adelaide; rather agreeable.

26th. Still correcting the 8th Number of my "Irish Melodies." Called on Lady Gwydir: dined with Kenny, by invitation, at the Bœuf à la Mode; a stinking place, but not a bad dinner. Williams and a Mr. Emerson of the party. Went afterwards to see the "Mort du Tasse" and the "Carnavale de Venise."

27th. Dined at the Palais Royal, in consequence of an invitation through Chabot yesterday, who mentioned in his note, that Mademoiselle had made arrangements for the music she promised me in the evening, and that I should hear her play. All very kind. The Duchess told me, soon after I came in, rather a flattering piece of news; namely, that at a *grande fête*, at the court of Berlin, the other day, the royal family had represented, in character, the story of "Lalla Rookh," and our own Duke of Cumberland, Aurungzebe. Madame Dolomieu, one of the dames d'honneur, promised to translate for me the programme of the fête, which is in German. The Duchess said that Chateaubriand had written home an account of it, and described it as the most splendid and tasteful thing he had ever seen.

Mademoiselle gave me her arm in going to dinner, and I sat between her and the Duchess. After dinner had some conversation on politics with the Duke: seems to think there must be war, ere long, between England and Russia: spoke of the bad part France is acting with respect to Naples. I sang a little, and they seemed to like it very much. At nine o'clock Paer arrived with his daughter and a flute player; the girl sang, and Mademoiselle played a sonata, accompanied by Paer and the flute, very charmingly. At half-past ten I came away with Chabot, who took me to Lady Rancliffe's ball. A very pretty assemblage of women, both French and English; among the former were two of the beauties of the day, Madame Barante and Madame Baufremont. Returned home early.

28th. Still occupied in the disagreeable task of eking out verses for the 8th Number. Dined (Bessy and I) at Villamil's; and in the evening V. and I went to M. Portalis', those pretty rooms looking very well by candlelight, and filled with very good company of both nations. Music by Pellegrin, Garcia, Madame Jidd, &c. Some church singing, accompanied by an instrument called the expressive organ, not very agreeable. Had some conversation with the Duchesse de Broglie: got home about one. Met Lord Charlemont on his way to me this morning, for the purpose of consulting with respect to some opposition which he understands will be made among the red-hot Tories here to my taking the chair on St. Patrick's Day: went with Lord C. to Col. Cope's, and, after some consultation with them, decided upon the part I should take. Both offered to stand by me, if I meant to persevere in being chairman; but this would neither be good taste or good temper.

March 1st. Had some alarms this morning of a return of the tumour on my thigh; applied a plaster, and was

rather downcast about it. Dined at Lady Montgomery's: company, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baring, Lord Sandon, Dandy Montague, Warrender, Rothschild, the Rancliffes, &c. Montague mentioned that D'Este, when he first came to Paris, was persuaded that *belle comme le Pont Neuf* was a fashionable phrase when speaking of beauty, and applied it to some women. All going to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's ball, except myself, who, in a fit of pride, stay away: have no idea of being asked merely with their *mob*. Bessy, too, asked to-night. Mrs. Cadogan had invited me to go to her box at the Opera, but I returned home early from Lady Montgomery's.

2nd. Went to the meeting of the committee about the Irish dinner at Cope's; was voted into the chair. Proposed Lord Charlemont to them as president of the dinner; agreed to of course. Am a little sorry that I gave in so easily myself, for I now find that numbers are disappointed at my not being president, and I can trace the objections to no one but that *par nobile* of geese, W. and F. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, Lords Sandon and Francis Leveson, Robinson, and Lady Helena, &c. &c.; a dull day. Rancliffe mentioned that Whitbread used to be called the "Chevalier de *Malt*," and that Lord Melville was said to be his "entire butt." * Went afterwards with Bessy and the Storys to Sapio's concert; a bad business. Hear that the Fieldings are arrived.

3rd. Williams called upon me; went with me to Lafitte's, where I drew a bill upon Power for 40*l.* at three months, and lent Williams ten Napoleons out of it. Went with the Villamils and Storys to dine at Brizgi's, an

* A joke of the Duchess of Gordon. She said to Mr. Whitbread in 1805, "Do you know what I call Lord Melville now, Mr. Whitbread? I call him your entire butt?" — J. R.

Italian house; very dirty and disagreeable: the Duke of St. Carlos and all his family there: nurses and little children, &c. all dine there almost every day. Villamil treated us to the dinner. Adjourned to his house afterwards, and had music till twelve, when we all went to the bal masqué at the Opera. Bessy much amused in teazing some of her acquaintances. Left that at three, had sandwiches and hot wine at Story's, and did not get home till near five.

4th. Received from the Marquise de Dolomieu a translation of the Berlin programme, with a very civil note, in which she says, *Je ne saurais assez vous dire combien j'admire votre inimitable poesie.* Dined with Lord Charlemont at Véry's; happy to find Fielding of the party. Not a very agreeable day: the dinner too French, and the company too Irish; Galway politics and truffles *usque ad nauseam:* home early.

5th. Dispatched at last the poetry of the 8th Number, corrected and filled up, to Power. Met again at Cope's about the St. Patrick's dinner. Forgot where I had been asked to dine, and went to Grignon's, where I met Sir Henry Willoughby, and we dined together. Came home before ten, and found poor Bessy very ill with cold. Willoughby mentioned that Talleyrand once, upon somebody who squinted asking him, *Comment vont les affaires,* answered *Comme vous voyez.* Received a letter within these few days from Florence from Lord Burghersh, directed "*Tom* Moore, Esq. Paris," inclosing an Italian opera to which he has written music, and wishing me to translate it, if it appeared to me good enough.

6th. An idle morning. Dined (Bessy and I) at the Villamils': company, the Sapios, W. Irving, and his brother. A party in the evening; Lord Granard and the two girls came, Mrs. Story, &c.; singing and supper.

7th. More idleness. Called by appointment on Madame de Dolomieu: another French woman with her: surprising how well acquainted these women are with my poetry. On my mentioning that Lord Byron had said, in one of his late letters to me, that if honour came unlooked for upon him during the Neapolitan struggle, he hoped I would at least celebrate him by another, "Oh breathe not his name," they turned instantly to the page of my book where the song is. Left my card at the Duchesse de Broglie: dined with Lord Rancliffe (one of the series of *restaurateur* dinners) at Robert's: dinner very bad.

8th. Went into town early with Bessy, in order to market for to-morrow's dinner. Dined at Cadogan's: company, Fielding and Lady Elizabeth, Lord Miltown, Leveson, and Mercer: rather agreeable. From thence to Mrs. Hamilton's, where I met Denon, and had some talk with him: he spoke of Bessy's beauty. From thence, for ten minutes, to a Dr. Laffans', where there was music. Then to Lord Miltown's ball, Bessy having refused to go on account of the expense of a dress. A very brilliant ball; in one quadrille set counted eight pretty women, French and English, — Madlle. d'Este, Lady A. Forbes, Miss Canning, Madame Barante, Madame d'Oudenarde, Madame Shackerly, &c. Left at two with Mrs. Story, who brought me home.

9th. Mrs. S. drove me to the Cadran Bleu, in order to negotiate for our St. Patrick's dinner. Meurice asks the enormous sum of 65 francs a head, but I rather think the Cadran Bleu will do it for 40. There is a strong party still for my being chairman. Lord Miltown says he will put in his own claim against Lord Charlemont, as being prior to him in rank, and will then yield in favour of me; but I trust nothing will be done to offend Charle-

mont, who is a particularly manly and friendly person. Our dinner at home consisted of Irving, Fielding, Villamil, and Colonel Corbet, an old college acquaintance of mine, who was obliged to leave Ireland in the "time of the troubles," and has been fighting in the French service ever since. He was one of the four given up by Hamburgh to the English government. Our dinner went off well; plenty of talk and wine; in the evening the Storys and Forsters; supped and left us at one.

10th. Bessy and I dined with Mrs. S., and went to the Gymnase in the evening: a new piece, the "Gastronome sans Argent;" Perlet excellent.

11th. Went to the Cadran Bleu, and got their calculation of the wines that would be necessary. Amusing to see how little they know of our mode of drinking. The great weight of the wine was, of course, thrown in the second service, and, *after* dinner, the allowance for fifty Irishmen was "two bottles of Malaga, two of Luneld," &c. &c. I, however, explained the matter to them." Dined at home; and Bess and I went to the Villamils in the evening: the Story party came and all supped there. Wrote a note to Lord Charlemont, to beg he would decide as to the dinner.

12th. Dined with the Douglases. Sapio came in the evening, and we looked over some glees for Saturday; fixed to meet again at Douglas's on Wednesday.

13th. Breakfasted with Henry Leeson, who drove me afterwards in his cabriolet to Lord Charlemont's. Lord C. continues chairman, and I don't know but what it is all for the best. Drove thence to the Cadran Blue to give my final answer. Took a box for the evening at the Porte St. Martin: dined (Bessy and I) with the Storys, and went to this theatre in the evening: Potier in the "Ci-devant

Jeune Homme," and pretty little Jenny Vert-pré in "Riquet à la Houppe;" both admirable. Gave orders this morning for the printing of the tickets, &c.

14th. Dined with the Douglases; Williams and Sapio there; had a good practice of glees in the evening.

15th. Met Lord Charlemont, Col. Burton, &c. at Cope's, to make some arrangements about the dinner. Dined with the Fieldings: Lady Payne, a Mr. Clay, and Montgomery, the party. Young Galignani (who has, ever since his father's death, been anxious for me to give him such a cession of the right of publishing my works in France as may enable him to suppress the cheap editions now preparing here), called upon me this morning with the copy of a document, in which, instead of the nominal sum of 4000 francs, which was at first mentioned as the consideration for which I sold him the works, he has inserted, with the intention of making it *real*, the sum of 2000 francs, of which he begged my acceptance: signed the paper and took the money.

16th. This being our dear Anastasia's birthday, Bessy has invited all the little Storys, Villamils, Forsters, and Yonges (amounting to near twenty) to a dinner. On my return to dress, found Bessy very ill with a headache, but endeavouring, notwithstanding, to do the honours to her little party. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord Bristol, Lady Montgomery, Lady Saltoun, &c. In the evening a large party; a very pretty Frenchwoman, Mad. Chateaubriand. Was introduced to the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, who asked me to a concert on Sunday next. Begged of Lord Bristol to propose Lord Charlemont's health to-morrow. On my returning home found that Bessy had been obliged to go to bed from sickness of stomach and head, but that at eleven o'clock, hearing from Villamil (who came to fetch his little ones) that my little

god-daughter Mary had had two or three attacks of fits in the course of the day, she got up and set off to assist Mrs. V. in nursing and watching her. Waited up for her till half-past one, but she did not return.

17th. Bessy came home at ten this morning, having sat up all night with the child. Went out with Galignani to confirm the document I gave him on Thursday, by signature before a notary. Have all along felt scruples at putting a false date to this paper, but felt these scruples still more strongly after confirming it thus formally by a second signature. Begged of Galignani to suspend further proceedings in the business. Went and consulted Le Roy (Villamil's notary), who thinks some other mode might be adopted, *plus conforme à la verité.* I begged of Galignani to let it be done in this way, and that I would most willingly refund the money than sign anything colourable or false even in form. Called upon Douglas to make further arrangements about the dinner. At half-past four went again with Galignani to his own attorney, who seems to think the affair may be arranged so as to meet my scruples, and yet secure the property to Galignani. Went from thence to the Cadran Blue to see how the dinner was laid out, to look after the wine, and see the names written on the plates, &c. &c. Douglas there to assist me. About sixty sat down to dinner. The day very lively and interesting: never saw anything like the enthusiasm with which my health was drank, and the speech, with which I followed it, received. The manner in which I applied the circumstance of St. Patrick's name, meaning originally the Devil, had a particularly good effect. I spoke twice after, and, in proposing the memory of the old Earl of Charlemont, pronounced an eulogium on Grattan, which was cheered most rapturously. The glees we had got up told

wonderfully: altogether, I have never seen a better public meeting. At twelve o'clock, Lord C. left the chair, and we all separated. On my return found that Bessy was again gone for the night to nurse the little Villamil.

18th. Williams called, and I begged him to write some account of yesterday's meeting for Galignani's paper, which he did.

19th. Went out at ten o'clock to Galignani's, and attended him to his notary's, where a paper was drawn up, dated at the time when I actually did agree to transfer the right of publishing, which I, of course, very willingly signed. Too happy to dine at home to-day. Bessy in low spirits at parting with our dear Anastasia, who goes to-day to Mrs. Forster's. Irving called near dinner time; asked him to stay and share our roast chicken with us, which he did. He has been hard at work writing lately: in the course of ten days has written about 130 pages of the size of those in the "Sketch Book;" this is amazing rapidity. Has followed up an idea which I suggested, and taken the characters in his "Christmas Essay," Master Simon, &c. &c., for the purpose of making a slight thread of a story on which to string his remarks and sketches of human manners and feelings: left us at nine. Lady Gwydir had called in the morning to give me a *coupon* to her box at the Opera, but I did not go. Heard this morning, to my great regret, that about six or seven drunken fools remained after the party broke up on Saturday, and disgraced it by a quarrel among themselves, which made it necessary to call in the *gens d'armes*.

20th. Went to make some calls. Dined at Lord Granard's; *dullissimum dullorum*. Irving came in the evening. Went thence to Lady Montgomery's ball: full of pretty women; Miss Canning the most lovable. Paid one of

these days (I forget which) four Napoleons to a man for copying out Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" he had the conscience to ask eight or nine.

21st. Not very well; this company-going hurts and wearies me. Dined at Doctor Lafanus': company, Chenevix, Sir William Peacocke, Bligh, &c. Chenevix mentioned, as an instance of the importance of dancing masters, one who, the other day, when the person employing him wished to fix him to a particular hour, and said that the other artists were accommodating in that way, answered, *Oh, oui, c'est bon pour ces autres artistes, mais un maître de danse doit choisir ses heures.* He also mentioned "les Artistes Décorateurs" in the Palais Royal. Went thence to Lady Gwydir's box at the Opera.

22nd. Saw in the *affiches* that the "Fille d'Honneur" was to be acted, and wrote off to Mrs. S. to take a box. Dined with her (Bessy and I), and went to the Français: Irving of our party. The "Jeunesse de Henri V." the entertainment, in which Michot (who acts no more after this season) played Capitaine Copp admirably. Supped at Mrs. S.'s afterwards.

23rd. Dined at home, and read a little in the evening; rare occurrences with me now.

24th. Went down to the Cadran Bleu with Douglas, to see how our account lies there: find there is enough of wine left to settle all extras, without calling upon the pockets of the stewards. Took a box at Franconi's. Bessy and I dined at the Douglases', and all went to see the "Attaque du Convoi;" military spectacles got up *con amore* at this theatre.

25th. This day ten years we were married, and, though Time has made his usual changes in us both, we are still more like lovers than any married couples of the same

standing I am acquainted with. Asked to dine at Rancliffe's, but dined at home alone with Bessy. This being Sunday, our dance, in celebration of the day, deferred till to-morrow. Received a letter yesterday from my dear father, which, notwithstanding the increased tremor of his hand, is written with a clearness of head and warmth of heart that seem to promise many years of enjoyment still before him. God grant it!

26th. Bessy busy in preparations for the dance this evening. I went and wrote to my dear mother, and told her, in proof of the unabated anxiety and affection I feel towards her, that a day or two ago, on my asking Bessy, "whether she would be satisfied if little Tom loved her through life as well as I love my mother," she answered, "Yes, if he loves me but a quarter as much." Went into town too late to return to dinner, and dined at Véry's alone. Found on my return our little rooms laid out with great management, and decorated with quantities of flowers, which Mrs. Story had sent. Our company, Mrs. S. and her cousins, Mrs. Forster, her two daughters, and Miss Bridgeman, the Villamils, Irving, Capt. Johnson, Wilder, &c., and the Douglases. Began with music; Mrs. V., Miss Drew, and Emma Forster sung. Our dance afterwards to the pianoforte very gay, and not the less so for the floor giving way in sundry places: a circle of chalk was drawn round one hole, Dr. Yonge was placed sentry over another, and whenever there was a new crash, the general laugh at the heavy foot that produced it caused more merriment than the solidest floor in Paris could have given birth to. Sandwiches, negus, and champagne crowned the night, and we did not separate till near four in the morning. Irving's humour began to break out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I have

seen him. Read this morning, before I went out, "Therèse Aubert," and cried over it like a girl.

27th. Two strings to our bow to-day; the Fieldings and the Français, or the Douglases and the Opera. Bessy too much knocked up for either, and I divided myself between both. Dined with the Fs., and went to the Opera with the Douglases, the "Barbière." Heard of the surrender of the Neapolitans, without a blow, to the Austrians. Can this be true? Then there is no virtue in Maccaroni.

28th. The news but too true; curse on the cowards! Dined at home; Lady Gwydir's box at the Opera, and Mrs. Arthur's ball tempting me in the evening, but went to neither. A very kind note from Madame de Souza to-day. Galignani told me the other day, that every person setting up as a bookseller in Paris is obliged to get four persons to testify solemnly for him that he understands Latin, Greek, &c. &c.

29th. Dined at the Granards': was also asked to Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis, but could not get off the Granards. By the bye met Madame de Genlis last Sunday at Denon's, with Lady Charlemont; a lively little old woman, but by no means so fantastic a person as Lady Morgan makes her.

30th. Wrote a few lines about the rascally Neapolitans.* Dined (Bessy and I) with the Fieldings, and went to the Gymnase in the evening.

31st. Went out (Storys and Irving) to Sèvres, to show them the manufactory, and to make some arrangements in our cottage for the summer, but old Colonel King would not give the key. The wheel of Mrs. S.'s

* See published Works, vol. vii. p. 392. "Aye, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are." — J. R.

carriage came off as we returned; our *chute*, however, very easy and innocent. Dined with Chenevix. Some agreeable conversation after dinner: talked of the rage for constitutions now; the singularity that it is no longer the English constitution which is proposed as a model, but the Spanish or French; said that I supposed it was because they knew the English constitution took time to form it, and those they wanted must be like *cotelettes à la minute*. The notion of being able to have a perfect constitution at once, *per saltum* as it were, reminded me of a circumstance mentioned by Sir Gore Ouseley, that, once on his telling the King of Persia, to his great astonishment, that the revenue of the post office alone in England amounted to more than that of his whole dominions, the king, after a few moments' thought, exclaimed, "Then I'll have a post office," forgetting the few preliminaries of commerce, &c. &c., and, indeed, the first necessary *sine-qua-non* of his people being able to write letters. They mentioned Ali Pacha having, some time ago, sent a messenger to Corfu to look for a constitution for him, and his once wearing his three tails of the three revolutionary colours. A Frenchman there spoke of the Languedocian language: said it was the old Roman language, and still exists; that the common people of the country all speak it, and that they say of any one who does not, *Il se donne des airs; il parle Français*. He quoted a passage from one of their ancient songs, in which the lover says, "You ask me for your heart again; I would willingly return it if I could, but, having placed it beside my own, I no longer know one from the other." The idea, it seems, inculcated and believed among the French is, that the Duke of Orleans and English gold produced the Revolution. Went from thence to Mercer's; heard two or three things from

Madlle. Münch and Sapio (not over well sung), and got home at twelve.

April 1st. Finished my lines about the Neapolitans. Took a solitary walk (for the first time these many weeks) along the Boulevard de Roule. Dined at Lord Rancliffe's; company, the Duc de Guiche, Warrender, Lord Alvanley, and Lady Adelaide. The talk at dinner all about horses and birds, but in the evening we had something better. Alvanley mentioned a book, called "L'Histoire du Systême," giving an account of Law's money plan, and full, he said, of curious anecdotes about that whole transaction. There was a hump-backed man, who made a good deal of money by lending his hump as a writing-desk in the street, the houses and shops being all occupied by people making their calculations. The story about the Irish chairman whispering to Sheridan on the night of the fire at Drury Lane, "Don't make yourself uneasy, Mr. S.; in about ten minutes the devil a drop more water there will be to be had!" Sir A. C—— once telling long rhodomontade stories about America at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, "Did you ever meet any of the Chick-chows, Sir Arthur?" "Oh, several; a very cruel race." "The Cherry-chows?" "Oh, very much among them: they were particularly kind to our men." "And pray, did you know anything of the Totteroddy bow-wows?" This was too much for poor Sir A., who then, for the first, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing him. Came home early. Lady —— said that Louis XVIII. called Talleyrand *une vielle lampe qui pue en s'éteignant.*

2nd. Copied out my Neapolitan verses, and sent them to Perry; not bad. Dined at home, and took Bessy in the evening to drink tea with Mrs. Villamil.

3rd. Wrote to Lord Byron, and went to the post with the letter. Called at Galignani's: a strange gentleman in the shop accosted me, and said, "Mr. Moore, I have not the honour of being acquainted with you, but I was requested by the Princess of Prussia to tell you, if ever I met you, how beautifully the fête at Berlin, taken from your 'Lalla Rookh,' went off." He then told me several particulars. The Grand Duchess of Russia (daughter of the King of Prussia), who acted "Lalla Rookh," is, he said, very handsome; and the sister of Prince Radzivil, who played the "Peri," a most beautiful little girl. He expects some drawings that were made of the principal personages in their costumes, and will show them to me. Took courage, and called upon Madame de Souza for the first time since the article: was very kindly received, and walked about her garden with her. Dined (Bessy and I) at Story's: company, the Villamils and Irving. Sung a little in the evening. At ten, Lady E. Fielding called to take me to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Repeated my Neapolitan verses to her and Fielding. She said they were like sparks of fire running through her in all directions. Saw there Madame de Barante, looking very pretty; the Duchesse de Raguse, and the Marquise de Dolomieu, who called me *un monstre,* for not having been to call upon her. Home at twelve. Have been reading a little miscellany these two or three days, from which the following things are worth preserving as illustrations. Talking of coral reefs and islands, "There is every reason to believe that the islands which are occasionally raised by the tremendous agency of subterraneous volcanoes, do not bear any proportion to those which are perpetually, by the silent but persevering exertions of the sea-worms, by which coral is produced." "The transformation of insects is only the

throwing off external and temporary coverings, and not an alteration of the original form. Reaumur discovered that the chrysalis, or rather the butterfly itself, was inclosed in the body of the caterpillar. The proboscis, the antennæ, the limbs, and the wings of the fly, are so nicely folded up," &c. In the diamond mines, "when a negro is so fortunate as to find a diamond of the weight of seventeen carats and a half, he is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom by paying his owner for it:" a pretty story might be made out of this. "When a negro is suspected of swallowing a diamond, he is confined in a solitary apartment, and means taken to bring the gem to light."

4th. A desperately wet day. Dined at Mad. de Souza's: company, the Gwydirs, some unpronounceable Russians (Prince and Princess Sabatscoff, I believe), Count Funchal, and Gabriel Delessert. The Russians a very unaffected, amiable-mannered pair. Funchal just the same merry, hideous little fellow, I remember him, sixteen or seventeen years ago at Tunbridge Wells, when he used to wear his hat in a particular way (as Wm. Spencer said), "to look like the Duchess of St. Albans'." Delessert mentioned rather a comical trick of some English, who took an Ottoman flag with them to the ball of St. Peter's, and planted it over the Angel. The astonishment of the cardinals next morning at seeing the crescent floating over St. Peter's. Went from thence with Funchal to Lady Gwydir's box at the French Opera; Sir C. Stuart and King there. Afterwards to Lady Aldborough's soirée. A good deal of conversation with Lady E. Stuart, who told me that "Lalla Rookh" had been translated into German. It has now appeared in the French, Italian, German,

and Persian languages. Lady Saltoun told me that a gentleman had just said to her, "If Mr. Moore wishes to be made much of,—if Mr. Moore wishes to have his head turned, let him go to Berlin; there is nothing else talked of there but 'Lalla Rookh.'" Douglas took me home.

5th. Wrote to Rogers. Went about the character of a new cook we are hiring, and then out to Sèvres (where Bessy and Mrs. Villamil had already gone), with the keys of the cottage we are to take possession of for the summer. Took measure for window-curtains, &c. &c. Dined at Lord Bristol's. Mad. de Genlis could not come. Company, the Stuarts, Mr. and Miss Canning, Lord and Lady Surrey, Funchal, &c. Dully placed at dinner; in the evening, sung, and liked my audience much.

6th. Dined at home. Miss Forster came to tea, and the Kingstons. Some singing.

7th. Bessy called away by the increasing illness of Mrs. V.'s child. I dined alone at Véry's. Went afterwards to a book-auction, and bought Rousseau's works, thirty-seven small volumes, for sixty-eight francs. Brought Bessy home at night. Had called in the morning on Lady Gwydir, and repeated to her my Neapolitan verses.

8th. Jane Power arrived from England on her long meditated visit to us. Brought the copy of the "National Melodies," which I had ordered for Mademoiselle d'Orleans; most splendidly and tastefully bound. Dined at Fielding's: company, Lattin, Fazakerley (who has been the bearer of a copy of Rogers's last edition of "Human Life" to Bessy, "from an old friend"), and Montgomery. Lattin very amusing. Mentioned some Frenchman who said he had not read the "History of France," but had *guessed* it. Talked of Forsyth's book on Italy; its wonderful learning and ability. I mentioned some strange errors

he had fallen into; and Lattin noticed his assertion that Acton was the son of a barber.

9th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne: mentioned to him the report of a revolution at Constantinople, and said, "Nothing now is wanting to bring the 'Rights of Man' into proper disgrace, but their being taken up by the Turks. The Spanish constitution translated into good Turkish would complete the farce." Dined at Douglas's to meet Harry Bushe and his wife, just arrived. Bushe, *à propos* of Lord Eldon's *larmoyant* propensity, quoted some verses about Provost Hutchinson from the "Baratariana:"

> "Who feels all his crimes, yet his feeling defies,
> And each day stabs his country with tears in his eyes."

Douglas mentioned Hutchinson's having gone once to Lord Townshend to ask for some situation for his daughter Prudentia; and, on Lord T.'s saying that he really had nothing just then left at his disposal but a captaincy of dragoons, the ready place-hunter replied that he would be most happy to accept of it; and Miss Prudentia was accordingly made a captain of dragoons. Mrs. Bushe played in the evening, and I sung. Bushe said that Grattan died possessed of an income of 9000*l.* a-year, owing fifty thousand, having borrowed to purchase. When I returned home found that Bessy had gone to sit up with Villamil's child.

10th. Dined at home; had Irving, Dr. Williams, and Power's man of business, to dine with me. Poor Bess still at Villamil's. Never was there a creature that devoted herself to others with so little reserve or selfishness. In the evening went with the Kingstons and Jane Power to the Vaudeville. Called at V.'s in my way home to try

and persuade Bessy to return with me, but she would not; she promised, however, to take off her clothes to go to bed there.

11th. Dined at Lord Granard's to meet Lord Beauchamp. Went from them alone to the Variétés: saw half of the "Marchande de Goujons" and the "Coin de Rue." From thence to Villamil's: the baby better, but Bessy would not leave her.

12th. Power's man, Mr. Goodlad, came to settle the signing of the deeds of assignment he has brought: took him to Forster's, who was witness on the occasion. Went thence to show him the Beaujon, and took Miss Forster with us; four courses in the car with her. Walked off Mr. Goodlad thence along the Boulevards to the little theatres, when I took a box for the evening at the Ambigu, and (as he wished much to dine at a restaurateur's, but, not speaking French, did not know how to manage it), I gave him in charge of the landlady of the Cadran Bleu, and chose his dinner for him. Dined at Story's, and went to the Ambigu: the "Famille Irlandaise," a piece founded on the rebellion of '98, General Lake, &c. &c. Called at Villamil's for Bessy, and brought her home. The following extracts are from the "Curiosities of Literature:"—"It is an odd observation of Clarendon in his own Life, that 'Mr. Chillingworth was of a stature little superior to Mr. Hales; and it was an age in which there were many great and wonderful men of that size.'" "'Lord Falkland was of low stature, and smaller than most men:'" and of Sydney Godolphin, "'There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so that Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient unto his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to

be found in his company, where he was the properer man.'" "It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire." An old writer calls coffee "this wakeful and civil drink."

13th. Dined with Lord Trimlestown: company, Lord Granard, Lattin, Harry Bushe, &c. Lattin and I told Irish stories by the dozen. Some of his very amusing. A posting dialogue: "Why, this chaise is very damp." "And a very good right it has to be so, sir; wasn't it all night in the canal?" Lord Trimlestown mentioned a person saying, upon seeing an upstart nobleman covered with stars and orders, *C'est de la noblesse plaquée.* Found, on my return home at night, Lord Byron's letter about Bowles and Popery, which Fielding had sent me to look over. The whole thing unworthy of him; a leviathan among small fry. He had had the bad taste to allude to an anecdote which I told him about Bowles's early life; which is even worse than Bowles in his pamphlet quoting me as entirely agreeing with him in the system he is combating for.

14th. Occupied all the morning in taking places in the diligence for Mr. Goodlad and Miss Forster, who avails herself of the opportunity of his return to go to England. Dined at Peters's; Lord Rancliffe took me in his cabriolet. A very handsome house and dinner; *au reste,* dull enough.

15th. Dined at Fielding's: George Dawson and Montgomery. Dawson told a good story about the Irish landlord counting out the change of a guinea. "Twelve, 13, 14 (a shot heard); 'Bob, go and see who's that that's killed;' 15, 16, 17 (enter Bob), 'It's Kelly, sir.'— Poor Captain Kelly, a very good customer of mine; 18, 19, 20, there's your change, sir." The Storys called for me at

eight; came home with them, and they and Emma Forster supped with us. Bessy very much affected by my singing "I'm wearing awa'," and obliged to leave the room.

16th. Days of idleness and waste. Have done nothing for weeks past, except about a dozen lines to a cavatina of Carafa's. Walked into Paris with Bessy, to provide for dinner. Called afterwards to take leave of Emma Forster; a scene. Had to dine with us, Harry Bushe, Douglas, and Irving. Bushe told of an Irish country squire, who used, with hardly any means, to give entertainments to the militia, &c. in his neighbourhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whisky punch would do just as well, he answered, "You are very right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the *lemons?*" Douglas mentioned the son of some rich grazier in Ireland, whose son went on a tour to Italy, with express injunctions from the father to write to him whatever was worthy of notice. Accordingly, on his arrival in Italy, he wrote a letter beginning as follows: "Dear Father, the Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bear no price." Lady Susan and her daughters, and the Kingstons, came in in the evening, and all supped. A French writer mentions, as a proof of Shakspeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!" — *Grêle, grêle, toute grêle.*

17th. The Kingstons dined with us; and all went to the Variétés in the evening: much amused with Vernet in the "Marchande de Goujons."

18th. Dined at home; Williams of the party.

19th. This being the great day of the Longchamp, Mrs. Villamil lent Bessy her carriage on the occasion, and

it was arranged that Anastasia should go with Mamma, and that Tom and the two maids should be stationed on chairs in the Champs Elysées, and bow to Mamma as she passed. Irving and I walked about there for hours, but saw nothing of any of them; grew alarmed about six o'clock, and sent an apology to Rancliffe, with whom I was to have dined to meet Czartoriski and Lady De Roos. I saw Bessy at last, who had been detained, but not by any accident. Dined by myself at the Trois Frères, and came home immediately.

20th. Went in with Bessy to shop. Saw the "Examiner," which quotes my Neapolitan verses from the "Chronicle," and says, "their fine spirit and flowing style sufficiently indicate the poet and patriot from whose pen they came." Dined at Fielding's: company, Lambton, Montgomery, Fazakerley, and young Talbot. The day very agreeable, as it always is at the Fieldings'.

21st. Went to the Louvre, with Mrs. Story, Bessy, and the Kingstons: afterwards lounged about at bookstalls; read the newspapers at Galignani's. Called on Charles Fox, who is just come from Constantinople, and is on his way to the Cape of Good Hope. Says Lord and Lady Holland will be here in the course of the summer. Dined at Story's.

22nd. Went out to St. Cloud, to see the chateau and Meudon with the Kingstons and Bessy; a lovely day, fit for laugh and idleness. Dined at Story's.

23rd. Have begun words to a quadrille air. A young Frenchman called upon me with part of a translation of "Lalla Rookh" in verse; a professor of the classics in Belgium: left his MS. with me. Dined at Harry Bushe's: company, Col. Cope, Lord Charlemont, Douglas, Lattin, &c.; a noisy dinner. Bushe told of B., the Bishop of (I

forget what), saying after his fourth bottle (striking his head in a fit of maudlin piety), "I have been a great sinner; but I love my Redeemer." This bishop is one of the opposers of the Catholic claims; so is F——! Godly ecclesiastics! pity *their* church should be in danger! Went to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's in the evening; had some talk with William Bankes, who is the bearer of an early copy of Lord Byron's tragedy. Introduced Irving to Sir Charles Stuart.

24th. Dined at home, and went with the Storys and Bessy to the Français: Madlle. Duchesnois in "Jeanne d'Arc." Attended watchfully to her recitative, and find that, in nine lines out of ten, "A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall," *is* the tune of the French heroics. Took the Storys this morning to see Gérard's "Corinne."

25th. Dined at Story's: company, Cope, Irving, &c. &c. Cope mentioned a good specimen of English-French, and the astonishment of the French people who heard it, not conceiving *what* it could mean, *Si je fais, je fais; mais, si je fais, je suis un Hollandais.*

26th. Called on Lady Charlemont, and walked some time in her garden with her. She has not yet seen Lord Byron's tribute to her beauty in his pamphlet. Dined at home; and went in the evening, with the Storys and Bessy, to the Odéon: a splendid theatre, but wretched, bad acting. The afterpiece, the "Voyage à Dieppe," very amusing. Copied out my "Quadrille Song" this morning, and sent it to Power.

27th. The young French professor called: showed me a recueil of poems he had written; translations, some of them, from my "Melodies." Dined at Story's, to meet Caroline Kingston's lover (just arrived), and a Captain Lane. The following little notices are from the "Curi-

osities of Literature," which I have been reading occasionally during my idleness. "His notion (Dr. Campbell, in his 'Hermippus Redivivus,') of the art of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women was eagerly credited. A physician, who himself had composed a treatise on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings at a female boarding school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies." "They have the custom (the women in that long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagunes), when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs (chants from Tasso), and continue to do so with great violence till each of them can distinguish the response of her own husband at a distance." This is very poetical. "The laws of the Twelve Tables, which the Romans chiefly copied from the Grecian code, were, after they had been approved by the people, engraved on brass: they were melted by lightning, which struck the Capitol and consumed other laws." "A schoolmaster (in Rome) was killed by the *stiles* of his own scholars." "Virgil, when young, formed a design of a national poem, but was soon discouraged from proceeding, merely by the roughness and asperity of the old Roman names; such as Decius Mus, Lucumo, Vibius Caudex."

28th. Dined at home. Went with Bessy and the Storys to the Panorama Dramatique. Much pleased with the spectacle.

29th. Was to have gone to Malmaison, but the day not fine enough. Took Lady Elizabeth Fielding and her daughters to see Gérard's "Corinne," Mad. Gérard having written me a very civil note to fix the time. Walked with Irving to call upon Lady Saltoun. Dined at Story's,

intending to go to Lady Charlemont's in the evening, but did not.

30th. Went to the Louvre with the Kingstons, Mrs. Story, and Bessy. Villamil pointed out a female in one of Rubens's Luxembourg pictures, whose face resembled Mrs. Story's.

May 1st. The commencement of the fêtes on the Duc de Bordeaux's christening. Saw the procession in the morning; at least, had a glimpse of it from the Quai de Voltaire. Dined at Story's, and in the evening walked out to see the illuminations and fireworks: was foolish enough to take Anastasia witn us, and got into an immense crowd with her to my great alarm. The misty darkness of the night very favourable to the effect of the illuminations, which, in the Tuileries Gardens, were most magnificent: the star by itself in the middle of the dark sky, over the Legion d'Honneur, particularly striking, and the long arcade of light at the end of the gardens beautiful. Saw the fireworks (but badly) from a Mr. Penleaze's windows on the Quai Voltaire.

2nd. Walked about the Champs Elysées to see the humour of Mât de Cocagne, distribution of the sausages, &c. &c. Had tickets for both Nôtre Dame yesterday, and a ball at the Hôtel de Ville to-night, but, not having a *habit habillé*, made no use of them.

3rd. Dined, the same party, at the Café Français, and went to the French Opera in the evening. Saw a new allegorical opera, got up in honour of the occasion, called "Blanche de Provence;" the music (by Cherubini, Paer, and two others) very pretty, and the dancing delightful. Received this morning Lord Byron's tragedy. Looked again over his letter on Bowles. It is amusing to see through his design in thus depreciating all the present

school of poetry. Being quite sure of his own hold upon fame, he contrives to loosen that of all his contemporaries, in order that they may fall away entirely from his side, and leave him unencumbered, even by their floundering. It is like that Methodist preacher who, after sending all his auditory to the devil, thus concluded, — "You may perhaps, on the day of judgment, think to escape by laying hold of my skirts as I go to heaven; but it won't do; I'll trick you all; for I'll wear a spencer, I'll wear a spencer." So Lord B. willingly surrenders the skirts of his poetical glory, rather than let any of us poor devils stick in them, even for ever so short a time. The best of it is, too, that the wise public all the while turns up its eyes, and exclaims, "How modest!"

5th. Went through the disagreeable inquisition of our furniture, &c. by our landlady, and took leave of her and the Allée des Veuves for good and all. Bessy and the servants set off for Sèvres about one; and I (after going to the Père la Chaise with Mrs. Story and the Kingstons) got there at seven, and dined with the Villamil's. Kept awake at night by the nightingales. Finished to-day Lord B.'s tragedy; full of fine things, but wants that necessary ingredient, interest. Not one of the characters excites our sympathy, and the perpetual recurrence of our memory to Otway's fine management of the same sort of story is unfavourable even to Lord B.'s great powers.

6th. The Storys (children and all) came out, and all, except Bessy, who was too tired with our *démènagement*, went to Versailles to see the Great Waters. Dined at Madame Raimbault's (or rather her successors), with great difficulty, being obliged almost to battle for our dinners; and having called at La Butte on our way back, pro-

ceeded to town with the expectation of a fête at Beaujon; but there was none. Slept at Story's.

7th. Went to the Beaujon; descended in the cars three times with each of the Kingston's, and four times with Mrs. S. From thence for money to the banker's. Met there old Montague, Burgess, and Lord Sandon. Had previously called upon Lord Essex, who told me of the King's late civility to the Opposition at Brighton, and his having had Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Cowper, &c. to dine with him. Mentioned this to Lord Sandon, who said he was himself at the dinner; that Lord Cowper was very sulky; would hardly answer the King, and stayed outside in the passages as much as he could. Lord Lansdowne, on the contrary, all courtesy. Burgess, who is setting off for Scotland, repeated his invitation to me to visit him there on my return. He quoted, *à propos* of something, Lord Thurlow's two lines upon the Dutch,

> "Amphibious wretches, speedy be your fall,
> May man *und*am you, and God damn you all!"

Montague spoke to me about my verses on his "dear friend" Perceval's death. Dined by myself at Bombarde's, and came out in the célérifère at six. Received a note from Chabot, announcing a present of a clock from Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

8th. The first quiet morning I have had for a long long time: arranged my books, &c. Walked out: sketched two or three verses of a song. Dined well and comfortably. Walked to shop with Bessy in the village. Received an invitation to dine with the Duke of Orleans at Neuilly to-morrow.

9th. Wrote to Chabot to make the best excuse in

his power for me to the Duke. Walked, read, and copied out my song. Dined with the Villamils, to meet the Princesse Talleyrand, and a comtesse and marquise, whose names I could not make out. It is said of Madame Talleyrand that one day, her husband having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Denon at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living, &c. &c., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant: at last, upon her saying, *Eh puis, ce cher Vendredi!* he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe. There are various stories of her *niaiserie*. Upon being asked once what part of the world she came from, she said, *Je suis d'Inde* (Dinde), meaning *des Indes*. Sat next her at dinner. She talked much of "Lalla Rookh," which she had read in French prose. Mentioned her having passed three months with the King of Spain and his brother and uncle at Valençay: said it was all a story about Ferdinand's embroidering the petticoat, and that it was the uncle who did it. Seemed to remember nothing curious about them, except her having eaten, one day, a dish of little fish caught expressly for her by the uncle; and that Ferdinand, who had been always accustomed to wear uniform, said to her, upon his putting on a new suit of velvet, "I think I look like a *bourgeois* to-day!" She

seemed to think this very interesting. Praised Bessy's beauty to me. Some singing in the evening.

10th. Went into town, partly to take in my letters, and partly to bring out Mrs. Story for our party to Malmaison. Left Paris with her and Miss Morris at a quarter past twelve, and arrived at the Grille of Malmaison at two: were soon joined by the Villamils and Bessy. The library here very interesting, as having been Napoleon's *cabinet de travail*, and still in the same state, they say, as when he left it. In one of the salons the letters N. and J. are alternately on the ceiling. Went on afterwards to St. Germain; dined; saw the chateau, the room into which Louis XIV. used to descend by a trap to Madame de la Vallière, the chambers of James II., &c. Returned to La Butte at nine. Received to-day Mademoiselle d'Orleans' letter, which is highly kind and flattering; she signs herself *Votre affectionée*.

11th. Walked, and read over what I have done of my Egyptian letters; must make great alterations. In the evening Mrs. Story and Miss Morris surprised us with a visit. Went to Villamil's, and had some music.

12th. Resumed my Egyptian work, and wrote seven or eight lines. It will require some thought and time to get back into the train of the story.

13th. Went into Paris early. Called upon Mr. Graham Moore (the author of the lives of "Ripperda and Alberoni," &c.), who has brought me a letter of introduction from Sir J. Mackintosh. Went to the Fieldings. Called to return Greffulhe's visit; the first time I have seen his splendid house; twenty-five acres of beautifully arranged pleasure-ground in the middle of Paris! Talked of Sheridan. He said that Sir A. Absolute was evidently taken from Old Mirabel in the "Inconstant." Went from

thence, according to appointment, to meet Lord Essex at Marshal Soult's, to see his pictures: a large assembly of English there, the Bessboroughs, the Ponsonbys, the Bristols, Canning, &c. &c. The collection remarkably fine; almost all Murillo's; the most interesting among which appeared to me, the Prodigal Son, Christ with the Man at the Pool, and a Saint looking up at a Burning Heart. There is also a little sketch from a large picture, very beautiful. I should like to see those pictures of Murillo's placed beside some of the best of the Italian school. There is a Christ of Titian's here, and a picture by Sebastian del Piombo, but the former does not strike me as very good, and the latter is not of a style to admit the comparison. As it is, I have never seen a collection that appeared to me more curious and valuable. Returned to Sèvres with Mrs. Story and her children, who dined with us; the rest of the party, Kenny, Story, and Dr. Yonge. Music at V.'s in the evening.

14th. Went into town with Bessy in a cuckoo, and called upon our dear Anastasia, who looked very well, and (*selon nous*) very pretty. Afterwards went with Villamil to see a copy of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, which at least enabled me to see more of the detail than I was before acquainted with. What a strange jumble to be called sublime! From thence I went to Madame de Broglie's, who has written to me to fix a day to meet M. Lafayette at dinner, he having expressed a great wish to know me. Saw Miss Randall, and fixed next Monday. Miss R. said how much she had been struck by the resemblance between Lord Byron's smile and Buonaparte's. From thence to Chabot's to see my clock; found Lady Isabella at home. The clock very handsome; a figure of Homer playing on his lyre; must

have cost, perhaps, near thirty Napoleons; too splendid for any room I shall ever have to put it in. Dined at Lord Essex's: company, Lord Thanet, Fazakerley, Vaughan, Denon, and Cornwall, Lord E.'s daughter, and her governess. Lord Thanet spoke to me a good deal of Sheridan. Sheridan very unfeeling about Richardson's death. When Lord T. spoke to him about it a fortnight after, as a melancholy thing, he said, "Yes, very provoking indeed; and all owing to that curst brandy and water, which he *would* drink." When I mentioned S.'s want of scruple about stealing other people's wit, Lord T. said he might have made use of Molière's apology for the same practice, *C'est mon bien, et je le prends partout ou je le trouve.* He said that Sheridan, at no part of his life, liked any allusion to his being a dramatic writer; and that if he could have spoken out when they were burying him, he would have protested loudly against the place where they laid him, as Poets' Corner was his aversion: would have liked to be placed near Fox, &c. Said that Lord John Townshend and (I think) Hare went to Bath for the purpose of getting acquainted with Mathews, and making inquiries about his affair with Sheridan. Mathews described the duel as a mere hoax — in fact, as no duel at all; that Sheridan came drunk, and that he (Mathews) could have killed him with the greatest ease if he had chosen. A precious fellow this Mathews was! Lord T. said he thought that Sheridan never was the same man after Richardson's death. R.'s argumentative turn was of great use to him in stirring up his mind, and making him sift thoroughly any new subject he took up. This is not improbable. Cornwall mentioned rather a good story of Sheridan's taking Dowton's gig to come to town, while Dowton, with all the patience and sturdiness of a dun, was waiting in the parlour to see him.

Denon remarked of Murillo's Prodigal Son, that the traces of gold are seen on the rags he wears, and that the remains of his shirt are of the finest texture. Vaughan said that there are seventy-two Titians in the Escurial. Arrived at La Butte at a quarter past ten.

16th. Twelve lines. Went to drink tea at Kenny's in the evening: took Irving, who called, with us. Kenny told a story of one Jim Welsh, who said, "Rot me, if I don't take a trip to France; and rot me, if I don't begin immediately to learn the language." He got a grammar, dictionary, and master; and after three months study thought himself qualified to undertake the journey. Just before he set out Duruset came up to him one day, and said, *Eh bien, Mons. Welsh, comment vous portez-vous?* Jim stared, looked bothered, turned his eyes to the right and left, and at last exclaimed, "Now rot me, if I ha'n't forgot what that is." Mrs. V. and I sung.

17th. Wrote six or eight lines. The Storys came out early for the purpose of seeing Puteaux, the late Duke of Feltre's place; a very agreeable morning. All dined with Villamil; a hearty evening, and laugh and Lafitte went round merrily, but poor Bessy confined at home by a bad cold.

18th. Wrote some lines. Walked in the evening.

19th. Villamil and I went into Paris to see the Palais Royal. Took Mrs. Story and Miss Morris with us. The Duke's pictures not very good; some of them in the very worst French taste, by Picot, Coudry, &c. &c. Horace Vernet's Battle of Jemappes a poor thing. Two portraits, by Philippe de Champagne, of the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin struck me more than any thing I saw there.

20th. Have done seventy lines since last Saturday (12th). Wrote a few to-day. Dr. Williams came up and

dined with us. Mrs. S. and Miss Morris after dinner to see Bessy, who is still far from well.

21st. Bessy much better. This is the day I fixed with Madame de Broglie to meet M. de Lafayette at dinner; went in at two. Received two letters from Lord Byron. In one of them he says that the lines on the Neapolitans, which I sent him, "are sublime as well as beautiful, and in my very best mood and manner." Company at the Duc de Broglie's, Lord and Lady Bessborough, Duc and Duchesse Dalberg, Wm. Schlegel, Count Forbin, M. de Lafayette, Auguste de Stael, the Swedish ambassador, and, to my surprise, Madame Durazzo, of whom I have been hearing so much in all directions. A fine woman; must have been beautiful; not at all like an Italian. Sat next Miss Randall, and had much talk about Lord Byron. She said Lord B. was much wronged by the world; that he took up wickedness as a *subject*, just as Chateaubriand did religion, without either of them having much of the reality of either feeling in their hearts. Had much talk with Schlegel in the evening, who appears to me full of literary coxcombry: spoke of Hazlitt, who, he said, *l'avoit depassé* in his critical opinions, and was an ultra-Shakspearian. Is evidently not well inclined towards Lord Byron; thinks he will outlive himself, and get out of date long before he dies. Asked me if I thought a regular critique of all Lord B.'s works, and the system on which they are written, would succeed in England, and seems inclined to undertake it. Found fault with the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" for not being sufficiently European (in other words, for not taking notice enough of M. Schlegel and his works). Auguste de Stael, in praising these works, said that if there came a being fresh from another planet, to whom he wished to give a clear and noble idea of the arts, literature, philosophy, &c. of this

earth, he would present to him the "Edinburgh Review." M. Schlegel seemed to think that this planetary visitant had much better come to *him* for information. Sung in the evening. Madame Durazzo perfectly acquainted with all my "Melodies," Irish and National. All seemed much pleased with my singing; the Duchesse de Broglie exclaiming continually, *Oh Dieu, que c'est joli!* M. Schlegel said I made the English language sound as soft as the Italian.

22nd. Wrote to Lord Byron. Mrs. S. set me as far as the Bois de Boulogne on my way home.

23rd. The Villamils gave a child's party in honour of their little Philip's birthday. Nineteen little ones and thirteen adults sat down to dinner. We danced in the evening; villanous weather.

24th. Went into town: wrote twelve lines before I started, and six in the cuckoo going in. Went with Villamil to see a collection of pictures that are to be sold; a beautiful little Cuyp and some good Ruysdaels. Irving and I went out in a cuckoo, and dined at Kenny's; Villamil of the party.

25th. Wrote sixteen lines. Bessy went into town. I dined at Villamil's with Kenny, and walked in the evening.

26th. Wrote some lines; have now done eighty this week.

27th. Went in at two about Lady Davy's lodgings, she having written to Bessy to procure some for her. Could not get a place back in consequence of the fête at Sèvres, and dined alone at Rossel's. Came out at six. Mrs. Story and her children to tea and supper.

28th. My birthday. They come too quick. Went in and breakfasted with Mrs. S. Got some money, and came out with Fielding, young Talbot, and Montgomery,

who dined with me; Villamil and Kenny of the party. A very nice dinner (as all seemed to think), and the whole day agreeable. Fielding told us, that when Gouvion St. Cyr, in the beginning of the Revolution, happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe), and gave his name, *Monsieur de Saint Cyr*, the clerk answered, *Il n'y a pas de De. Eh bien! M. Saint Cyr.—Il n'y a pas de Saint. Diable, M. Cyr, donc.—Il n'y a pas de Sire; nous avons décapité le tyran.* Wrote eight lines to-day.

29th. Walked about; a beautiful day; the first we have had for a long time. Wrote eighteen lines. Kenny mentioned yesterday, as a specimen of translation from the French, "A room furnished with fifteen *shepherdesses* (bergères)."

30th. Engaged to dine with the Fieldings to-day. Went in with Mrs. Story. Met Fazakerley on the way, who told me Lord and Lady Holland were arrived. Called upon them: a very gracious reception from my Lady. Showed me a letter she had just received from Lord John Russell, in which he talks of going to Spa; but she said, with an air of triumphant certainty, "Don't mind that, however; as soon as he knows *we* are here, he will change his plan." The Hollands have taken the fine house of Madame Crawford. No company at Fielding's. Talked of strange etymologies; poltroon, from *pollice trunci*, soldiers who cut off their thumbs to avoid going to the wars; topsy-turvey, from topside t'other way; hocus pocus, from *hoc est corpus*, &c.; pantaloon, from *pianta leone*. A good punning one—*méchant* (wicked), from *meche* (a wick), &c. A letter from Lord Byron to-day, with some more sheets of his "Memoranda;" postage, 10 fr. 12 sous. Came home in the gondola at nine. Two lines I met in "Athalie;" how else than

according to the "Cobbler there was," can they be repeated?

"N'a pour ser'vir sa cause', et venger' ses injures'
Ni le cœur' assez droit', ni les mains' assez pures'."

June 1st. Went into Paris at two. Saw a copy of the "Mémoires de l'Académie," in seventy-four volumes (12mo.), which I am much tempted to buy. Gave 20 francs to secure it till to-morrow, and in the meantime shall make inquiries about it: price asked for it 74 francs. Dined at Story's: a large party, of which the only good ingredients were Fielding, Villamil, Irving, and a nice, newly-arrived girl, Miss Lee. Sat between her and Mrs. S. Sung in the evening. Took leave of Fielding, who starts to-morrow for a year or two's tour in Switzerland and Italy. Wished me to go on with them to Fontainebleau, and pass Sunday with them there; but cannot. Returned to La Butte at twelve.

2nd. Have written seventy-two lines this week. Went in to dine with Lord Essex. Called at Galignani's to look at the "Manuel des Libraires" for the editions of the "Mémoires." Find that the 12mo. is in 102 vols.; so, of course, shall not buy this incomplete one. Went to the booksellers, and got my 20 francs back again. Company at Lord Essex's: Young the actor, Lord Thanet, Standish, and Denon. Sung for Miss Capel and Denon in the evening; the latter said it was the first time he ever heard English made to sound like Italian. Came home in the célérifère at nine.

3rd. Employed to-day in corrections of the 3rd No. of "National Melodies." Had company to dinner: the Storys, Villamil, and the Sapios. Went all to Kenny's in the evening. Little Mary Villamil again alarmingly ill.

4th. Wrote two or three additional verses to "Hymen once his Love-knots selling." Wrote letters to Lord Byron, Power, &c. A desperate wet day. Read some of "Belzoni's Egypt" before I went to bed. Kenny said that Antony Pasquin (who was a very dirty fellow) "died of a cold caught by washing his face."

5th. A large party asked to dine at Villamil's to-day. Begged of him to let the dinner take place at our cottage instead, as the alarming state of the child would make it uncomfortable for him to have company at his home; but he preferred letting it remain as it was. Company there: the Storys, the Sapios, Dr. Williams, Wilder, Irving, Mr. Hinchliffe, and Kenny after dinner. Neither Bessy nor Mrs. Villamil came down. Wilder said that an Italian, who was with him while he was dressing, upon his mentioning that he was coming to me, wrote, *all' improvista*, an acrostic upon me, which he had forgotten to bring, but would give me another time. In seeing Mrs. S. down to the Grille at night, she, and I, and Irving lost our way in the wood, and had a good deal of laughing before we got out of it again. Bessy resolved to sit up with little Mary to-night, who was evidently dying.

6th. At about a quarter after ten this morning the poor little thing died. Bessy and Dr. Williams sat up with it the whole night, and Bessy had it for six hours on her lap, where at last it died. Williams said he never saw anything like the strength of mind, and, indeed, of body, which Bessy showed throughout the whole time. This day altogether very gloomy. We dined with Villamil, and he, and I, and Williams walked in the evening.

7th. This day still more miserable than yesterday; the weather wretched, and the house comfortless and de-

serted, from Bessy being away all day with Mrs. Villamil. Wrote a few lines.

8th. Had fixed to-day to dine with Lord Bristol, to meet Madame de Genlis: felt very ill-inclined to it, from my spirits and the barometer both being low. However, went in without having quite made up my mind. At near six o'clock sent an apology to Lord Bristol, dated from La Butte, but the stupid servant said I was in Paris, which brought a note back again from his lordship entreating me, if possible, to come. I however persisted in my caprice, and dined at Story's. Not quite right; for he is a most amiable man, and deserved the effort; but the necessity of returning home at night, and having to walk in thin shoes up the wet road from the célérifère to my cottage, is too great an operation to expect from any one. Left Paris at eight.

9th. Have written some fifty lines this week, and come to the conclusion of my third Egyptian letter, which comes to about 520 lines.

10th. Wrote a dedication and short preface for the letter-press edition of the "Irish Melodies." The weather still of the worst kind.

11th. Copied out the dedication and preface, and revised some things for the appendix of the same work. Went in at one. Received from Wilder the acrostic of his Italian friend; well enough for an *improviso*. Bessy and Jane Power in town. All dined with the Storys. Major Henley mentioned a play of Racine's (of which I forget the name), the commencement of which is very applicable to the history of Napoleon. Met Luttrel to-day, who is just arrived. Find that he took unkind my not acknowledging the receipt of his "Julia;" a sad trick of mine, this laziness about writing.

12th. Reading over my notes about the pyramids previous to beginning my fourth letter. Weather and spirits still bad. Read Belzoni, &c.

13th. Went in for the purpose of dining with the Hollands. Called on Lady Bessborough: told me that, when she was a child, she was *en pension* at Versailles; used to be a good deal taken notice of by Marie Antoinette; spoke of the very striking air of dignity her countenance could assume. On one occasion, when she (Lady B.) had been playing with her in the morning, there was to be a reception of ambassadors, whom it was the custom for the Queen to receive sitting at the bottom of the bed. The child, anxious to see the ceremony, hid herself in the bed-curtains, and was so astonished and even terrified by the change which took place in the Queen's countenance, on the entrance of the ambassadors, that the feeling has never been forgotten by her to this hour. Went from thence to Lady Granard, who told me that Lord Forbes is appointed one of the aides-de-camp to accompany the King to Ireland. Called afterwards at Madame de Souza's, and found Lady Holland there. Met Luttrel on the Boulevards and walked with him. In remarking rather a pretty woman who passed he said, "The French women are often in the suburbs of beauty, but never enter the town." Company at Lord Holland's, Allen, Henry Fox, the *black* Fox (attached to the embassy), Denon, and, to my great delight, Lord John Russell, who arrived this morning. Lord Holland told before dinner (*à propos* of something), of a man who professed to have studied "Euclid" all through, and upon some one saying to him, "Well, solve me that problem," answered, "Oh, I never looked at the cuts." Allen told me of a Mr. Henry Scott being now in Paris, who was a great friend of Sheridan's,

and could, he thinks, give me some information about him. The dinner rather *triste* and *géné*, both from Lord Holland's absence (being laid up with the gout) and Denon's presence, *one* foreigner always playing the deuce with a dinner-party. Luttrel set me down at Story's. Slept there.

14th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. Has brought me a copy of his last book, "On the English Government and Constitution," which is already going into a second edition. Was bearer of a letter from the Longmans, which makes me even more downhearted than I have been for some days, as it shows how dilatory and indifferent all parties have been in the Bermuda negotiation, and how little probability there is of a speedy, or indeed *any*, end to my exile. Mentioned Scott having shown a letter from him acknowledging a copy "from the author" of "Kenilworth." I expressed my doubts as to the possibility of one man finding time for the research (to say nothing of the writing) necessary for accuracy in the costume, &c. &c. of such works; but he says they are only superficially or apparently correct; that, if looked closely into by one conversant in antiquities and the history of the respective periods, they abound in errors; that Charles Wynne detected some gross ones in "Ivanhoe," besides others very trivial, which the orthodox Charles was as much horrified at as the more serious ones. For instance, "only think what an unpardonable mistake Scott has fallen into about the Earl of Leicester" (this must have been in "Kenilworth"); "he has made him a Knight of St. Andrew, when he was in reality a Knight of St. Michael!" or, *vice versâ*, for I forget which way it was. Came home in the gondole to dinner. Villamil in the gout; sat with them in the evening.

16th. Have been able to do but about thirty-five lines this week. Mrs. Story came out to-day with her two little ones to pass some time with us. Had also Dalton, Irving, and Kenny, to dinner. Went to V.'s in the evening, and had music.

17th. Wrote twenty-two lines. Dined, all of us, at Villamil's. Had walked before dinner with the children, &c. to the Lantern in St. Cloud; a lovely day.

18th. Went in at one. Dined at Story's with Miss Morris (the governess) at three o'clock; champagne in ice, fine strawberries, &c. &c. Called afterwards on Lord John Russell, who was about dressing to dine with Lord Stafford (he is to dine with us on Thursday). Told him all I thought of the wisdom, moderation, and usefulness of his last work. Came home in the gondole at eight. Kenny and his wife supped with us. He told some very amusing stories about Lanza the composer and Reynolds, who was about to write an opera for him. "Have you done some oder littel tings, Mr. Reynolds?"—"Oh, yes, several." "Vat is one, *par exemple?*"—"Oh, it was I who wrote 'Out of Place,' last winter." "God d——, I hope dis will be better than dat." The scene, too, at the rehearsal of the music, where, to Lanza's despair, they were cutting it by pages-full in the orchestra, and when little Simons, imitating Lanza's voice out of a corner, said, "You may cut dere,"—"Who de devil say dat? no, no, —cut! cut! nothing but cut! You will cut my troat at last." Wrote eleven lines to-day.

19th. Took a cold dinner to the park of Bellevue: had all the children with us, and passed a very delightful day. Wrote some lines before I went out.

20th. Wrote sixteen lines, chiefly in sauntering about the park of St. Cloud.

21st. Wrote a few lines in the morning. Irving, who was to dine with me, came about two, and brought the MS. of the work he is writing to read to me, which he did sitting on the grass in the walk up to the Rocher. It is amusing, but will, I fear, much disappoint the expectation his Sketches have raised. Between three and four Lord John and Luttrel arrived, and all walked together to Meudon. We were speaking of the pedantic phrases of physicians,—the word "exhibit" for instance; and Luttrel said that "exhibit" was chiefly used for mercury. "You *exhibit* mercury, *throw* in the bark, and *premise* a venæsectio." Villamil, Mrs. S., and Jane Power were our other diners. The dinner (the *physique* of it) was not so good as usual. but I made up in the wines,—Chambertin, Champagne, Madeira, White Hermitage, Claret, and Muscat. In speaking of my abuse of the Americans, Irving said it was unlucky that some of my best verses were upon that subject: "put them in his *strongest* pickle," said Luttrel. Lord John in going asked me to fix a day to dine with him and Fazakerley; fixed Thursday next.

22nd. Wrote and walked. Lord Granard and Lord Rancliffe called before dinner: asked them to come and dine on Wednesday next. Lady Augusta Leith, Miss Morris, and the Villamils, dined with us to-day; and Kenny came after dinner.

23rd. Have done between eighty and ninety lines this week. Went in with Jane Power and Mrs. Story at one. Got 30*l.* at Lafitte's. Called upon Lambton and Lady Louisa. Dined at Story's, and returned with her and Jane in the evening.

24th. Wrote thirty-two lines to-day in bed and sauntering about. Dined at home. To Villamil's in the evening.

25th. A large *diner champêtre* given by the Villamils, in the park of Bellevue: the Storys, Kennys, Williams, Irving, Poole (author of "Hamlet Travesti"), &c. &c.; pleasant enough. After Williams and I had sung one of the "Irish Melodies," somebody said, "Everything that's national is delightful." "Except the National Debt, ma'am," says Poole. Took tea at Villamil's, and danced to the pianoforte. Wrote thirteen or fourteen lines before I went out. In talking of the organs in Gall's craniological system, Poole said he supposed a drunkard had a *barrel* organ.

27th. Lady Davy called; asked her to stay to dinner, which she did. Our company, Lords Granard and Rancliffe, Kenny, Irving, Mrs. Story, and Jane Power. Kenny said of Luttrel's "Advice to Julia," "that it was too *long* and not *broad* enough." Rancliffe said that the chancellor is of opinion the Queen must be admitted to the coronation dinner if she claims it, and that they are inventing all sorts of large tureens, &c. &c. to hide her from the king.

28th. Wrote some lines and went into town with the Storys. Called on the Hollands: both very gracious: wanted me to stay to dinner, as my agreement with Lord John and Fazakerley was off, but I had promised the Storys to go to the fête at Beaujon in the evening. Lord H. praised "Lalla Rookh" very warmly; and my Lady declared that, in spite of her objection to Eastern things, she must, *some time or other*, read it herself. Said she also hated Northern subjects, which Lord H. remarked was unlucky, as the only long poem he had ever written was in that region. Spoke of Canning. Lord H. said he was not ill-tempered, but wrong-headed, and had *la main malheureuse*, always contriving to turn the worst view of the

public towards the public; that this arose very much from over-refinement, and from aiming at high delicacy of sentiment, &c. On my saying that authors now did not keep their poems nine years, Lord H. said, "No, no; who is to pay the *interest* all the while?" Asked me to dine on Monday. Dined at Story's, and went to the Beaujon; all dull, except four or five flights I took in the cars with Mrs. S.

29th. Bessy came into town at twelve to pay visits, having hired a job for the purpose. Found Lady Davy and Lady Charlemont at home. Went thence to Lady Rancliffe's and the Granards', where we were let in also. Called to see our darling Statia, who looked very well and pretty. Bessy returned home, and I dined at Story's. Returned at night with the Villamils.

30th. Have written between eighty and ninety lines this week. Must begin to transcribe, there being now, in all, about 1400 lines of my Egyptian work written. Called at Kenny's in the morning, and found he had gone to bed in a pet, because somebody had taken away his ink bottle. Dined with Villamil. Kenny came in the evening, and all supped and drank tea with us. Have transcribed something to-day.

July 1st. Transcribed. Dined at home. Walked with Bessy, &c. through St. Cloud in the evening, to look for a spot for our *diner champêtre* next Wednesday.

2nd. Went into town early. Called upon the Lockes, who are arrived. Took Irving, to present him to the Hollands: my lady very gracious to him: Lord John there. I had told him that Villamil meant to translate his last work into Spanish for the enlightenment of his countrymen, and find he is much pleased at the intention. Lord Holland said there might be some useful notes added to the trans-

lation, containing hints to the Spaniards on the improvement of their present institutions, &c. &c. Mentioned, as an instance of the foppery of the French about their language, that an author, some time since, writing a play on the subject of Philippe le Bel, where the word *monnaie* must of necessity be introduced, found, after consulting the chief literary men of his acquaintance, that it was impossible to introduce that word in the full dress of poetry, and accordingly was compelled to give up the plan altogether. *Quære*, whether *cash* is not subject to the same difficulty? Lord H. doubted whether *cash* was a legitimate English word, though, as Irving remarked, it is as old as Ben Jonson, there being a character called Cash in one of his comedies. Lord H. said Mr. Fox was of opinion that the word *mob* was not genuine English. Appointed to dine with Lord John at Riche's. Went to Lady Mildmay for the MS. of Lord Byron I had lent her to read; sat some time with her. Mentioned how much she felt afraid of Lord Byron, when she used to meet him in society in London; and that once, when he spoke to her in a doorway, her heart beat so violently that she could hardly answer him. She said it was not only her awe of his great talents, but the peculiarity of a sort of *under* look he used to give, that produced this effect upon her. Separated from Lord John about eight, and returned in the Parisienne with Mrs. S. and Jane at nine. Lord John means to come to take a bed with us at the *pavilion* we had last summer.

3rd. Transcribed; and went in at three. Dressed at Story's, where Luttrel called to take me to dinner to Lord Holland's. Had met Morier, who offered to take me in the evening to M. Langles' conversazione. Company at the Hollands', Lambton, Lady Louisa and her sister, Lord Alvanley, Lord John, Lattin, Lord Thanet, Lord Gower,

&c. Talking of Delille, Lord H. said that, notwithstanding his pretty description of Kensington Gardens, he walked with him once there, and he did not know them when he was in them. Mad. de Stael never looked at any thing; passed by scenery of every kind without a glance at it; which did not, however, prevent her describing it. I said that Lord Byron could not describe anything which he had not had actually under his eyes, and that he did it either on the spot or immediately after. This, Lord Holland remarked, was the sign of a true poet, to write only from *impressions;* but where then do all the imaginary scenes of Dante, Milton, &c. go, if it is necessary to *see* what we describe in order to be a true poet? Lattin mentioned that Gail, the old Greek professor here, who was a great friend of Delille's, embalmed him after his death, and varnished him, and after making a horrible figure of the poor poet, put a wreath of laurel round his head. Lord Holland mentioned having once been betrayed into a most exaggerated compliment, in saying that Virgil was lucky in meeting a poet as great as himself to translate him: to which Delille answered, *Savez vous, milord, que ce que vous dites là est joli, mais très joli.* Before dinner, on my remarking to Luttrel a fine effect of sunshine in the garden, which very soon passed away, he said, "How often in life we should like to arrest our *beaux momens;* should be so obliged to the *five minutes* if they would only stay ten." Allen, on our talking of persons who described what they had not seen, said that Adam Smith never attended to anything that was said in conversation; and *yet* (or rather, perhaps, *because* he did not attend) used to give the most delightful and amusing accounts of all that had been said, filling up the few outlines his ear had caught from his own imagination. Talked of the numerous editions of Voltaire

now printed. (By the bye, Gallois mentioned the other day, as an instance of the great increase of printing and publishing, that in Marmontel's lifetime they did not venture to publish a complete edition of his works, but printed the popular things separate from the rest, in order to facilitate the sale; and that it took a long lapse of time, even so, to sell off the whole; whereas, within some years past, a collection of all his works (including the "Théâtre," which nobody ever reads) has gone off not only successfully, but rapidly. He granted, however, that reading has not increased in proportion, but that books are become more an article of furniture and luxury than of study. Lord Holland said that Lord Exeter burned his copy of Voltaire at the beginning of the French Revolution, and that he had been told Lord Grenville had actually turned a copy out of his library at the same time. Went with Fazakerley and Morier to M. Langles': a dingy set of *savans* there. M. Langles very civil to me: talked of "Lalla Rookh;" offered the use of his library, &c. &c. Introduced to M. Jullien, editor of the "Révue Encyclopèdique," who said he was about to write a detailed article upon my works, their character, &c. &c. Was afterwards introduced to M. B——, who addressed me in poetical prose; said he had *soupiré* after me for a long time; that he last summer wandered through the country which I had immortalised by my "Melodies;" *Je n'y pensois qu'à vous; je vous demandois aux rochers*, &c. &c. Was rather bored by the whole thing, and heartily glad to escape. Slept at Story's.

4th. Came out early in the gondole. Had asked a large party to a dinner in the woods to-day, but the weather so bad that the cold meat must be eaten within doors. Lady Susan Douglas and the Drews came out early in

order to see the Sèvres manufactory; escorted them thither. Our company at dinner, they, the Forsters with our dear Anastasia, Dalton, the Storys, &c. Merry enough. Sung and danced in the evening.

5th. Went in early with Villamil for the purpose of introducing him to Lord Holland. Much talk about Spanish politics, on which subject Lord H. and Allen are very much interested. Walked about the garden with them. Dined at Morier's: company, M. Langles, Denon, Pozzo di Borgo, Hamilton. Pozzo di Borgo very complimentary to me on my introduction to him. Much talk about Egypt. A curious matter of speculation to trace the source from which she derived her knowledge and civilisation. Could not have been from the East by the Red Sea, because it is evident it proceeded immediately from *Upper* Egypt, a course it could not have got into upon this supposition. It must have been from Abyssinia and the interior of Africa, which bewilders the mind but to think of. The interior of Africa! how little we really know of this world! In talking of Soult's pictures, on my mentioning that I heard he wished to sell them, Pozzo di Borgo said that, if so, he should be happy to treat with him for them for his master the Emperor; that he had made some very good purchases in Paris; among others the Gallery of Malmaison, which he had bought, I think, for seventy thousand pounds. In this collection was the Cupid and Psyche of Canova. In the evening a Frenchman came in who had dined with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and brought the intelligence that Buonaparte had died on the 5th of May. Pozzo di Borgo, in talking to me of the news, said it was a *triste catastrophe*, and that, in spite of everything, he could not help feeling a *sentiment de tristresse* at it. He asked if

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

I was at work upon any subject, and trusted I would not remain idle. Went from thence in Fazakerley's cabriolet to the Opera to join the Forbeses, who had given me a ticket for their box. Heard a few scenes of "Don Juan," and then joined Villamil, whose carriage took us home at twelve o'clock.

6th. Busy preparing the *pavilion* for Lord John. Our company to dinner: Lord Granard, Lady Adelaide, Lady Caroline, Lord John, Luttrel, Fazakerley, and Villamil. The day very agreeable. Luttrel in good spirits, and highly amusing: told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence, then at him, and at last exclaimed, "By Jasus, I'm *over*-paid for the job." Lord John told us that Bobus Smith one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, T. said, *C'étoit donc votre père qui n'étoit pas bien.* Went up in the evening to Villamil's, and had music. She sung some of her boleros to the guitar, which delighted Fazakerley exceedingly. By the bye, I yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's "Memoirs" to read; and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, "Such things give me no uneasiuess: I know perfectly well my station in the world; and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends that I *really* am sure of speak kindly of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to me." There are some fine points about Lady Holland; she is a warm and active friend, and I should think her capable of *highmindedness* upon occasions.

7th. This week has been one of pure and unmixed idleness; have done absolutely nothing; so much at the beck of every one that chooses to have me. Had asked the Lockes to come out to-day to see the Sèvres manufactory (of which I am, I think, become the *concierge*), and dine with us. Accordingly they came, with three children and a governess. Lord John wisely did not join our party, but sauntered about by himself till dinner, at which time Kenny joined us, making altogether twelve. Some agreeable conversation in the evening, after the company were gone.

8th. A proof that Lord John feels himself comfortable is, that he has begun another book this morning; the subject the "French Revolution;" or rather a sketch of the long series of misrule and profligacy in the upper orders that led to it, and made it necessary. It will, I have no doubt, be amusing, because he means to found it upon anecdotes drawn from the French Memoirs; and it will be useful, as reminding those people who now talk of nothing but the "horrors of the French Revolution," that there were other horrors antecedent to it, which must in fairness be taken into account. Dined at Lord Granard's, who has persuaded us to transfer our restaurateur dinner (fixed for to-day) to his house: company, besides Fazakerley, Lord John, Luttrel and myself, Col. Palmer, Mrs. Rawdon, and one or two more. The usual clouds hung about the dinner, notwithstanding some of the materials. Lord John drove me to the gondole office, and I arrived at home at nine.

9th. Irving came to breakfast, for the purpose of taking leave (being about to set off for England), and of reading to me some more of his new work; some of it much livelier than the first he read. He has given the description of the

booksellers' dinner so exactly like what I told him of one of the Longmans' (the carving partner, the partner to laugh at the popular author's jokes, the twelve-edition writers treated with claret, &c.), that I very much fear my friends in Paternoster Row will know themselves in the picture. Went with Villamil to dine with General Fuller at Versailles; a party of ultras. High dispute about Spain with Villamil, in which two or three coxcomb Frenchmen exhibited their usual ill-breeding and mummery. Sung a little in the evening.

10th. Wrote about twenty lines. Went in to dine at Lord Holland's, Villamil being unable to go from the gout. Company, Lord John, Fazakerley, Irving, and Allen. Left them at nine, and came out in Villamil's carriage alone at eleven. Kenny and Irving set off together for England to-morrow. Lord John mentioned to me some verses written upon "Lalla Rookh;" he did not say (nor, I believe, know) by whom, but not amiss:—

"Lalla Rookh
Is a book
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent."

11th. Breakfasted at Villamil's to meet the Marquis Santa Cruz and his family; very amiable persons. Am much inclined to think with Lord Holland, that the Spaniards altogether are among the best people of Europe. A good deal of talk with the Marquis. He says that Spain, whatever she may suffer or do, will not retrograde in liberty. Told me of the reception which the Comte d'Artois, the other day, gave to Torreno, the Spanish minister

to Berlin; he hardly looked at him when introduced by Santa Cruz, but turning abruptly round to the Prussian minister said, *J'espère que vous serez content du ministre que nous venons d'envoyer chez vous* (meaning Chateaubriand); *au moins, il ne revolutionnera pas votre pays:* this is worse than foolish. Wrote some lines, and took a late dinner with Villamil. Dear Statia passed this day with us, and returned with Mrs. Forster in the evening.

12th. Lost a great part of the day in letter writing, &c. Dined at home.

13th. Wrote something. Went in at five to join the Villamils at Riché's, for the purpose of attending Mrs. Forster's musical party in the evening: the Storys went with us. Mademoiselle Naldi sung very charmingly; Mrs. V. and I much teazed to sing, but both refused; too many foreigners and professors. Returned home about twelve.

14th. Wrote a little. Went into town at four to dine at Lord Holland's: company, Lord Gower, Duc de Broglie, Dumont of Geneva, Lord John, &c. Lord Holland said that the Cheltenham waters are manufactured every morning for the drinkers, and are *not* natural. Some pleasant conversation with Lord H. in the evening. He said that Apreece (the Cadwallader of Foote) had a trick of sucking his wrist now and then with a sort of *supping* noise, in which Foote exactly imitated him. Upon this farce coming out, Apreece went to Garrick for the purpose of consulting him as to the propriety of challenging Foote for the insult; but all Garrick said was, "My dear sir, don't think of doing any such thing; why, he would shoot you through the guts before you had supped two oysters off your wrist." Spoke of Foote's farces; "Witty, but wrong," in Smirke, which Foote used to say so well. Lord H. said to-day that Mr. Fox was always an advocate

for the mode of raising money by lotteries, maintaining it was a just tax upon vanity and avarice. Lord H., however, added laughing, that he believed the opinion rather arose from his uncle's strong passion for play in general. Came out in a cuckoo at half-past nine. Villamil is getting on with his translation of Lord John's book; has bought for the purpose "Father Conolly's Dictionary," which Lord Holland, however, says is a very bad one. Heard to-day that Rogers is dangerously ill.

15th. Have written this week seventy lines. Went in for the purpose of passing two or three days with the Storys. Miserable wet day. S. and I went to the Feydeau in the evening: "Jean de Paris," a very pleasant little piece.

16th. Went to the Chamber of Peers, to hear sentence passed on the persons lately tried for a conspiracy: sat with Dumont. Dined at Hardy's, with the addition of Dalton and Capt. Arbuthnot: chose them an excellent dinner. A ball at Story's in the evening in honour of her birthday. A strange sort of evening from various reasons. Bessy did not appear, not feeling well enough, and fearing to bring on the erysipelas again by dancing. I danced quadrilles all night with Misses Drew, Pigot, Chichester, Arthur, &c. The supper very magnificent. Did not get to bed till five o'clock.

17th. Called upon the Granards, &c. Dined at S.'s, and went to Tivoli in the evening: a true summer's night. Bought a little set of books to-day, the "Encyclopédie Poetique."

18th. Called upon Gallois, who told me that he had just seen a pamphlet in prose, professing to be "*traduit de l'Anglais de Sir Thomas Moore*, on the Death of Buonaparte," with an ode on the same subject annexed, as written by

Lord Byron: an audacious catchpenny; but it's something that one's name can *furnish* a catchpenny. Came out to Sèvres at three: at dinner early at Villamil's: Lord John, Fazakerley, Luttrel, Lady Davy, Gallois, and Ora (a Spaniard). The day very agreeable. Talking with Luttrel of religion before dinner, he mentioned somebody having said, upon being asked what religion he was, "Me! I am of the religion of all sensible men." "And what is that?" "Oh, sensible men never tell." He mentioned too, at dinner, a good sort of sham problem, "Given, the tonnage of a ship, and the course she is upon; required, the name of the captain." Singing in the evening: Ora sung to the guitar some thoroughly Spanish songs.

19th. Gallois dined with Lord John and me. Began this morning something for Power: words to an air of my own, which I mean to pass as national.

20th. Villamil rode with Lord John in the morning. All dined with me.

21st. Went into town early, in order to get Bessy's passports, take the places, &c. Dined (Lord John and I) at Villamil's; Dalton of the party. All I have done this week is a verse or two of a song for Power.

22nd. Drove into town with Bessy at three. Dined at Story's, and came out at eight in the evening.

23rd. All in a bustle preparing for Bessy's departure. Went in to provide money for the dear girl. Dined at Story's; Dalton of the party. Bessy arrived with her trunks in the evening.

24th. Could not sleep all night with anxiety about the morning's operation. All up and ready in time. Saw Bessy comfortably off at nine o'clock, with Jane Power, Hannah, and dear little Tom. Heaven guard her! Breakfasted at Perry's, and returned to Story's to dress. Made

some visits to Madame Durazzo, Luttrel, the Bushes, &c. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), Mr. Sneyd (who, I find, is the author of those lines on "Lalla Rookh"), Sir Charles Stuart, Lord John, &c. Ellis rather clever. Had some very delightful conversation with Lord Holland after dinner. Told me some highly amusing anecdotes about Dr. ——, a matter-of-fact Irish atheist, resident in France during the Revolution; who, Lord H. thinks, was mainly instrumental in heating Burke's imagination about that event, by writing letters to him, in which he claimed for himself and brother atheists the whole credit of bringing it about. Burke believed him, and saw nothing henceforth but atheism and all sorts of horrors at the bottom of it. Lord H.'s mimicry of this man's manner; of his boasts of proselytism among his patients, "at those moments when the solemnity of their situation made their minds more open to the truth;" of his rising in a French coffeehouse, when some one had expressed doubts whether ever any man was really an atheist, and saying gravely, *Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de l'être; non seulement je ne crois pas qu'il y ait un Dieu, mais je le sais et je le prouve, &c. &c.:* all was irresistibly comical, and made us laugh as heartily as ever Liston did. Sir C. Stuart afterwards joined us. Talked of foreign ministers: their difficulty sometimes in making out materials for dispatches. The Prussian government requires of its ministers to turn at least the first page. It appears that England manufactures at present a much greater quantity of silk than France. Slept at Story's.

25th. Called upon Lattin, who showed me the room which he destines for me in his house; a little dark, dirty, bathing room. I'll none of it. Went to the Granards. Lady Adelaide walked with me to Lord Rancliffe's, and

ordered *his* bedroom to be prepared for me whenever I came into town, Rancliffe himself having just gone to England. Called at the Hollands'. My Lady just going out to dine, and offered to take me as far as the Bois de Boulogne on my way to Sèvres. Went thence to Galignani's, to beg him to get a contradiction of the pamphlet imputed to me and Lord Byron into one of the French journals. By the bye, forgot to mention that yesterday morning at the Louvre (whither I went for the purpose of seeing the fine statue discovered at Milo), I met Comte Forbin and Gerard the painter, who spoke of this *brochure*, and advised me to contradict it in the French papers. Came out in the gondole at four with Williams, and dined at Villamil's; a party of foreigners, Spanish and German; rather amusing. Slept at home.

26th. Wrote some letters; a verse or two of a song, &c., and went into town at two. Called upon Benjamin Constant to beg he would use his interest with some of the French papers to have the brochure contradicted: he said no one believed it to be mine. Dined at Lattin's: company, Lords Holland, John Russell, Thanet, and Trimlestown; Messrs. Maine de Biron and Denon, Luttrel, and Concannon. Abundance of noise and Irish stories from Lattin; some of them very good. A man asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," says the other; "and its rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef*." Some one using the old expression about some light wine he was giving, "There's not a headache in a hogshead of it," was answered, "No, but there's a belly-ache in every glass of it." In talking of the feeling of the Irish for Buonaparte, Lattin said, that when he was last in Ireland, he has been taken to a secret part of the cabin by

one of his poor tenants, who whispered, "I'll know *you'll* not betray me, sir; but just look there, and tell me whether that's the *real thing,*" pointing to a soi-disant portrait of Buonaparte, which was neither more nor less than a print of Marshal Saxe, or some such ancient. Denon told an anecdote of a man, who having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad, that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said, "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day."—"Most willingly." "Name your day, then."—"*Aujourd'hui, par exemple,*" answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner. Luttrel told of a good phrase of an attorney's in speaking of a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, "I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties." Talking with Lord Holland about George Lamb's translation of Catullus, I mentioned how beautifully Cowley had done some parts of the Acme and Septimius —

> "While on Septimius' panting breast,
> Meaning nothing less than rest."

Upon which Lord H. said he would have sworn this second line was my own. Slept at Rancliffe's.

27th. Breakfasted at Lord Granard's. Called afterwards on the Miss Berrys. Miss Berry employed about some work which will make it necessary for her to come and

live in France. Having a private opportunity to write to Lord Byron, sent him his (supposed) "Ode on Napoleon's Death," and a ridiculous engraving of him upon a *rocher*, in order "that he might see what justice they do to his mind and body here." Came out to Sèvres at four. Dined with Villamil; Williams of the party. Slept at the pavilion. Got a letter in the evening from my darling Bessy, who had arrived safely at Calais, and gives the following laconic description of her fellow-travellers:—"Little Tom on the way was delightful, Jane very quiet, poor Hannah very sick, the gentleman very gentlemanly, and the lady (*I* think) a lady's maid." Received also a letter from Murray, consenting to give me two thousand guineas for Lord Byron's "Memoirs," on condition that, in case of survivorship, I should consent to be the editor.

28th. A day of incessant rain: home very, very dull. Copied out three songs to send to Power, and wrote a little of a fourth. Dined with the Villamils. Received a note from Miss Drew to join their party to Versailles to-morrow.

29th. Went with the Douglases to Versailles: a fine day, but a very dull one.

30th. Another letter from my darling Bessy, who has arrived safe at Dover. Went into town; saw my dearest Anastasia in my way. Called at the Hollands': asked me to dine; and though I went in with the determination of being free for the evening, I consented. Frere's brother just arrived from Constantinople. Told us something about the Turks; but very muddily, as if he had been himself dosed among them with opium. Drove about a little with Mrs. S. Somebody told at dinner of a little French boy from college saying, when his father remonstrated with him upon some insubordination or wayward-

ness he had been guilty of, "*Mais Papa, il faut marcher avec son siècle.*" Lady H. showed me some verses Lord Holland had written to her in English and Latin upon the subject of Napoleon's gift; some lines of Lord John's too. She said I must do something of the same kind, and wished she could have a few lines from Lord Byron too, to add to her triumph. Lord Holland's verses chiefly turn upon the circumstance of the box having been originally given to Napoleon by the Pope, for his clemency in sparing Rome. Frere objected to the last line of the Latin. Went about nine o'clock to the Storys.

31st. Made two sets of verses to Lady H. about the box before I got out of bed, but did not write them down. Called upon her with the intention of breakfasting, but she looked so out of temper, that though I sat down to the table, yet as no one asked me to partake of what was going on, did not venture to say that I had not breakfasted. Went for that purpose to Rosset's the restaurateur. Idled about Paris. Dined at Douglas's: Sir John Gifford and young Murray of the party. Went to the Opera to join Lady Holland, who asked me in the morning; pretended to think her box full, and came away again. Returned to Douglas's, and took Lucy to Tortoni's to have ice.

August 1st. Found Rogers was arrived. Drove about a little with Mrs. S., and called upon Rogers at four; his sister and niece with him. Received me most cordially, and I truly happy to see him again. Staid with him till it was time to dress for dinner at the Hollands': company there, Lord Thanet, Lord John, Gallois, the two young Foxes, &c. Somebody mentioned that Canning had said, upon Ward's late tirade in the House against Austria, "Then I suppose lodgings are very bad

and dear at Vienna." Lady H. read me a letter from Lord William Russell at Spa, in which he mentions that the Grand Duchess of Russia is there, and that she always carries about with her two copies of "Lalla Rookh" most splendidly bound and studded with precious stones, one of which he had seen. In the evening came Benjamin Constant, Casimir Perrier (a very good-looking man), Lord Alvanley, &c. Lady Holland proposed to Rogers and me to drive out with her on the Quais; a *triste* operation in a shut-up carriage, at the rate of a mile an hour As soon as I could escape, went to Tortoni's and refreshed myself with an ice.

2nd. Breakfasted at Lord Granard's. Called upon Rogers; Luttrel with him. Luttrel said that he has all his life had a love for domestic comforts, though passing his time in such a different manner, "like that king of Bohemia who had so unluckily a taste for navigation, though condemned to live in an inland town." Walked about the Tuileries Gardens for an hour and a half with Rogers; sarcastic and amusing as usual. Dined at the Storys': the company not worth enumerating, though amounting to about fifteen dull souls in all. Went in the evening to Tivoli.

3rd. Rogers having proposed to come out to the *pavillon* to-day with his sister, I bustled away early with a pigeon-pie and some other provisions for the dinner. Took up a pretty Dutch girl in my cuckoo, who deals in shawls, and gave me her history. With the assistance of Mallard the *traiteur* and Mrs. Villamil, made out a very respectable bill of fare. The Rogerses arrived before two o'clock, and went with me to Meudon and the Sèvres manufactory: our dinner very lively and agreeable; Villamil and Lord John of the party. Lord John slept in the litte

pavillon. Rogers quite distressed at hearing from me that Lord Byron had just finished a tragedy on the story of Foscari.

4th. Lord John went into Paris to prepare for his journey to Switzerland with Ward: a large dinner at Villamil's; the Storys, M'Leods, Dalton, a Mr. Wilks (a Dissenter who lives at Bellevue, author of a work on the "Persecution of the French Protestants"), Capt. Arbuthnot, &c. &c. Mr. M'Leod told Dalton that he had himself heard Walter Scott say that the "Fire Worshippers" is the best poem written by any of the living poets. *Can* this be true? Music with Mercer and his sister in the evening.

5th. A sultry day. Felt heavy and feverish, partly from taking too warm a bath; did but little. Dined with Villamil, after a walk to St. Cloud to see the Waters play. Wrote a verse of a song for Power.

6th. Went into town with Villamil. Called on the M'Leods, in order to fix a day for them to take me to Coulon's dancing school, to see the new Spanish dancer of whom so much is said. Dined at the Cadran Bleu with Rogers, his sister, and niece, and Lord John. Lord John has again given up his idea of leaving Paris, and means to come out to La Butte. Rather inconvenient this, as the attendant Bessy has left me in the cottage turns out to be a stupid, drunken dawdler. This morning too our former cook sent me a most earnest and well-written letter, telling me she had a good place offered, but that she preferred mine to any she ever lived in; that if I would take her back now, she would be most happy; or if I chose to wait till Bessy's return, she would come to us from the best place. It is unlucky I have declined this, as she

would be most useful to me just now. All our party went in the evening to the Porte St. Martin to see the "Solitaire." A letter to-day from Bessy, who is safe in Wiltshire. Slept at Rancliffe's.

7th. Breakfasted at Story's. Had my little Anastasia in from Mrs. Forster's, to show her to the Rogerses. Walked her about a little afterwards, and met several of my acquaintances, who seemed to admire the dear girl a good deal: bought her a little French book. Mrs. Story took me in her carriage to pay a visit to Bowditch (the Ashantee man), who has sent me a whole heap of his new publications. An immense journey off to the Quartier de Jardin des Plantes: one ought to be as great a voyager as himself to visit him. Showed me the specimens of fossils which they are liberal enough to lend him from the Museum, for the lithographic drawings of his work on "Natural History." Dined with Rogers and his sister at Beauvilliers'; they went to the Français afterwards, and I to "Otello:" fine effects of harmony in this opera, and a few touches of feeling, such as Otello's "*Sì, dopo lei morrò,*" and the scene where Desdemona hears the gondolier singing, "*Nessun maggior dolore:*" this whole scene very romantically imagined.

8th. Asked to breakfast with the Hollands this morning (as I had been to dinner yesterday), but went to breakfast with Rogers. Have been lucky enough to get my cook back. Went to Chevet's to buy a pie towards my dinner at home to-day; *perdreaux aux truffes;* gave thirteen francs for it. Mrs. Villamil, however, just come to town; says they expect Lord John and me to dine with them, which will be more convenient. Called on the Hollands. Wrote out for Lady H. one of the sets of verses which I made upon Napoleon's gift to her, and

which she seemed to like very well. Lord John drove me out to Sèvres in his cabriolet; dined with Villamil. By the bye, there have been lately some attacks upon me in the "Courier," and a defence in the "Chronicle;" the former, however, far more flattering than the latter, as bestowing warm praise in the midst of its censure. Suspect Croker of it.

9th. The Villamils were to have had a party to the woods to-day, but the excessive rain made it impossible. Some of the invited, however, came; Captain Arbuthnot and the M'Leods. Lord John eat his boiled chicken alone in the little *pavillon*. I dined with Villamil. Went in at night to meet Rogers and his sister, by appointment, at Beaujon, but they were not there. Went down the cars ten or twelve times with the young Scotch girl. Slept at Rancliffe's.

10th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went afterwards to the Louvre with him. The nose of the new statue from Milo badly restored, which gives the face in some respects an air of coarseness and vulgarity; but a very fine thing: would much rather have had it than the lanky Diana. R. spoke depreciatingly of Chantrey and Canova. Said Gerard's Henry IVth. was "like a tin-shop," which is true; a hard glitter about it. Explained to me what is called breadth of light, by Correggio's picture of the Nymph and Satyr. Beautiful hands in one of the female portraits of Leonardo da Vinci. Went to Denon's; his meeting with Rogers very comical — kissing him, &c. &c.: the sweet character of his heads by Giambellino, on a gold ground. Dined with Miss Rogers and the niece, R. being engaged to Lord Stafford's, and went to see Talma in Neron. The announcement of the catastrophe in long, dull speeches most tame and uninteresting. The touching exclamation,

Oh ciel, sauvez Britannicus! given very coldly by Bourgoin. Supped at Mrs. Story's.

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers. A letter from my darling Bessy, who is about to leave Wiltshire for Derbyshire. Dined with Rogers; *diner de commande.* Went in the evening to see "Don Juan."

12th. Breakfasted at Tortoni's, and went afterwards to see the new opera house, a rehearsal going on. Went at one o'clock, a large party of us, to see Soult's pictures, Lady Holland, Madame Durazzo and her husband, Lord Clare, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), the Rogerses, &c. &c. Was anxious to see whether this collection could conquer the prejudices R. has against Murillo. He confessed he never before had such a high idea of this master, but still saw all the faults of his manner, the want of strength and decision, the florid colouring, the undignified and ordinary nature of his figures and faces, &c. &c. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, Rogers, Lord Herbert, Mrs. Rawdon, &c. The Miss Rogerses called to take R. and me to the Beaujon: a military fête, the storming of a fort, &c., very beautiful: went down the cars twelve times. Went to Lord Holland's afterwards. Rancliffe returned from England to-night. In talking to Rogers about my living in Paris, I said, "One would not enjoy even Paradise, if one was obliged to live in it." "No," says he; "I daresay when Adam and Eve were turned out, they were very happy."

13th. Breakfasted with Lord Rancliffe. Drove about with Mrs. Story. A dinner given by Lord John, at Roberts', to the Rogerses, Luttrel, and me; gayer day than Saturday. Rogers's story of his having called a lady *une femme galante et généreuse* at Père la Chaise to-day; her anger and the laughter of her companion, who seemed,

as if she said, "It's all out; even strangers know it." Went to the Variétés in the evening. Rogers joined us, after a visit to Miss H. M. Williams, and gave us an amusing account of it; the set of French Blues assembled to hear a reading of the "Mémoires de Nelson," which R. was obliged to endure also; the dialogue with Miss W. on the stairs, &c. &c.

14th. Breakfasted at Mrs. Story's. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Lord and Lady Sefton, Rogers, Humboldt, &c. Humboldt mentioned at dinner a theory of Volney's (I think), with respect to the influence of climate upon language; that, in a cold, foggy atmosphere, people are afraid to open their mouths, and hence the indistinctness and want of richness and fulness in the sounds of their language; whereas, in a soft balsamic air, which the mouth willingly opens to exhale, the contrary effect takes place. Talked of the comic dramatists of France, Regnard, Destouches, &c. &c.: the comedy of the "Irresolu" (by the latter, I believe), and that amusing touch of character at the end, *J'aurais mieux fait, je crois, d'épouser Célimène.* Went (Rogers and I) to the Italian Opera: the "Barbiere."

15th. Breakfasted with R.: read me his story of Foscari, which is told very strikingly. Was to have seen the pretty Spanish dancer, Maria Mercandotti, this morning, but, being a fête, no dancing at Coulon's. Drove with the Rogerses to Bagatelle, but not admitted for the same reason: went thence with the two women to Nôtre Dame, and saw the Royal Family walk in procession. Dined at M'Leod's: party, Villamil, Mr. Gisdin, and myself. A little M'Leod (two years and a-half old) repeated to me, quite correctly, the lines from "Lalla Rookh," "Tell me not of joys above," taught by his young aunt, who

seems to have everything I ever wrote by heart. Sung in the evening. Joined the Rogerses at Tivoli: went down the cars some half dozen times, and then to Lord Holland's. My Lady very anxious I should dine there to-morrow to meet Mercier (author of "Louis IXth.") and Count Torreno. Rogers, speaking as we walked home of the sort of conscription of persons of all kinds that is put in force for the dinner of the Hollands, said, "There are two parties before whom everybody must appear — them and the police." Took leave of them: he starts for Switzerland to-morrow.

16th. Invited Anthony Strutt (who has brought a letter of introduction from his uncle) to dine with me at Sèvres to-day. Met Fawcett the actor, and asked him out too. Found, when I arrived, that Lord John was to dine with Villamil, who expected me also. Had my party, however, to myself, and joined them in the evening. Slept at Sèvres.

17th. Not very well, nor in good spirits. Cried bitterly over the account of the Liverpool packet lost the other day. No letter from Bessy. Endeavoured to write a song to a Sicilian air, but in vain; in short, all day at two lines, without success. The Villamils and I picnicked our provender: had dinner *chez moi*, Lord John, they, and Dr. H——. Mrs. S. came in the evening. A letter too from Bessy, which made a material alteration in my spirits.

18th. More successful with my Sicilian air; wrote two verses. Sauntered about with Lord John. Both dined with Villamil; Dalton of the party.

19th. Began another Melody to a Swedish air. Lord John drove me in his cabriolet. Both dined at the Hollands': company, Villamil, Arnauld the poet, Mrs. Rawdon,

a Mr. Ponsonby, &c. It turns out to be quite an invention what Madame Hamelin told me at Montron's, of Arnauld having translated "Lalla Rookh." What led to the mistake was his having mentioned to her that he was trying to put some of my Melodies into French verse: a good deal of talk with him before dinner. Said to be one of the authors of the "Miroir;" the government persecute him incessantly. Lord H. told me that, among the thirty excepted from the amnesty on the Restoration, Flahault's name was at first inserted, but through Talleyrand's interest was afterwards removed, and (as they thought it necessary to make up the exact number of thirty) poor Arnauld's name, being the first that occurred, put in his place. Went in the evening, with Allen and Henry Fox, to Beaujon. Supped afterwards at Mrs. Story's.

20th. Breakfasted at the Café Hardy. Made sick by the excessive heat. Was too late for Lord John's; and went to Beauvilliers', where I found Harry Leeson sitting down to dinner alone, and joined him.

22nd. Finished my song to the Swedish air, and wrote it out. Lady Holland called to take Lord John and me in to dine with her. Did not see her; he did, but refused. Dined quietly together. Mrs. S. called in the evening to take me to a fête at Marbœuf; but there was none. Slept at Rancliffe's.

23rd. Went with the M'Leods to the Panorama of Athens, whose dreariness rather consoled me for not having been at Athens. Dined at Rancliffe's: company, Villamil, Lord John, Long Wellesley, Daly, &c. Wellesley mentioned an anecdote to show the insincerity of George III., that in giving the ribbon to Lord Wellesley (after having done all he could, as Lord W. well knew, to *avoid* giving it to him), he said, "I recollect, my Lord, having thought,

when I saw you as a boy at Eton, that I should one day have to bestow this distinction upon you." Lord R. told a good thing about Sir E. Nagle's coming to our present king when the news of Buonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, "I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead." "No! is she, by Gad?" said the King. Put this into verse afterwards. Went and eat an ice at Tortoni's in the evening.

24th. Came out early for the purpose of looking after the arrangements of my dinner to-day. Company: Rancliffe, Lord John, Fitzherbert, Villamil, and Wilder; rather a pleasant day. Had singing at Villamil's in the evening.

25th. Put another song on the stocks. Went into Paris at two. A letter yesterday from my dearest Bessy, full of the most natural and touching phrases; just like herself in every word of it. Dined at the Hollands'; company: Lord Darlington, Madame Durazzo, Lord John, &c. Sat near Lord H., who was, as usual, most hearty and agreeable. Talked of his early habits of mimicry; how difficult he had often found it to avoid mimicking people in re-stating what they had said; particularly Lord Loughborough. Heard his uncle mimic Pitt in the house. Went in the evening to the Storys', and walked (a party of us, Col. Cooper, Wilder, and the women) to see the fireworks, for the fête of St. Louis, in the Champs Elysées.

26th. Breakfasted with Lord John at his new lodgings in the Rue Chantereine. Drove out with Mrs. S. to see my dear Statia. Meant to have dined with the Granards, but did not let them know till near six o'clock, and they had not room for me. Dined by myself at Beauvilliers'; and went afterwards to the Tuileries, to see the fireworks

given by the Gardes du Corps; very beautiful; just as if flights of luminous birds were sporting about in profusion among the trees; lasted, too, near a quarter of an hour.

27th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and read over some of what he has lately been writing, which promises very well indeed. Agreed to dine with him at a restaurateur's: read over some of his MS. before dinner. Dined at Riche's, and afterwards separated; he to go to the Français, and I to the Opera. "La Vestale" and the "Carnival:" never tired of the dancing.

28th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and came out to Sèvres at one, anxious for a letter, which I counted upon by yesterday's post, from Bessy; none arrived, which puzzles me with respect to my plan of meeting her most awkwardly. Dined with Villamil, and practised over some duets with Mrs. V. in the evening.

29th. Finished the song I began on Saturday to one of the Mahratta airs Lady Hastings gave me; three verses. Dined with Villamil to meet a Captain and Mrs. Fisher. Went in the evening for the purpose of sending off a letter by one of Meurice's coaches to Bessy at Calais; found he has no coaches, but he took charge of the letter.

30th. Called at Lord Holland's; Lord Darlington there. Meant to have gone and dined with the Granards, but Rancliffe wished me to go with him to the Fitzherberts'; did so, a *partie quarrée*. He drove me in his cabriolet, after dinner, to the Hollands', then went to the Granards'.

31st. Got up early and went to the Messageries Royales, for the chance of seeing some one I knew going off in the Calais coach, who might bear a message to Bessy for me. Gave a card to the conducteur, on which I wrote with a pencil that I would wait her arrival at Paris.

Breakfasted with Lord John: drove me afterwards to the Hollands'. Much talk with him about his intended political steps the next session: means to bring forward a plan of reform; evidently displeased with the shilly-shally conduct of his party. Found Lord Holland in high spirits, and reciting verses in all languages, while he tore up his bills and letters; among other things the following of Cowper's: —

"Doctor Jortin
Had the good *fortin*,
To write these verses
On tombs and hearses;
Which I, being jinglish,
Have done into English."

This led us to talk of Jortin's *Quæ te sub tenerâ*, and Gruter's including it among his collection of ancient inscriptions, which, Lord H. said, surprised him, there being some evident clues to its detection as modern. The word *oro*, as it is here used, and the situation in the line of the word *crudelia;* the one (I think, he said) being of modern use, and the latter only used in the early Latin authors. Lord H. repeated, with much emphasis, those fine verses of Dryden's about transubstantiation ("Can I believe . . . that the great Maker of the world could die"), which I have heard Matthew Montague say he has known Mr. Fox write out to amuse himself during an election committee. Lord H. showed me some verses he had written the day before; one, upon a clock, with the design of *L'Amour fait passer le Tems* on it, beginning something this way,

"Love, says the poet, makes Time pass,
But I'm inclined to doubt him;
Dismiss the roving boy; alas!
Time pushes on without him."

The other, a string of similies on his son Charles, of which I remember the following (*N. B.* Charles is a great person for recollecting dates):

> "That he's like a palm-tree, it well may be said,
> Having always a cluster of dates in his head."

Mrs. S. took me out to Villamil's, with the hope, indeed the certainty, of finding a letter, by this post, from Bessy; but none arrived, to my no small wonder and uneasiness. Heaven send all may be right. Came in at eight; dressed, and went to Lord Holland's; a number of people there to take leave of them, as they go to-morrow; among others, Lavalette, who is a very gentle, interesting little man. Slept at the Storys', having lost my bed at Rancliffe's, on account of the expected return of Lady R. to-morrow.

September 1st. Have not been very well these some days past.

2nd. Began a song to a Sicilian air. Went into town at two: Called upon Miss Capel, who played me a fine lesson of Beethoven's. Rancliffe called to take me to dinner at the Fitzherberts': company, Lord Fife, John King, Lady Augusta Leith, and Dr. Gullefer. In the evening had some music. Found two pretty airs among Mrs. Fitz.'s MSS.

3rd. A letter from Bessy to my great delight: her too hospitable spirit has induced her to invite two girls (the Miss Belchers) to pay us a visit here, and that they are actually coming with her. Went out with the Storys, after an early dinner, to the fête at St. Germain's. Dull enough, but the evening beautiful.

4th. Came out to Sèvres to order everything to be ready for Bessy's reception. Dined with the Storys, and drove in the evening to the Messageries Royales. At

about eight the diligence arrived, and in it the dear girl and her little one, whom I was right happy to see; the Miss Belchers, too, with her. Mrs. S.'s carriage brought us all out to Sèvres.

5th. Passed the morning in talking over what has happened since we parted. After dinner went in to fetch Anastasia.

6th. Sent off six "National Melodies" to Power: took Anastasia in. Returned to dinner at Villamil's; a large party, the Macleods, Storys, &c. Some singing in the evening. Lord John came out at nine for the purpose of seeing Bessy: is to dine with us to-morrow.

7th. Lord John dined with us, and slept.

8th. Took in Bessy and her young friends for the purpose of passing two or three days at the Storys', and showing them some of the lions. I dined at Mad. de Souza's: company, Count Funchal, Gallois, Lord John, and Binda. Talked of the clever men of Italy — Nicollini, Fabbroni, &c. Fontana was a strong materialist. Binda mentioned an Italian epigram of Lord Holland's about *Ratto*, who was the paymaster of the witnesses against the Queen; the point of which was that, in Italy the Rats paid, but in England *i Ratti sono pagati*. Gallois also alluded to some French epigram which Lord Holland had showed him, but which was radically faulty from a confusion in the meaning of the word on which the point turned. This must often happen in such school-boy attempts at foreign verse-making. Funchal mentioned Mathias as an instance of success in this way; but Binda (I was glad to find) pronounced his verses to be very indifferent. Spoke of a Society or Academy at Rome (I forget the name), of which the Duchess of Hamilton was made a member, under the title of Polymnia Caledonia. At a little after eight joined Bessy, &c. at the Porte St. Martin: saw the "Tableau de

J. Jacques," in which Potier was very amusing, and "Riquet à la Houppe," pretty little Jenny Vertpré being replaced in the character of Abricotine by a very infirm make-shift. All supped and slept at Story's.

9th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and afterwards went to look for Lord Lansdowne, who arrived last night. Found him *au troisième* in the Hôtel du Mont Blanc; starts again for the Pyrenees to-morrow. A good deal of talk about the Royal visit in Ireland; the good sense with which the King has acted, and the bad servile style in which poor Paddy has received him; Mr. O'Connell pre-eminent in blarney and inconsistency. Many good results, however, likely to arise from the whole affair, if the King but continues in the same state of temperature towards Ireland in which he is at present. Drove about with Mrs. S. and Bessy: dined at the Story's; Col. Cooper and Dalton of the party. Went all in the evening to Beaujon, and thence to Tivoli; where I went down in the cars with the two girls, who are, by the bye, very pretty, and much admired. Slept at Story's.

10th. Find that Lord Powerscourt, with whom the King dined the day he embarked from Ireland, was courageous enough to have a song of mine, "The Prince's Day," sung before him, immediately after "God save the King," and that his Majesty was much delighted with it. This song is laudatory, for I thought at the time he deserved such; but upon reading it rather anxiously over, I find nothing in it to be ashamed of. What will those cowardly Scholars of Dublin College say, who took such pains, at their dinner the other day, to avoid mentioning my name; and who after a speech of some Sir Noodle boasting of the poetical talent of Ireland, drank as the utmost they could venture, "*Maturin* and the *rising* Poets of Erin,"

what will these white-livered slaves say to the exhibition at Lord Powerscourt's? The only excuse I can find for the worse than Eastern prostration into which my countrymen have grovelled during these few last weeks is, that they have so long been slaves, they know no better, and that it is not their own fault if they know no medium between brawling rebellion and foot-licking idolatry. As for the King, he has done his part well and sensibly, and his visit altogether may be productive of benefits which the unmanly flatterers who have bedaubed him hardly deserve. Dined at Story's, and went to the French Opera in the evening: "Iphigénie in Tauride" and the "Jugement de Paris."

11th. Took the women to the Louvre. Dined at Story's, and went all to the Gymnase in the evening; little Leontini Fay and Perlet very amusing. A letter from Lord Byron, in answer to my communication about the sale of the MS., very satisfactory.

12th. Went to Denon's with the Belchers. He has put Grattan's medal into hand. Received a note from Lord John to say that he is for England and will take me. How lucky! the 4th of this month, two years since, we started together from London. Dined with him at Beauvilliers'; he afterwards to the Gymnase, and I to Sèvres.

13th. Made some arrangements for my journey, which is rather a perilous one; but I have made up my mind to it ever since I found the Longmans had been so dilatory in their negotiation; besides, my poor father and mother are growing old, and it is time I should see them again. Went in to dine at Beauvilliers' with Hill and Horace Smith, one of the "Rejected" brothers.

14th. Mrs. Villamil brought to bed this morning. Began words to a Neapolitan air. Lord John came out

to take leave of Bessy. Told him that, as I knew he liked to change his mind, he must not be particular with me, as to his promise of going with me; he seemed, however, decided upon it. He made his luncheon, while Bessy dined. I dined with Villamil and Dr. H——, who described an organ in the *poitrine* of the newborn infant, which seems to have been placed there solely for the purpose of nourishing it till the mother is capable of doing so, as it diminishes when the child begins to suck, and at last disappears entirely. It is what is called the *fraise* (he said) in a calf. Mrs. S. came in the evening, with Mr. Newton, an American, who brought letters of introduction from his friend Irving to us.

15th. Went in for the purpose of dining with M'Leod. Had a note from Lord John to say he has changed his mind about going. This uncertainty rather a fault. My chief regret at it is the not having his assistance in my negotiation with the American agent, to whom I meant, through *him*, to offer a thousand pounds immediately on my settling with Murray for the "Memoirs." Went to Lafitte's, and drew upon Murray, at three months, for a hundred pounds. Called upon Lord John, who seemed, after a little conversation, to be half inclined to change again; bid me, at parting, not give him up. Company at M'Leod's, Villamil, Arbuthnot, and Girdon. Sung in the evening. Slept at Story's.

16th. Bought a pair of mustachios, by advice of the women, as a mode of disguising myself in England. Came out at twelve: a party to dinner, the Storys, Dr. Lamb, and Irving's friend: dined at four; and went to the fête of St. Cloud in the evening; saw several shows, &c.

17th. Wrote to Murray, to say I should start on Wednesday: inclosed also to Rogers's housekeeper the note he

gave me for her, directing that I should have a bed at his house during my stay in London. Went in with my letters: saw Lord John, who says he is now determined to go, if I will stay for him till Saturday; promised to give him an answer to-morrow. Dined alone at the Café Français, and came out to Sèvres at eight.

18th. Resolved to wait for Lord John; wrote him a note to say so. Went in with Villamil in his gig at four, in order to dine at Story's, and go with the M'Leods to Madame Fodor's benefit. The tickets a Napoleon each; the entertainments a combination of the three best things in Paris, Italian singing, French dancing, and Madlle. Mars's acting; all excellent, but rather too much for one evening; not over till past twelve. Eat ice with the ladies at Tortoni's afterwards, and slept at Story's.

19th. Called upon Lord John, who is still in the mind for Saturday. Went afterwards to the Louvre to meet Villamil and Newton, who is a painter. He is at present occupied in finishing a copy of Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," began by another American artist, Leslie. His remarks upon some of the pictures interesting: the temptation the Venetian painters had to gorgeousness in the rich and various costumes with which Venice abounded. An approach to idiotcy (he said) in the faces of Correggio; the angel in the picture at Parma an instance. The rough canvas of Titian favourable to rapidity of execution, as it takes the colours more quickly. The neatness and elegance of a little page in one of Rubens' Luxembourg pictures. The admirable picture of Erasmus, which I have so often stood before. Saw Wilkie in the gallery, who thanked me, with much warmth, for having called upon him: he was employed in taking a rough copy of a picture of Cuyp's. Told me the Royal Academicians had lately a

private dinner together, in which my health was drunk with great enthusiasm. Called for my little Anastasia, and brought her out to dinner. Sung with the girls in the evening.

20th. Read, and sauntered about. A dinner at Villamil's: four Spaniards (one of them the brother of Duke ——, and a poet and painter), Newton, and ourselves. The Spanish poet explained to me the nature of the rhyme called Asonante; peculiar, I think, to Spanish poetry, and taken, he thinks, from the Arabs. Morantin's comedies are all written in this kind of rhyme. Singing in the evening.

21st. Packed up to go and sleep in town to-night, preparatory to my departure to-morrow.

22nd. Left Paris with Lord John at a little after seven. Slept that night at Airaines.

23rd. Started at six; delayed for horses on account of the King of England, who was expected at Boulogne: slept within two stages of Calais; the evening most lovely.

24th. Sailed from Calais at twenty minutes past eleven; a most sickening passage of seven hours. The only persons aboard who knew me were Tyler and Forster, the Duchess of Devonshire's son. Lord John recommended my assuming some name, which I did, calling myself, in the packet and at the inn, "Mr. Dyke." Lord John and I searched at the custom house; they took from me a little locket with the hair of Anastasia and Tom, which I was carrying to my sister, and a mother-of-pearl pocket-book I had for my mother. Lord John, however (towards whom the change in the comptroller's manner on finding who he was amused us exceedingly), got them back again. Told me an anecdote of Hare's books being stopped at a Dogana, and on his explaining that one of them was *Platone filosofo*

antico, the doganiere sagaciously answered, *Sì, sì, filosofo antico; ma può contenere qualche cosa contra il governo.*

25th. Delayed by the custom house. Tierney, whose family are at Dover, called, and sat some time with us; thinks the tide is setting now towards royalty. When I said, "The wind is fair for the King to-day," he answered, "Damn it, everything's for him." Thinks that the majority of the country are tired of the present ministry, but don't know where else to supply their places: a mournful avowal for the Whig leader. Started in a back-chaise at half-past twelve. Lunched at Rochester: the King had gone through the day before, and done the distance from Rochester to Sittingbourne (eleven miles) in forty-two minutes. Set down Lord John at his father's in St. James's Square, and arrived at Rogers's about a quarter past eleven.

26th. Wrote notes to summon Murray and Power; the latter came immediately. Lord John wants me to go to Woburn. No Murray. Lord John dined with me on mutton chops. Supped at Power's.

27th. Power called, then Lord John, and at last Murray. There was a mistake in the delivery of my note to him yesterday, which caused the delay. Agreed to all my arrangements about the payment of the sum for the "Memoirs;" took away the MS. Says that Lord B.'s two last tragedies ("Sardanapalus" and "Foscari") are worth nothing; that nobody will read them. Offered Lord B. 1000*l.* for the continuation of "Don Juan," and the same for the two tragedies; which he refused. Advised Murray not to speak so freely of his transactions with Lord B., nor of the decrease which, he says, has taken place in the attraction of his works. "Don Juan" to be discontinued, at the request (as, according to him, Byron says) of the

Countess Guiccioli. A passage this morning in "Marmontel's Memoirs" struck me. Talking of the choice of a profession his mother says, *Pour le barreau, si vous y entrez, je vous exige la parole la plus inviolable, que vous n'y affirmerez jamais que ce que vous croirez vrai, que vous n'y défenderez jamais que ce que vous croirez juste.* On these terms he never could have been a lawyer; but she was quite right. Lord John repeated some verses, by Home, author of "Douglas,"

> "Proud and erect the Caledonian stood,
> Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
> 'Let him drink port,' the English statesman cried:
> He drank the potion, and his spirit died."

The joke of the King giving a drawing-room (attributed to Rogers), that he was in himself a *sequence* — King, Queen, and Knave. Dined with Power; looked over some of my songs in the evening.

28th. Lord John was to have dined with me, but is summoned off to Panshanger by Lady Holland: made me promise to come to Woburn on Monday, if my affairs were in train. Longman called upon me. Told him my intention of settling the Bermuda business with the money arising from the sale of the "Memoirs:" seemed rather disappointed; said that I had better let matters go on as they were, and appeared labouring with some mystery. Remarked that though I had with much delicacy declined the contribution of friends, yet that I could not surely feel the same objection to letting *one* friend settle the business for me. At length, after much hesitation, acknowledged that a thousand pounds had been for some time placed at his disposal, for the purpose of arranging matters when the debt could be reduced to that sum; and that he had been under the strictest injunctions of secresy with regard

to this deposit, which nothing but the intention I had expressed, of settling the business in another way, could have induced him to infringe; and that, finally, the person who had given this proof of warm and true friendship was (as I guessed in an instant) Lord Lansdowne. How one such action brightens the whole human race in our eyes! Entreated of me still to leave the settlement of the business in Lord L.'s hands; but, of course, will not. Supped at Power's.

29th. Sent to Tegart, who called and asked me to dinner to-morrow. Henry Rogers came and sat with me two hours and a half. Dined at home. Walked out in the evening, the only time when I venture abroad except in a hackney coach. The gas-lights very inconvenient for gentlemen *incog.* Called at Lady Donegal's, and saw Philippa Godfrey. Lady D. comes to town to-morrow; supped at Power's. Found in Marmontel that pretty thing said by Lord Albemarle to his mistress (Madlle. Guncher) who was looking earnestly up at a star, *Ne la régardez pas tant; je ne puis pas vous la donner.* Saw Bessy's mother this morning, and gave her five pounds.

30th. Went to Newton's; dined at Tegart's: W—— W—— there: owes Lord Byron, he says, 1000*l.*, and does not seem to have the slightest intention of paying him. A note from Lord John from Cashiobury (directed to Thomas Dyke, Esq.) inclosing one from the Duke, in which he says, laconically, "bring T. M." Read the proofs of Lord B.'s "Sardanapalus," with which I was delighted. Much originality in the character of Sardanapalus, but not a dramatic personage; his sly, insinuating sarcasms too delicate for the broad sign-painting of the stage.

October 1st. A letter from Lord J. Dined at Lady

Donegal's; she herself not able to sit at dinner, but saw her in the evening. Excellent warm-hearted women in spite of their Toryism, which is, to be sure, most strong.

2nd. Preparations for departure: went to Power's.

3rd. A quarter before seven started from Holborn; arrived at the Duke's between two and three. Lord Tavistock there; invited me over to Oakley, but shall not be able to go. The Duchess full of farming and all its technicalities; disappointment in sale of pigs, price paid for driving bullocks, &c. &c. Had music in the evening: the Duchess said she wished I could "transfer my genius to her for six weeks;" and I answered, "most willingly, if Woburn was placed at my disposal for the same time." Introduced to Mr. Wiffen, a Quaker poet, in the library this morning. The statue gallery of the Duke very interesting; Canova's Graces exquisite; a cast of Sommariva's Magdalen there.

4th. A dreadful wet day, which deprived me of the first opportunity I had had of enjoying the air by daylight since I left France. Mr. Wiffen took my profile with a camera lucida; he already had those of Campbell and Rogers. Made him take Lord John's also to inclose to Bessy. Singing again in the evening.

5th. Walked with Lord John to see Mrs. Seymour (sister of the Duke's first wife and of Lady Bath) after breakfast: knew her very well in Ireland during the Duke's lord lieutenancy, when she was very intimate with my friend Mrs. H. Tighe. A person to be liked very much; they live in a pretty cottage of the Duke's adjoining the park. The Duchess afterwards put me under the guidance of her niece, Miss Russell, to see the grounds, &c. &c. A pretty place, called the Thornery, where they sometimes drink tea in summer: the dairy, another pretty show place,

two milk-pails of Sèvres china there, made for Marie Antoinette, and given by Lord Alvanley to the Duchess. Went afterwards through the apartments of the house with Lord John. A whole room full of Canalettos, a good many Vandykes; Lord Russell's long gold-headed cane in one of the rooms, beside his picture. The Duchess told at dinner of Sir W. Farquhar's going into an assembly and being bowed to by several girls, whom he did not know; upon which Lady Aldborough said, "Go home and put on your night caps, girls, if you wish him to know you." Talked of the Duke of York, who has lately been here: mentioned his having said (half jest, half earnest), in speaking of the arrangements of the coronation, "By G——, I'll have everything exactly the same at mine:" the Duchess's mimicking of his R. H. very good. Talked of a picture of Rogers done for the Duke by Hayter: asked me to put off my departure till Sunday, and the Duchess proposed I should go to-morrow and see Ampthill. Sung again in the evening the Duke's two favourite songs, "The Boys of Kilkenny" and "Here's the Bower."

6th. After breakfast went in the carriage with the Duke and Lord John (who were going to shoot), and Miss Russell. She and I walked to Ampthill Park; very old trees there, some of them declared superannuated in Cromwell's time. Thence to the church of Millbrook; a pretty village in the valley. A pretty monument there of Georgiana Fox; bust very like. A figure of Christ in the basso-relievo, rather clumsy. An inscription in the churchyard struck me:

> "Praises on tombs are titles vainly spent;
> A man's good name is his best monument."

On another tomb is an apology from the defunct for not having left a P. P. C. card at his departure:

"I had not time to bid my friends farewell."

Thence to Ampthill Church; a column there erected by order of Lord Ossory to his memory, he being buried in Northamptonshire. Some verses on it by Lord H.; one of the lines,

"His was the smile that spoke a mind at ease."

The last line, the Duke says, is Rogers's, and that some one, not knowing this, criticised it severely to him. The Seymours came to dinner. Lord J. told of a Mr. Hare, upon being asked his quality in passing some barrier in Germany (having been long bored with such questions), saying that he was grand cabinet trumpeter to the Prince of Thurn-Taxis, and being taken out of his bed next morning by gens-d'armes for the joke. Singing in the evening. Miss Russell promised to write out some pretty national airs for me.

7th. The Duke and Duchess made me promise to take Woburn in my way back, and she said, "If you are in ever such a hurry you must sleep somewhere, so make this your inn." Some conversation with Lord J. in the library before I started. His new plan of a book of Sketches, prefacing the story he showed me at Sèvres to them, and giving the Sketches as the remains of his hero. Much talk about the projected newspaper, or periodical work, between Lord Byron, him, and me. Received letters from dear Bess. Started at twelve, in the Duke's gig, for Brickhill: missed the coach: posted on twenty-nine miles to Daventry: slept there.

8th. Up at three: off in a coach at four: arrived in Birmingham at ten. Somewhat tempted by Miss Wilson's name in the bills for to-night, never having heard her, but took the mail, four guineas, to Holyhead, and started at

eleven. A cook, tobacconist, and a young man from Canterbury, going as preventive officer to Ireland: let into some secrets about the smuggling trade by them: some good *bulls* from the tobacconist, such as, "if the *absentees* would *stay* at home," &c. &c.

9th. At Holyhead at seven: sailed in the steam packet at eight: arrived at Howth at half-past one: called by my fellow-travellers Mr. Dyke: found that the searching-officer at the custom house was my old friend, Willy Leech; dined and slept at his house, instead of the hotel, where I intended to pass the night, and get rid of my fatigued looks before I saw my father and mother. A good story of the fellow in the Marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same work in the morning: "Ogh, a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald."

10th. Arrived at my father's lodgings, in Abbey Street, at half-past twelve: felt very nervous in approaching the door, but, thank God! found them all as well as I could possibly expect. My mother still ailing, but strong; and my father looking aged, but in excellent health. Dear Ellen, too, the meekest and kindest spirit that ever existed; if at all altered, rather for the better. Dined at home: John Scully of the party: walked out with him at night on his way to the Dunleary coach. In returning saw a fellow with a ridiculous travelling cap, that seemed too heavy for his head, and heard a girl say, "Oh, blood an' ouns, there's a head-dress."

11th. Corry called; right glad to see him; young Rawlins too. Set off (father, mother, Ellen, and I) for my sister Kate's cottage at Monkstown: a very happy day. The first time I have seen Kate for six years; looking

much better than when we last met. Her little girl very intelligent: when asked by Corry whether she could not play some tunes on the pianoforte, she said, "Yes, I stagger over two or three." Returned in Kate's jaunting car: walked through the town home. Heard a fellow say to another, "Well, I never *seed* the match of you, since the ould king died."

12th. Drove out in a hackney coach. Called upon Mrs. Smith: told me that the poem of "The Universe" is not Maturin's, but a Mr. Wills's, who induced Maturin to lend his name to it by giving him the profits of the sale. All dined at Corry's; Counsellor Casey the only person beside ourselves: was in the Irish Parliament: his account of the fracas between Grattan and Isaac Corry, which ended in a duel. Grattan's words were, "To this charge (imputation of treason), what is to be said? My only answer to it *here* is that it is false; anywhere else — a blow, a blow!" at the same time extending his arm violently towards where Corry sat. In another part of his speech he began his defence thus — "There were but two camps in the country, the minister and the insurgent," &c. &c. Corry (our host) gave an account of Grattan's conduct on the day when he was wounded by the mob during his chairing. While under the hands of the surgeon he said, "The papers will, of course, give an account of it; they will say he was unanimously elected; he was seated in the chair amidst acclamations, &c. &c., and on his return home was obliged to send for a surgeon to cure him of a black eye he had got on the way." He said also to some one who came in, "You see me here like Actæon, devoured by my own hounds." Told a story of Grattan's taking some fine formal English visitors about his grounds, and falling himself into a ditch by taking them a wrong way. Casey mentioned

his extreme courtesy to Corry after he had wounded him. Corry wished him to go back to the house. "No, no," said G., "let the curs fight it out. I'll be with you, not only now, but till you are able to attend." Grattan always annexed great importance to personal courage (readiness *to go out*). Isaac Corry, in speaking of him to Casey, expressed himself in the most enthusiastic manner; and when Casey told him he had kept a minute of that memorable debate, seemed to regret it exceedingly, as ashamed of his own intemperance on the occasion: on finding afterwards that the writing of this minute was effaced by lying in a damp place, rejoiced proportionably.

13th. Drove about in a hackney coach with Corry. Have had the precaution to secure the silence of the newspapers on my arrival. Called on Mrs. P. Crampton: went to Mossop's, the modeller, who did the fine head of Grattan from which Denon is having a model taken for me: is doing a series, in this way, of eminent Irishmen; begged me to sit to him. Went thence to Kirk's, a sculptor of some talent; a bust there of my dear friend Dalton, painfully like. Dined at home. Some friends of my father's (Mr. Abbott, his wife, and her sister) formed the party, together with young Curran. Two or three more came in the evening and supped: sung to them. Story of a man asking a servant, "Is your master at home?"—"No sir, he's out." "Your mistress?"—No sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come."—"Faith, sir, that's out too." When Lord Castlereagh was at Belfast, a common fellow was asking him for money, and when some one remonstrated with him upon it said, "Why, bless your soul, for a tenpenny I'd engage to entertain all his friends in Belfast." Have forgot to mention, that on my way to

Holyhead I wrote some lines for the little pocket-book I brought my mother, with which she was, of course, very much delighted.

14th. Ventured to walk about the streets, it being my intention to start on Wednesday next (17th). Shall be able, I trust, to get through London before the echo of any noise I may make here reaches it. Accosted oddly by a man in the streets: "Pray, sir, are you Mr. Thomas Moore?" and on my answering, "Yes, sir," he turned to another that was with him, and saying, "There now," both walked off without further words or ceremony. There had evidently been a dispute, or perhaps wager, between them on the subject. Met Frankland Lewis, who is one of the Parliament commissioners, and spoken of for the new secretary: walked some time with him; very kind to me. All went out to dinner to Kate's: took Curran with us. The Abbots again. Called on P. Crampton this morning. Showed me some lines of his to his daughter.

15th. Sat to Mossop and to Kirk. Space between the eyes indicates memory of forms, and Kirk has always observed that conformation in persons who were ready in knowing likenesses. The protuberance I have in the forehead remarked in heroes,—Napoleon, Duke of Wellington, and the rest of *us*. Large ears a sign of eloquence: praised mine; so did Bartolini, by the bye. Kirk said he had thought the ears in the busts of Demosthenes out of nature, till he saw the ears of Burton (an eminent Irish barrister). Sat to Mossop again. All dined at Rawlins's, an old friend of my father and mother; music in the evening.

16th. Sat to Mossop and Kirk. Philip Crampton came while I was sitting to the latter. Forced me to let

a mask be taken from my face: disagreeable operation. Dined (I only) at Mrs. Smith's: company, Sir C. and Lady Morgan, Shiel, Maturin, Wills, &c. A large party in the evening; father, mother, and Nell among them. Had music, then quadrilles: danced with Lady Clarke's little daughter and a Miss Browne. After supper Lady Clarke sang a song she had written on the occasion of my return: very livelily done.

17th. Gave my last sitting to Kirk and Mossop. Went with Mrs. Corry to choose a tabbinet for Bessy. Egan the harp maker, most anxious that I should judge of the power of his improved Irish harps, sent his son with one. The chaise at the door at half-past three, and some beautiful Irish airs played to me during my last moments. Had wine in, and all filled bumpers to the Irish harp and our next happy meeting; the effect saddening. Corry came part of the way with me. Dined at Howth with Leech, and slept there.

18th. Sailed at half-past eight in the filthy Talbot steam-packet; Lady Belmore and her sister and Lord Dunsany aboard. The latter offered to take me on in his carriage, which I accepted. Dined at Holyhead and slept at Gwyndu.

19th. From Gwyndu at ten; had bread and cheese at Bangor, and dined and slept at Keninge. Lord D. said, that poor Lord Fingal had been obliged to borrow 2000*l.* at 17 per cent. to pay the expenses of his ribbon, which amounted (Lord D. saw the account) to 1350*l.* The general insolvency in Ireland most deplorable.

20th. Started at ten. Lunched at Llangollen and slept at Shrewsbury.

21st. This slow travelling, occasioned by the severe asthma under which Lord D.'s son labours, would delay

me too long, so took the mail at nine. Dined at Birmingham. Took in a drummer there that amused me a good deal. One of my companions mentioned that an old woman said, upon the regiment of the Enniskilleners lately entering that town, "Well, boys, you look mighty well, considering it is now a hundred and nine years since you were here before."

22nd. Arrived in London at seven: breakfasted at the Swan with Two Necks: got to Rogers's before ten. Wrote to Shee to say I would come and dine with him, if he had no company, I being *incog.* Was preparing, as usual, to sneak out in a hackney coach, when Rees arrived with the important and joyful intelligence that the agent has accepted the 1000*l.*, and that I am now a free man again. Walked boldly out into the sunshine and showed myself up St. James's Street and Bond Street. Shee all wrong about the late servile pageant in Ireland: thinks that Paddy behaved exactly as he ought to do. Letters from Bess, in which, alluding to what I had communicated to her of Lord Lansdowne's friendship, and the probability of my being soon liberated from exile, she says, "God bless you, my own free, fortunate, happy *bird* (what she generally calls me); but remember that your cage is in Paris, and that your mate longs for you."

23rd. Called with Longman upon Sheddon to see whether he really meant to advance anything towards the sum I am to pay: his conduct all along shabby and shuffling, and now, when brought to the point, his agony at the prospect of being made to bleed, quite ludicrous. Upon my rising from my seat and saying, with a sort of contemptuous air, "Since Mr. Sheddon does not seem inclined to give anything but advice, Mr. Longman, I think we may take our leave," he, with much stammering, pro-

posed to give 200*l.*; and, upon Longman saying that really this was not worth while talking about, he was, at last, with much pain and groaning, delivered of 300*l.*, having had a very difficult time of it indeed. Resolved to let the remainder of the debt (740*l.*) be discharged with Lord Lansdowne's money (in order that his generous purpose should not be wholly frustrated), and then to pay him immediately afterwards by a draft upon Murray. Called on Chantrey, who seemed heartily glad to see me; his *atelier* full of mind; never saw such a set of *thinking* heads as his busts. Walter Scott's very remarkable from the heighth of the head. The eyes, Chantrey says, are usually taken as a centre, and the lower portion (or half) always much the greater; but in Scott's head the upper part is even longer than the lower. Explained to me in what cases the eyes ought to be marked or picked out, and in what not. Dined with Power. In the evening to the Haymarket: Kenny's piece, from the French, "Le Present du Prince," and the "Beggar's Opera."

24th. Called upon Murray: Belzoni there: mentioned a Dutchman, who has just arrived from the Mountains of the Moon in Africa, and came through Timbuctoo: says Mungo Park was executed there. Met Luttrel, who asked me to dine with him on Friday. Dined at Longman's: went to Covent Garden in the evening; "Exile and Poor Soldier." Received a letter from Lord John this morning, pressing me, with a kind and almost jealous anxiety, to take the 200*l.* he had left in Longman's hands (the produce of his "Life of Lord Russell") towards the settlement of the debt: says he had set it apart for sacred purposes, and did not mean to convert any part of it to the expenses of daily life, so hoped to hear no more of it.

25th. Made various calls. A bust of Lord Byron at

Murray's by Thorwaldsen; does not do him justice. Sad wet weather. Met Sir Robert Wilson: told me he had seen my verses to Lady Holland on the snuff-box in the "Chronicle;" went to look at them; no great things in print; Lord Holland's, however, not much better, which is a comfort. Was to have dined with Beecher, but, instead, dined alone at the George: met there a Captain Somebody, whom I had seen in Paris: proposed going to some theatre, so went with him to the Adelphi: a piece from "L'Ours et le Pacha;" Wilkinson very comical.

26th. Williams called upon me: has got in with Foscolo, and translates his articles for the "Quarterly:" says he writes a farrago of Italian, French, and English. Tells me he can live cheaper here than in Paris: dines for a shilling, a pint of porter included, and lives altogether for a guinea a-week, which Foscolo allows him. Hopes to make something by adapting French pieces to the English stage, which is the great manufacture of the present day. Met Luttrel and walked about with him. Lambton asked us to come to his box at Covent Garden to-night. Dined with Luttrel; Sandford and Mrs. Thompson of the party. Sandford, in speaking of my good looks, said I seemed to "feel less the change of Almacks" than any one he knew. Told a story of a young fellow at a Chelsea ball, who, upon the steward's asking him, "What are you?" (meaning what o'clock it was by him), was so consciously alive to the intrusion which he had been guilty of, that he stammered out, "Why, sir, I confess I am a barber; but, if you will have the goodness to say no more about it, I will instantly leave the room." Left them at nine, and went to Covent Garden: introduced to Miss Foote, and conversed with her as I stood at the prompter's door, and she on the stage in the splendid scene of the "Exile." Went

afterwards to the Duke of Bedford's box; he and Miss Russell there. Thence to Lambton's; returned behind the scenes. A pretty afterpiece from the "Rendezvous Bourgeois." Those two nice girls, Miss Foote and Miss Beaumont (with a third, not bad, Miss Love), making a racket behind the stage-door, being supposed to be locked up in a closet: helped them in their noise.

27th. Took Williams to introduce him to Murray. Settled my business with the latter. Amusing jealousy on the subject between the rival bibliopolists of Albemarle Street and Paternoster Row, Murray claiming the merit of my liberation for himself and Lord Byron, and the others for *themselves* and Lord Lansdowne. Called in Clement's Lane on H. Rogers, but missed him: thence to Longman's: offered to discount the bill upon Murray for 1000*l.*, which I meant to pay into the hands of Lord Lansdowne's bankers: said it would be handsome to give him at once a draft for the 740*l.* Called at Drury Lane: saw George Lamb and Elliston, who proposed to me to write a drama on the story of "Lalla Rookh;" said that I should not like to risk this myself, but if any one else undertook it, I should be glad to assist. Dined at the George at half-past six. Went to Drury Lane to see the "Coronation" and "Monsieur Tonson;" laughed heartily at the latter. Drank spruce beer afterwards with Levins, who is bringing out a piece, and bored me abundantly with the details of it. Received a letter this morning from dear Bessy: Fanny Belcher has been ill, and they have had, altogether, a hospital house of it.

28th. Sat to Newton, who arrived yesterday, and has laid an embargo upon me for my picture: Campbell (Thomas) came while I sat, knowing from Williams that

I was there; made the operation pleasanter; talked much about his magazine, &c. &c. Walked in Hyde Park; joined by Lord Blessington and Frederick Byng. Dined at Holland House: company, Colonel Anson, Tierney, Duke of Bedford, &c. &c. Told them about Lord Byron's "Cain," parallel with Milton: wrong for lovers of liberty to identify the principle of resistance to power with such an odious person as the devil. Abdiel's case often drawn in as a precedent for ratting. Allen said that Milton ought to have let him escape without a knock in the battle. Sir J. Reynolds told Lord Holland that he had applied those verses about Abdiel ("faithful found among the faithless," &c. &c.) to Burke as a compliment. Long talk with Lord H. about poetry, Crabbe, &c. &c.: repeated me some *vers libres* of Porson's: he apologised for sending my verses on the snuff-box to the "Chronicle," but said it was done as a set-off against some savage lines Lord Carlisle had written on the same subject, and which were published in "John Bull." Lord H. had produced the following epigram on those verses of Lord Carlisle's:

"For this her snuff-box to resign!
A pleasant thought enough.
Alas! my lord, for verse like thine,
Who'd give a pinch of snuff?"

Told Lady H. of Lord Lansdowne's kindness, and how deeply I felt it; on which she said, "From those who know you and have the means, it is but what is due to you." The Duke of Bedford brought me home in his carriage. Made an arrangement this morning with a Mr. Stibbert to join him in the journey to Paris, he having a carriage at Boulogne.

29th. Wrote letters to Lord Byron, &c. &c. Called upon Douglas Kinnaird, who showed me a good deal of

Lord B.'s correspondence with him upon his pecuniary negotiations with Murray: got 1000*l.* for "Marino Faliero" and "Prophecy of Dante;" 2000*l.* offered by Murray for the three other plays and remaining cantos of "Don Juan," which Lord B. refuses. Sat to Newton. Kinnaird took me to dinner at Chantrey's: company, Mr. Hatchett (once a philosopher, now I know not what) and Jackson. Chantrey's objections to subjects (in sculpture) displaying muscular exertion; *mind* the great material; difficulty of doing the mouth; said, laughing, that he "would do busts at half price, if he had not to put in the mouth." Lord Blessington called to take me to supper with him. Mentioned some good jokes about the King; one, a wicked toast, "May the King come home in *spirits.*" Received a joint letter to-day from Hobhouse and Sir F. Burdett, congratulating me on the settlement of my business, and full of the warmest expressions of friendship.

30th. Started at seven o'clock for Wiltshire; slept at Calne: wrote to the Phippses to announce my arrival.

31st. Answer from Phipps: breakfasted at Wand's with him and Bennett (member for the county). Mrs. Phipps at Bennett's, near Salisbury; resolved to go there. Walked with Hughes to Sloperton and Bromham; the poor cottage in a sad state of desolation: touched my pianoforte (which is at Hughes's house), and found it sweeter than almost any I have met since I left it. Set off in a chaise for Bennett's, changed horses at Warminster, passed by Fonthill Abbey, and arrived at four. A magnificent sunset; these two last days lovely. Dined, sung, and slept.

Nov. 1st. A walk before breakfast with Mrs. P., she in my travelling-cap, which became her mightily. After breakfast through the grounds with her, Bennett, and

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

Phipps; a beautiful place, but its master at his wit's end for money, and haunted in this paradise by duns. Started at one in a chaise for Salisbury, dined there, and left in the coach for town at seven.

2nd. Arrived in St. James's Place at eight: called upon Newton and Murray. Lord H. came to the latter's, and took me away in his carriage. Anxious to ask me about my parody on the Regent's Letter; whether I had shown it to Lord Moira; heard that I had, and that Lord Moira had advised the leaving out of some lines. Told him that none of this was true; that none had seen it before it was circulated but himself, Rogers, Perry, and Luttrel. He quoted something which he had been told Rogers had said about his (Lord H.'s) having urged me to write this, and the likelihood of my being left in the lurch after having suffered for doing so. Lord H. confessed it was all very imprudent, and that the whole conduct of the party (Whig) at that time was anything but wise, as they must know the King would never forgive the personalities they then beset him with. I should much like to know the secret of his reviving this matter just now. Dined at Power's to meet Bishop upon musical matters: said that Rossini chiefly consisted of ornament, had but little staple of air: praised the genius shown in Paer's Agnese. Is employed, he and three others (Horsley, Wesley, and some one else), on a musical dictionary; Koch, who has been translated for them, their great resource. Early to bed. Had called upon the Longmans this morning, and got my account from them. Called upon Croker one of these mornings, and had a long conversation with him about my Bermuda business, Lord Lansdowne, &c. &c.

3rd. Dreadfully wet day. Received Lord B.'s tre-

mendous verses against the King and the Irish, for their late exhibition in Dublin; richly deserved by my servile countrymen, but not, on this occasion, by the King, who, as far as he was concerned, acted well and wisely. Sat to Newton: Murray came, during my sitting, with the Anglo-Saxon attorney, Turner, to sign definitely the deed making over to him the "Memoirs of Lord Byron." Went with Lord Blessington, Stibbert (both asked at my request), and Chantrey, to dine at Longman's: dinner well enough. To Lord B.'s to supper in the evening: a strange fellow there, Varley the artist, full of all the nonsense of astrology, such a conjunction producing revolutions and headaches, &c. &c., but seems in earnest, which makes him rather interesting.

4th. Sat to Newton. The Blessingtons drove me to Holland House and waited for me. Read Byron's verses to Lord and Lady H. and Allen; much struck by them, but advised me not to have any hand in printing them. Lord H. expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" said he wished I could have got the 2000 guineas in any other way; seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing a sort of quiver of poisoned arrows (this more the purport than the words of what he said) for a future warfare upon private character; could not, however, remember, when I pressed him, anything that came under this strong description, except the reported conversation with Madame de Stael, and the charge against Sir Samuel Romilly, which, if false, may be neutralised by furnishing me with the means of putting the refutation on record with the charge. Dined at Lord Blessington's; Sir T. Lawrence in the evening. Lawrence's idea that murderers have thin lips; has always found it so. Resolved to put off my departure from London. Thrown into considerable

anxiety and doubt by what Lord H. said this morning. Determined, if on consideration it appears to me that I could be fairly charged with anything wrong or unworthy in thus disposing of the "Memoirs," to throw myself on the mercy of Murray, and prevail on him to rescind the deed, having it in my power, between the 500*l.* I have left in his hands, Lord L.'s 740*l.* and Lord John's 200*l.*, to pay him back near three-fourths of his 2000*l.* Lay awake thinking of it.

5th. Decided upon leaving the whole transaction as it is at present. Wrote a long letter to Lord Holland, expressing all I had felt and thought since I saw him; the decision I had come to, and the reasons which induced me to it: found myself easier after this. Took Luttrel to Newton's; Lady B. came there and took me to see Lawrence's pictures. West, Scott, Duke of Bedford, Lady Jersey, admirable. Dined with Luttrel; looked over his new edition with alterations of the "Advice to Julia." By the bye, I received the other day a manuscript from the Longmans', requesting me (as they often do) to look over it and give my opinion, whether it would be worth publishing anonymously. Upon opening it, found to my surprise that it was Rogers's "Italy," which he has sent home thus privately to be published. Went to Covent Garden to the B.'s box, and afterwards supped with them. Received this morning a letter from an unknown poetess, entreating me to call upon her any day, between three and nine in the evening; "that I must not expect to find her a blue-stocking, for that she is only a curly-headed little mortal," &c. &c.; and inclosing me the following (not bad) specimen of her talents.

IMPROMPTU

ON THEIR REPEALING THE ACT AGAINST WITCHCRAFT IN IRELAND.

"So you think that the days, then, of witchcraft are past,
That in Ireland you're safe from the magical art;
Those who hold this belief may repent it at last,
When the force of a spell is found deep in their heart.
That the maidens of Erin in witchery deal,
By those who have seen them can ne'er be denied;
While the spell of their bards o'er the senses will steal,
As by some hath been felt, and by *Moore* hath been tried.
Then think not to 'scape on such dangerous ground,
Nor fancy that magic and witchcraft are o'er,
For in Ireland these powers will ever abound,
While their witches are fair, and their wizard is *Moore*."

6th. Paid various bills: wine merchant, sixty-six pounds; Hodgkinson (for presents to Bessy's sister, &c.), sixteen guineas; hatter and glover, ten pounds, &c. &c. Breakfasted at H. Rogers's, Highbury Terrace: sent Miss R. the proof-sheets of "Cain." Called upon the poetess. Wrote a letter to leave for Lord Lansdowne (whom I have been every day expecting from Paris), expressing, as well as I could, my warm gratitude, and inclosing him a draft for 740*l.*, referring him also to the two letters I had written to Lord Holland on the subject of the "Memoirs." In one of these, by the bye, were words to the following purport: after saying that it should be perfectly in Brougham's power to read, not only what was said about himself in these papers (which, however, I believe to be very trifling), but, what was of much more consequence, all that related to Lady Byron, in order that he might have an opportunity of correcting anything that was misrepresented or misstated, and so put the refutation on record with the charge, I added, "Whatever may be thought of the propriety of publishing private memoirs *at all*, it certainly appears much more fair thus to proclaim and lay

them open to the eyes of the world, while all the persons interested or implicated are alive and capable of defending themselves, than (as is usually done) to keep them as a fire in reserve till those whom they attack have passed away, and possess no longer the power of either retorting or justifying." Arranged with Stibbert for our departure to-morrow; dined at the George; called upon Power afterwards; packed, &c., and got early to bed.

7th. Off at seven in the Dover coach; two Frenchmen our companions: talked of the niceties of the French language, *Parle par ma voix* in Racine wrong. Boileau full of faults in grammar, as I had already known from Saint Marc's notes. *Je ne m'en rappelle pas*, wrong. Arrived at Dover at seven: King's Head, wretched inn.

8th. Sailed in the Rob Roy at half past seven; wind and sea against us; five hours' passage. Arrived at half past two; obliged to stay till to-morrow on account of the custom house. Met Brummel (the exile of Calais), and had some conversation with him.

9th. Set off in a hired chaise at half past eleven for Boulogne, dined there, and arrived in Stibbert's carriage at Montreuil at half past ten at night.

10th. Lunched at Abbeville; slept at Beauvais.

11th. Arrived in Paris at four, Bessy out, but saw my darling little Tom quite well. Dined at home, Bessy returned soon after. Thank God, all my dear ones are safe and well for me on my return!

12th. Drove out with Mrs. Story and Miss Inglis; wet day. Dined at home.

13th. Paid visits to Lady Jersey, &c.: paid some bills. Forgot, by the bye, to take notice of some verses of Luttrel's, which he gave me in town, and which he wrote as if from Rogers, upon hearing, about the same

time, that parts of "Lalla Rookh" were translated and sung in Persian, and that Lord Lauderdale had all "Human Life" by heart.

A SET-OFF.

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan.
'Tis hard; but one reflection cures,
At once, a jealous poet's smart:
The Persians have translated yours,
But Lauderdale has mine by heart."

14th to 22nd. For this week I have not been able to journalise very accurately. Besides writing an additional verse to one of the "National Melodies" of the third number, I began revising what is written of my Egyptian work, and added a number of new lines. Our lodgings (which are Rue d'Anjou, 17.) seemed at first formidable to me from their noisy situation, but I find that, by lying in bed some hours in the morning, I may contrive to get on a little with my work during the winter. Received a letter full of kindness from Lord Lansdowne, in which, however, he seems to agree with Lord Holland as to the sale of the "Memoirs," at least so far as to think that it *may* be a subject worthy my future consideration, whether I should not redeem them out of the hands of Murray, and saying that the 740*l.* is at my disposal towards that purpose if ever I should decide upon it. This is enough; I am now determined to redeem them. Received a letter from Croker, to whom I had written, in consequence of a paragraph in the "Courier" charging the "Morning Chronicle" with "importing epigrams from Paris," begging him to set them right as to any suspicion they may have of *me*, as I have not published anything political, except the verses

about the Neapolitans, for some years; and with respect to the King, if I occupied myself about him at all, it would be to praise him with all my heart for his wise and liberal conduct in Ireland, whatever I might think of the hollow and heartless sycophants who were the objects of it. Croker says in his answer, that, slight as this favourable mention of the King is, he read it with pleasure, and should hail a *rapprochement* between us on that point with real gratification, &c. &c. It is flattering enough to think that I have now, within the last month, received letters full of the most cordial attachment from three persons so widely sundered in the political hemisphere as are Sir F. Burdett, Lord Lansdowne, and Croker. Dined the 19th with Lord Granard: was to have joined Lord Dunsany and the Douglases at a restaurateur's; had the latter dinner on Thursday 22nd, at the Rocher de Cancalle (Bessy of the party), and went in the evening to Franconi's.

23rd. Dined at Lord Granard's to meet the Chabots, who, by the bye, have sent me home the clock (Mademoiselle's present), which is very handsome, and now adorns my mantel-piece.

24th. Still occupied every morning in revising my work. Dined at a *restaurateur's* with the Villamils, Storys, Dalton, and the Belchers, and took our chance for places at the Italian Opera afterwards: the "Matrimonio Segreto." Supped at Story's.

25th. Took a stall in the orchestra at the French Opera for the evening. Dined with Story, and both went: the "Danaïdes." Had called upon Lady Jersey before dinner, and read her Lord B.'s Irish verses: sat for near an hour with her, Lord Jersey, and Lord Thanet.

26th. Bessy and I and the girls dined with Villamil, and went to the Gymnase in the evening: "L'Artiste" and

"L'Arnaut Bossa;" Perlet and Gontier the respective heroes. Forster came to tell me that poor Dr. Yonge was put in prison for debt, and that he was making a collection for him: gave 500 francs towards it.

27th. Having finished the revisal of what I had written of the Egyptian work, resumed my task and wrote ten lines. Dined all at the Douglases'; Lord Dunsany of the party. Went in the evening to the Duchesse de Broglie, in consequence of a note I had had from her in the morning: a party there, Madames Dolomieu, St. Aulaire, De Barante, &c. Lord Jersey, and Lord Bristol. The Duchesse made me fix a day to dine there, Thursday week.

28th. Dined at home, and read and wrote in the evening. In the morning had gone to the Opera House, and saw Marie Mercandotti dance; a beautiful little girl, most perfectly shaped, and promises to be a first-rate dancer.

30th. Dined at Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis: a large party, Charlemonts, Templetons, Granards, &c. Sat next Madame de Genlis: much conversation with her; some things she told of the "olden time" rather interesting. Upon my mentioning Mickle's detection of Voltaire's criticisms on the "Lusiad," she told a similar thing of some criticisms of Marmontel upon the same poem, which she traced in the same manner to an old French translation. Spoke of his "Tales" as in such *mauvais ton* of society; that he certainly met men of fashion at Mademoiselle Clairon's, but only knew them by the manners they put on there (which were, of course, different from what they would be in correct society), and painted from them accordingly. Mentioned some man of rank whom she had heard praising the manner in which Marmontel had sketched some characters, saying that it

was to the very life; and on her expressing her astonishment at this opinion, he added, "Yes, life such as it is *chez Mademoiselle Clairon.*" The same person too, in praising any touch of nature in Marmontel, always subjoined, *la nature, comme elle est chez Mademoiselle Clairon.* Told me that she once entrusted to Stone between thirty and forty volumes of extracts which she had made during a most voluminous course of English reading, and which she never afterwards could recover: supposes that they are in the possession of Miss Helen Maria Williams. Sang in the evening. Translated, "Keep your Tears for me" into French, for Madame de Genlis before I sang it. Went from thence to Madame de Flahault's: heard some pretty good singing from the De —— and Flahault; some fine playing too on the French horn by a M. Puzzi.

December 1st. Dined with Stibbert: company, Lords Trimlestown, Kensington, Lisburne, &c. &c.: good dinner enough, but Lord Kensington too talkative. Went afterwards to Madame de Flahault's box at the Italian's: found there the De Souzas and Gallois: "L'Italiana in Algieri."

2nd. Wrote in the morning as I have done every morning. Macleod dined with me, *solus cum solo;* and he and Lord Dunsany accompanied me to Madame Courtin's benefit at the Opera: "Don Juan," from the Italians, and "Psyche." Bigottini beautiful in "L'Amour."

3rd. Have now done seventy-two lines in six days, which is not bad, considering my interruptions. Walked out with Mercer, and made some calls. Had Lord Granard and Lord Dunsany to dine with us, and took them in the evening to the Villamil's, where we had a swarm of Spaniards, and music. Massimino accompanied us on the pianoforte.

4th. Wrote some lines. Went with Story to St. Pelagie,

to see poor Yonge, but were not admitted for want of a permission from the Préfecture de Police. Dined at home: a note from Yonge in the evening, to beg I would see Forster, and try and prevent the sale of his furniture to-morrow morning. Took a cabriolet, and went off to Forster's, who promised to do what he could about it. My things laid out to dress for the Ambassador's, but changed my mind and did not go.

5th. Finished my Fourth Letter. Dined at Story's, with Dalton and Macleod; all went (except Bessy, who is ill with a headach) to Forster's, where we had the old doubly-Dowager Lady Dysart and some foreigners. Sung and supped.

6th. Copied out some of my corrections, and wrote letters. Dined at the Duc de Broglie's (had been asked to the Flahault's too): company, the Jerseys, St. Aulaires, Comte Forbin, &c.: very agreeable. A piece, sometime ago at one of the little theatres, called "La Mort d'Abel, ou le Frère sans Delicatesse." Talked of Grilparzie's tragedies (Sappho, &c.) with Mad. de Broglie, who has read some of them, but does not like them. Sung in the evening, and it did not seem lost upon them. Mad. de Broglie sang with me, "Go where Glory waits Thee," and pronounced the words (all except "hearth," which she made rather a startling sound of) very prettily. Mad. St. Aulaire (who is married to the father of Mad. Decaze), a very pleasing person.

7th. Went to call upon Mildmay at his own request; poor Yonge's situation the subject on which he wished to speak. Determined to try whether Lord Thanet (whom he once attended) will do any thing. Went to the Beaujon with Mrs. S. and the Macleods: went down seventeen times with various partners. Called at the Jerseys' to ask

Lord Thanet's address; he came in while I was there, and I mentioned Yonge's case: have hopes it will produce something not only from him, but Lord Jersey. Received a ticket from Lord Fife for the Opera this evening. Dined at home. Went to the Opera for a short time: saw the dance in "Ferdinando Cortez;" Rose, Adelise, Roland, Buron, rather pretty *figurantes*. Went afterwards to join Bessy and the girls at Mrs. Villamil's, and practised over some Italian duets.

8th. Read (as I have done for some days) Dupuis' "Origine de tous les Cultes," which I bought the other day for forty francs: am reading it for my letter of the High Priest. Dined (a large party, the Storys, Macleods, Villamil, and Dalton) at Beauvilliers', and went to the Feydeau in the evening: "Edmund and Caroline," and "Gulistan."

9th. Began my Fifth Letter. Called with Bessy in the morning on Lady Rancliffe and Lady Granard: walked with her in the Tuileries afterwards. Dined at home. Went to read in the newsroom. Poor Perry's death! Lord Jersey brought me back this morning Lord B.'s "Journal," which I lent to Lady J.

10th. A letter from Corry to say that Richard Power cannot live many weeks. What a dreary thing to see such noble hearts dying around one! Wrote three or four lines of my Priest's letter, which I find difficult. Lord Granard dined with us to go and see Marie Mercandotti's debût at the French Opera; the Storys, Macleods, and we have taken three boxes for it: Lord Dunsany of our party. The "Caravane de Caire" and "Nina." Marie succeeded, but rather fell short of the expectations she gave me in rehearsing. Bigottini perfect in Nina; such dumb

show with sweet music beyond all the tragedies in the world.

11th. A few lines more of the letter; not good enough to stand. Have some thoughts of employing the few distracted moments allowed me, to arranging the "Rhymes on the Road" for publication. Went with Bessy to make calls, Lord Dunsany having lent her his carriage for the purpose. Dined at home: after dinner, a note from Lady Rancliffe, offering to take me to the Français; accepted her offer. Soon after arrived a note from Madame de Flahault, saying a seat in her box for the Italian was at my service. Went to the Français: Mars in "La Jeune Femme Colere." From thence accompanied Lady Rancliffe to the Ambassador's: large assembly: conversed for some time with the Duke of Hamilton. Saw Talleyrand for the first time.

12th. Called upon the Jerseys; Lady E. Stuart there. Mentioned that it has long been the *ton* in France to press people to eat at dinner: instanced the Duchess of Orleans; that, however, some of the young Frenchwomen are beginning to adopt the English fashion of leaving people to themselves. Dined with the Storys (Forster of the party), and went all to the christening of Macleod's child in the evening. Supped there, and went afterwards to Mrs. Morier's ball: home about one.

13th. Walked out earlier than usual to perform some commissions for the day's dinner: wrote letters. The Douglases and Lord Dunsany to dine with us; more people in the evening; Storys, Villamils, Macleods, &c. Were told that Madame Benjamin Constant (our neighbour *au premier*) had sent word that she would come down and take coffee with us: waited upon her, and found it was Benjamin himself had sent this message; accordingly he came

down and stayed till eleven o'clock. Had music and sandwiches, and afterwards danced; left us between one and two.

14th. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne. Met Auguste de Staël, and had much talk with him about the change of ministry. Wrote about a dozen lines to-day. Called on the Villamils at five, and proposed to dine with them; did so, and returned home early. De Staël to-day mentioned a joke about the new ministry; that its being Monsieur's choosing, he had *escompté son règne.*

15th. Wrote a few lines and walked in the Champs Elysées for an hour and a-half: made some calls. Bessy and I and the girls dined at Villamil's; Kenny and Mercer of the party: had music in the evening. Have written now about forty lines of my Priest's letter.

16th. Wrote and walked a little. Received an invitation to the Duke of Orleans' this evening. Dined at Flahault's: company, the Jerseys, a Monsieur Labonne (I think), and young Lieven. Dinner late, on account of Flahault's late return from *la chasse.* Went between eight and nine to the Palais Royal; the Duchesse de Berri there, and the Princess of Denmark. Mademoiselle came and spoke to me and Gerard: asked him if he had heard me sing, &c. &c. He said, among other things, that I was the "flambeau de l'Angleterre." Few of the immense circle of women here worth a second look; the best among them Madame Sturmer and Lord Robert Fitzgerald's fine, colossal daughter. Boissy d'Anglas with his white hair spread out upon his shoulders, a most extraordinary figure. Introduced by Madame Durazzo to the Duchesse Litta, who is esteemed a beauty.

17th. Wrote a few lines. Went with Lord Dunsany and Douglas to dine with the Henrys, very far away, near

the Chateau de Vincennes. Was to have gone to Madame St. Aulaire's in the evening, but returned to Paris too late.

18th. Wrote some lines. Walked out with Bessy. Dined at Gage Rookwood's: company, Lord and Lady Kenmore, Douglas, &c. &c. The little Moscow girl acted a scene in the evening. From thence to the Ambassador's: some show of beauty; the Duchesse de Fiere-maçon and a Miss Huxley, an Irish girl.

19th. Six or eight lines, chiefly made out during a solitary walk beyond the Barrière. Drove afterwards a little with Mrs. S. and the Macleods. Dined at Robinson's; Lady Helena very agreeable. In the evening to Madame de Flahault's, and from thence to the Duchesse de Broglie's. A great beauty at the former place, Madame de Vicence, and Benjamin Constant, who said he had come to pay a visit to me this evening, and sat some time with Mrs. Moore. Got into a scrape about dinner to-day, having promised also to dine with the Grahams and forgot it.

20th. Wrote letters. Dined at home: Mrs. Story dined with us. Received a parcel from Sir Robert Wilson from Calais, where he is detained with Lambton, Lady L., her sister, and Lady Ossulston; they having sailed in an open fishing-boat from Dover, and left carriages, baggage, &c. behind them. The parcel consisted of two copies of Lord Byron's new tragedies (sent off some days before publication), on one of which Murray wishes me to found a bargain with Galignani, for the right of publishing here. Took a cabriolet, and went off to Galignani's after dinner.

21st. Galignani called and agreed to give a hundred pounds. Wrote a few lines. Dined at C. Hutchinson's: company, Mackenzie, Mills, Greathead, &c. &c. Sang a little, and went from thence to Lady Charlemont's ball:

home early. Sent a copy of the tragedies to Lady E. Stuart this morning.

22nd. Have done now in all 100 lines of my Fifth Letter: have read also two or three volumes of Dupuis. He has abridged this book, and well he might; never was any book so full of repetitions and redundancies. Walked in an unfrequented road beyond the Barrière, from which the view of Mount Calvaire and the Aqueduct in the setting sun is very fine. Felt one of those fits of faintness in returning, which always come over me when I do not eat enough. Dined by myself at the Café Français (in consequence of Bessy's early dinner with the little ones), and sauntered off alone to the Ambigu Comique afterwards: "L'Homme à Trois Visages." Our dear Anastasia came home for the holidays. Called upon Lady de Ros this morning, who showed me some of her very clever lithograph drawings; subject of one, the child and ruffian in "Paradise and the Peri," charmingly imagined; promised to give me copies of them.

23rd. Revised some of what I had written. Walked to call upon Kenny. Thought I was invited to Villamil's to dinner, but found it was not the case. Dined with Dalton at the Café Français. From thence for an hour to Lord Fife's box, to see the dance in "Ferdinand Cortez," and thence to Villamil's, where we had a little music and supped.

24th. Wrote some lines. Dined at home. Went to Mad. St. Aulaire's in the evening: some conversation with the Duchesse de Broglie: told her of Power's having supposed (from my telling him that I saw her some years ago dance the Cossack air which Knyvett claims as his) that she was an opera dancer, and begged me to inquire of her in what ballet she danced it. Went from thence to the

Macleods', to join a party for the *messe de minuit* at St. Roch: Mrs. Story, Miss Moore, the Macleods, &c.; a dull and cold operation. Got home at one.

25th. Wrote and walked. Dined at home. Took Anastasia and Tom to a children's ball at Douglas's. Bessy too ill to go. Danced and played at blindman's-buff with the children; little Tom much admired. The adults danced afterwards; supped and sung. Douglas is making a table to surprise Bessy with on New Year's Day, adorned with poetical emblems: the Irish harp, &c., and scrolls containing the words, "Lalla Rookh" and "Irish Melodies."

26th. A few lines. Dined early, for the purpose of taking the children to Franconi's: the "Bataille de Bovines," the Elephant, &c. &c. Little Tom, notwithstanding his raking last night, full of animation.

27th. Wrote letters. Walked in the Tuileries, first with Gen. Cheron and Wilder, then with Captain Waldegrave and Cadogan. Dined at Lord Granard's: Mercer, Burrel, the Robinsons, &c. &c. Much curious talk with Lady Adelaide about Lord Hastings. Went in the evening with Lady Helena to Lady de Ros, to thank her for the beautiful lithograph drawings she sent me.

28th. Dined at the Villamils': Storys, Dalton, Captain Popham, Mercer, &c. Music in the evening. Massimino accompanied, and very ill. Lady Popham and daughter joined the party in the evening. After the departure of a few, became more merry and supped. Forgot Lady Charlemont's ball.

29th. Meant to go and see the "Paria" to-night, but met the Macleods, who said they had got Lord Fife's box for the Italian. Dined with the Storys, and went: the "Barbiere:" Fodor in her very best voice. Did not go to the

Duchesse de Broglie's. Have done near sixty lines this week.

30th. Wrote ten lines. Walked on the road beyond the Barrière; a glorious day, a bright sun on one side, and a misty shower and double rainbow on the other. Dined at Brummel's, having nearly fainted beforehand with the pain of a blow I got on my knee while dressing. Company, Mr. and Mrs. White and William Dawson. Sung in the evening, and had one or two pair of bright eyes weeping around me. Did not go to Madame de Flahault's, from whom I had a note this morning, entreating me not to fail being at her supper to-morrow night.

31st. Went with the Douglases to dine at Henry's, under a promise that I should be back in town time enough for Madame de Flahault's New Year's Eve supper. Left that at nine, and was in the Grande Rue Verte a little after ten. A very select party: the Jerseys, Lady Ossulston, the Lambtons, Lady E. Grey (a most charming person), the Ellises, Prince Beauveau, Mrs. G. Lamb, Sir R. Wilson, and one or two more. A *jeu de loterie* occupied the time before supper, in which some of the prettiest things from the Petit Dunkerque were won. Much wished that Lady E. Grey should win a beautiful paper-presser, in the form of a butterfly, with wings for handles, but she did not.

January 1st, 1822. Walked out with Bessy in the morning to choose an *étrenne* for Mrs. Story. Had Villamil, Dalton, Douglas, and Dr. Yonge to dine with me. In the evening came Mrs. Story, and at supper arrived the Macleods. Took to games of forfeit; drunk champagne and brandy-punch afterwards; then to dancing, and did not separate till near three o'clock.

2nd. Dined at Macleod's; Mrs. Story of the party.

Went from thence to the Opera (Lord Fife having sent me a ticket); too late for the divertissement in the opera. Miss Drew was to have called to take me to Mrs. Roche's ball, but instead of her came Mrs. Story, Mrs. Macleod, and her sister. Drove with them about the Champs Elysées; a fine moonlight and a merry one. They left me at Mrs. Roche's; found that Miss D. had called for me at the Opera: staid only a short time at the ball. On my return home found our two maids still engaged with their company, we having treated them with an entertainment for their friends to-day.

3rd. Kept in a bustle all the morning; so much so as to forget (for I believe the first time since I have been in France) my letter to my dear mother, to whom I write twice a week, and have done so, with but few failures, for more than twenty years past. Dined with the Robinsons: no one but Cadogan; a good dinner and agreeable day. Sung to them in the evening, and saw in Lady Helena's eyes those *beads* (to use the language of distillers) which show that the spirit is *proof*. Went from thence to Lady Pigott's ball. Bessy gone to the Italian Opera, where Dalton procured her a box.

4th. A Mr. Rose called upon me with a letter from Murray, and a miniature of Lord Byron's little girl, which he wishes me to forward to him. Dined at Villamil's: two Spaniards of the party. Mrs. S. called to take me to the Opera to see Marcia's last appearance before her departure for England. Nothing could be more beautiful than her face, dress, and figure, in dancing the Guaraccia.

5th. A children's ball at Story's. Macleod, Story, Dalton, and myself dined together at the Café Anglais, and adjourned to the ball at ten o'clock: danced, supped, and sung till near three. Wrote ten lines to-day.

6th. Wrote a little in walking beyond the barrier. Dined at Story's, Macleod of the party. In the evening all went to Douglas's; very sleepy after last night. Ombark Boubi, the Moor, there; expects to be made Chargé d'Affaires from Constantinople to England; requested me to write to Lord Strangford in his favour.

7th. Walked, wrote letters, &c. Dined by myself at the Trois Frères, and found great pleasure in the few moments of silent repose it gave me. Never did I lead such an unquiet life: Bessy ill, my home uncomfortable; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and full of remorse in the utmost of my gaiety. Came home early and read. Have this week done but about forty lines.

8th. Dined, by Kenny's desire and instrumentality, at Pictet's, a Swiss banker. Villamil of the party, the Newtes, &c. Found that I was to be shown off in the evening to his customers, and took flight. Called on the Macleods, and went from thence to Lady E. Stuart's assembly. Some talk with Sir Charles. Lady Rancliffe brought me home. Have got Lord Byron's Irish verses printed on a single sheet by Galignani.

9th. Dined quietly at home for a wonder. In the evening went to Mrs. Armstrong's ball, as chaperon to the two Belchers: the prettiest ball I have seen in Paris; the music delicious, Colinet's best. The ease with which all Rossini's lively songs and choruses may be turned into quadrilles and waltzes, shows the character of his music. Did not get to bed till five o'clock. Fanny Belcher very much admired, and supposed to be Bessy by most of the company.

10th. Was to have dined with Stibbert, but preferred Lambton's: company, only his brother, Lady Louisa,

Lady Elizabeth, and Mrs. Ellis. All went to the Français afterwards to see the new tragedy of M. Jouy, "Sylla;" full of allusions to Napoleon, which were loudly applauded. Talma very fine in the last scene. Home early. Lambton quoted to-day a Persian proverb, "The words of kings never fall to the ground."

11th. Lambton called and left me a *coupon* for the Variétés this evening. Looked over my Rhymes on the Road, for the purpose of seeing what sort of a *rifaccimento* I can make of them How lucky I did not publish so slight a trifle! Dined at Lord Henry Fitzgerald's: company, the Jerseys, Sir C. and Lady E. Stuart, and Lord Thanet. Sat next to the latter, and found him agreeable. Lady E. Stuart said that the "Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun" (which, of course, she did not own to have read) were supposed to be "genuine but not true." Lord T. saw nothing improbable in them; found them even dull from this probability; his women were all such easy triumphs. Lady Jersey asked me for a copy of my verses on Naples, and the words of "I love but Thee," which I had promised her. A good deal of conversation with Sir Charles S. about cruelties, suggested by a portrait of Brinvilliers, the poisoning woman in the reign of Louis XIV., which Lady de Ros had got from the Louvre to copy. This woman was punished by the torture of water, being made to drink it till she burst. Mentioned the old book with engravings, about the cruelties of the Dutch at Amboyna. Went away at nine to the Variétés: found only Lambton and Lady Louisa in the box. Laughed almost to pain at *Je fais mes Farces.* Went afterwards to the Macleods', and from thence at twelve o'clock to Lady Charlemont's ball; a good deal of talk with Lady C. Home between one and two.

12th. Dined at Douglas's: in the evening to Mercer's (where I was to have dined): the Villamils there: sung a little. Was called for by the Douglases, and went with them to Lafitte's ball. Was introduced, at her own request, to the wife of one of Buonaparte's generals (I could not make out her name), to whom Napoleon has left a large sum in his will: told me he had also left money to Arnaud and to Labédoyère's children.

13th. Walked beyond the Barrière, and wrote an epigram or two for the Rhymes. Dined at Colonel Ellice's: company, the Robinsons, Lady Hunloke, Lord Marcus Hill, and Cornwall; very agreeable. In the evening, Mrs. Ellice played some of the choruses in the "Gazza Ladra," and I sung. Thence went to Madame de Flahault's, where I found Lady E. Grey suffering in the midst of *Crapauds;* all French but herself, did not stay, but meaning to go to Mrs. Gent's assembly, went to a wrong place, and found myself in splendid rooms, where there was not a single English face to be seen. On inquiring of the servant, found it was Maréchal Suchet's, and made my escape. Dirtied my shoes in seeking for the carriage, and gave up Mrs. Gent. Went to the Macleods', and took Miss I. off with me in the carriage to fetch Mrs. Story, who had set off on foot, and we found her on our return.

14th. Walked in the Champs Elysées, and wrote a couple more trifles. Dined at the Douglases' to meet the Henrys: a party in the evening. Went for half an hour to Mrs. Newte's ball, and returned; did not stay late.

15th. Dined with Macleod and Major Handley at a traiteur's near the Odéon, in order to go see the "Paria." Some fine situations: in the Paria's discovery of himself to his mistress, I suspect the author was thinking of my "Fireworshipper:" altogether dull. Went and supped at

Mrs. Story's afterwards. Found a coupon for the Français from Lambton on my return.

16th. Had a letter from Lady Jersey, thanking me for the words of "I love but Thee," which I sent her; and asking me to dine with her to-morrow, but am engaged to Lord Granard's. Dined at Lambton's: Cottu, the author of the work on "English Jurisprudence," and Sir Robert Wilson. Wilson's slap-dash politics and slap-dash French in his dsiputes with Cottu very amusing. His pronunciation of La Pologne as if it was L'Apollon, and Cottu taking it for granted he meant the latter, and saying, *Non, non, on ne ferait pas la guerre pour l'Apollon.* Cottu's supposition of a case (in ridiculing the present minute subdivision of property) of a man planting a large cabbage, which would overshadow his neighbour's grounds, &c. Sir Robert's pun, *Vous aimez les choux, moi, je n'aime pas les* Chouans. Did not go to Madame de Flahault's this evening.

17th. Dined at the Granards'. Received, while I was dressing, a *coupon* for the Français, which I thought came from the Lambtons': company, the Chabots, Rothschild, Lord Marcus Hill, &c. &c. Introduced to Rothschild in the evening: offered to send anything to Italy for me by his courier, but did *not* ask me to his ball, which is what I want. Went off between eight and nine; found no one but Darby in the box, which was the ambassador's: looked again at the *coupon*, and found it was a ticket for the whole box, which Lady Elizabeth had sent me; an unlucky mistake, as I wanted to take the Belchers, and might have saved the hire of a box to-morrow night by it. The play, "Sylla:" went after it was over behind the scenes, to Talma's dressing-room: was introduced there to Jouy, the author of the play. Talma mentioned a portrait of

Shakspeare on a bellows, which had fallen by accident into his hands, and which he considers authentic: several inscriptions on it from Shakspeare, in the orthography of his time. Went from thence to the Arthurs' ball; a particularly nice girl, either daughter or niece of Prince Pignatelli.

18th. Up early to go look after the person that is to take charge of the Belchers. Went afterwards to Lambton's, and thence with them to Sommariva's, who showed us some beautiful cameos in oriental stones from his pictures and statues. Took a box for the Français: dined at home, and went with the Belchers and Mrs. Story: play, the "Tartuffe;" entertainment, the "Ménage de Molière;" Molière represented as jealous of his wife.

19th. Dined with the Storys, who had made a party to go to the bal masqué at night; some *embarras* about the Belchers wishing to go. Had procured their passports and taken their places in the morning for Tuesday next.

20th. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne. Have done nothing but some forty or fifty lines of trifling doggrel this week. Called upon Darby to know if his dinner stands good for Tuesday, as Lambton has asked me to meet the Portalises on that day. Saw with him a M. le Garde, who asked me if I could speak French, and on my replying "a little," said, *Ah! oui; on ne pourrait pas avoir écrit de si beaux vers sans savoir le Français;* this is excellent. Darby's dinner stands good. Called in at Villamil's at five, and stopped to dine, having sent an excuse to Col. Huxley's, where I was invited: returned home early.

21st. Got up early and went to Darby's, he having invited me to breakfast for the purpose of attending the Chamber to-day. Darby had gone out, there being no

Chamber in consequence of the anniversary of Louis Seize's death. Went and breakfasted at Tortoni's. Walked afterwards in the Champs Elysées: dined at home. Went in the evening to the Palais Royal to purchase bon-bons and music for the Belchers.

22nd. Up early to see the Belchers off to the coach. When we arrived there, found they had forgot their passports, and had to drive back furiously for them; just came as the coach was driving off. Told me that they had not money enough, and that I must send them some to Calais. Went off to Lafitte's and dispatched to them an order upon a banker at Calais for eight Napoleons, having already advanced them 25*l.* This with the 500 francs I gave to Yonge's subscription, and 400 I lent the other day to Dalton, leaves a melancholy vacuum in my already shallow purse. Dined at Darby's: company, Etienne (the famous journalist and deputy, who made on Saturday last the best speech that has been spoken on the law for restraining the press); Thiard, another deputy; Dupin the advocate, Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, Sir H. Mildmay, King, Mackenzie, &c. &c. A good deal of savage cleverness about Dupin. His story of P —— (a chief judge and now minister) asking of a girl, whose pardon some one solicited, *Est-elle jolie, la petite?* Etienne said it was *De Sade en robe.* The day altogether curious and amusing. Went afterwards to Lambton's: found there the Portalises (both brothers and their wives), Lady Jersey, Mad. de Broglie and the Duke, and Sir R. Wilson. The Duc de Broglie said that fanaticism no longer existed in France, and that religion is only used as a political instrument. From thence went to the Macleods', and had a merry supper with them and the Storys.

23rd. Dined at home. Received a coupon from Lamb-

ton for the Gymnase: went, and laughed very heartily at Clausel in M. Beaufils. From thence, Lambton and I went first to his house and then to the Due de Broglie's: a very good party; did not stay long. Saw Lord Auckland there.

24th. Wrote a letter, and walked. Dined at Mercer's: company, Mad. d'Ameland and Miss d'Este, Lady Glenlyon, Warrender, &c. &c. Some music in the evening. From thence to Lady Rancliffe's ball: home pretty early.

25th. Dined at home, and took Bessy to the Variétés in the evening: "Sans Tambour ni Trompette," "Les Comediens de Paris," &c. Supped at home.

26th. Dined at Villamil's: company, Dawson, Mercer, the Macleods: music in the evening. Went neither to Mad. de Broglie nor Lafitte's ball. Have done some few trifling lines every day.

27th. Wrote words to a Neapolitan air. Dined at Lambton's: company, Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Lady Ossulston, Sir R. Wilson, &c.; the Portalises and Ellices in the evening.

28th. Sent off the air to Power. Dined at Sir H. Mildmay's: company, Warrender, Greffulhe, Denon, &c.; sang in the evening. Denon told me that the medal of Grattan was nearly finished, which I am not very glad to hear, as nobody has yet paid me, and I shall have to give the 1000 francs it costs out of my own pocket. Went afterwards to sup at Story's; Bessy, who had been at the Français with Villamil (Mad. de Flahault having sent us *coupons* for her box before dinner), came there too.

29th. Dined at Douglas's: a party in the evening; singing and dancing. Went away for an hour to Lady E. Stuart's; returned to Douglas's for Bessy.

30th. Went out early to order wine, ice, &c. &c.,

having a dinner party at home to-day. Company, Douglas, Kenny, Stibbert, Story, and Millingen. The dinner (thanks to my dear girl's management and superintendence) most comfortable, and Villamil's excellent Lafitte (of which he sent me a dozen the other day), not the worst part of the feast. Drank of this six bottles, two of Madeira, and one of Champagne. A party in the evening: sung, danced, drank three bottles more of Champagne, besides lots of negus, and did not part till two. One or two of my dinner guests rather *lively*.

31st. Dined with my fellow traveller, M. Mariton: Stibbert, too, of the party; the remainder (about eight or nine) all French: very curious as giving a perfect idea of the genuine French mode of living; abundance and variety of the dishes, handed round by the guests themselves and never ceasing; nothing but ordinary wine during dinner, except towards the end, two small decanters of red wine (one de Grenache, the other, I think, l'Amalque, both southern, strong and good), of which no one tasted but Stibbert and I; then, with the dessert, a bottle of a white Mousseux wine, called Clairette de Di, made of the sweet grape; and, for the conclusion, a liqueur glass round of vin de Samos, *sucré*, and hardly to be known from other sweet wines. Violent party politics talked; an old hot Liberal, who was Ministre de la Marine under Napoleon, foremost in violence; the ultra champion, a shrewd little doctor, who was all astonishment at the absurdity of the minority in still speaking, when they so well knew all measures would be carried against them, leaving entirely out of account the effect their speaking had upon the country. A good deal of talk about Etienne, and his celebrated plagiary of the "Deux Gendres," from a MS. by the Jesuit Conaxa, found (during the Revolution when

they were burning the works of the Jesuits) by M. Maltebrun, and given by him to Etienne, who founded on it his "Deux Gendres," and got both money and reputation by it, till having refused to share *either* with his friend Maltebrun, the latter took revenge by revealing the whole transaction to the public, and the thing has never been forgotten to Etienne since. The doctor also mentioned the famous Déjeuners de Rovigo, during Napoleon's time, where Etienne (then the virtual censor of the press) used to denounce the publications that were to be suppressed. After dinner, two ladies played on the pianoforte; said they saw I liked music, and asked whether I played myself; said "a little;" was pressed to sit down to the pianoforte; sung "When midst the Gay I meet." Went from thence to the Princesse Talleyrand's to hear Vieni (author of a suppressed play, "Clovis") read a new tragedy he has written, called "Achille." Heard two acts declaimed by him with true French gesticulation; the ludicrous effect of his missing one of the *feuillets* in the middle of a fine speech, and exclaiming in the same tragic tone, *Grand Dieu! qu'est ce que c'est que ça!* Was introduced to him; said he should like to have had Talma to act Priame, but that there was no getting him to play with Lafond. By the bye, how convenient as a rhyme, "Madame" is! for Priame, Pergame, &c., *toujours prête.* Though pressed by the Princess to stay, bolted, and went to an assembly at the Conte Jules de Polignac's. Introduced to him by Lady Ossulston: saw there Madame de Broglie, Lady Rancliffe, &c. and a number of high flying Royalists, Décars, Chateaubriands, &c. From thence went to their very antipodes in politics at Clermont's ball: saw some bad waltzers dancing to a beautiful thing from the "Gazza

Ladra," and left for Mrs. Story's supper at a quarter before twelve: home a little after one.

February 1st. Had determined (from the difficulty I find in writing here) that Bessy should set off for England in ten days and prepare the cottage; but received by the post of to-day a letter, to say that old Hall, my rival in Sloperton, had wheedled farmer Hutton out of the key, and got possession of the house, so that this is all at an end. Dined at home, and went to the Porte St. Martin in the evening.

2nd. Dined at home: went to Mrs. Story's (a children's party chiefly); supped there. Mean to make an effectual struggle against engagements henceforth, if I can.

3rd. Have written some straggling trifles for the "Rhymes" this week; altogether have done more than 200 lines in this way. Dined at Lord Granard's: had promised to go to Madame de Broglie's in the evening, but went to Villamil's to hear Weiss, a flute player. A party of Spaniards there: Duc and Duchesse of San Lorenzo, Duchesse of Rivas, Marchioness of Santa Cruz, &c. &c.

4th. Wrote a letter to Lord John: dined at home, and read in the evening. Mrs. Story and Miss Norris to supper.

5th. Walked and wrote a little: dinner and evening at home; ditto to supper.

6th. Dined at Douglas's; a large party in the evening to which Bessy came. Went away for an hour to Madame Portalis's ball, which was a very good one.

7th. Received an anonymous note, written evidently by a Frenchwoman, inviting me to meet her at the bal masqué on Saturday next, — *une rose à la main me fera*

connaitre; evidently a hoax, and, I have no doubt, originating with Mrs. S. and Miss Inglis. Dined at home; worked a little in the evening, and went at ten to sup at Mrs. Story's; the Macleods there. Did not go to Mrs. Drummond's ball.

8th. Have begun my prose part of the work these two days past. Walked beyond the barrière: offered myself to dinner at the Villamils': left them between eight and nine, and came home to dress. A soirée upstairs at Benjamin Constant's, to which I went: plenty of *libéraux*, Lafayette, Excelmans, Abbé de Pradt, &c. A good deal of talk with M. Buchon and another *littérateur*, who reminded me he had sent me a translation of "Alexander's Feast," some time ago. Introduced to the celebrated French *bleu*, Madame Sophia Gay, who is herself overwhelming, but has pretty danghters. From thence went to Lady Charlemont's ball; home before one. Have been negotiating with Galignani for Lord Byron, who has given up publishing with Murray, and has some things ready, which he wishes to have published at Paris.

9th. Dined at home. Had received a note from Mad. de Broglie in the morning, asking me to come to her: engaged also to a great ball at Mad. de Chabanais, and promised to meet Denon at Lafitte's, in order that he might introduce me to Marechal Soult. Went for a short time to Mad. de Broglie's. In talking of Peyronnet, and wondering how he would look in going to receive the sacrament in public, it was said that he and all the rest of the Ministers ought to be confessed *en gros*, as they do a regiment,—"Let every one who has committed this sin hold up his hand." The priests of the Greek Church read out a long list of crimes (such as only Greeks would think of) to the penitent, who nods his head at every item of which he has been

guilty, and the priest puts a mark of his thumb-nail against it accordingly. At the conclusion the whole is summed up, and a receipt in full given for the total by absolution. In some places people *abonner* themselves for some one favourite vice for six or eight months to come. Went from thence to Villamil's, where there were Spaniards and music: did not go to my other places, but supped there.

10th. Took a long walk to the Bois de Boulogne; have done but little of my prose. Dined at Col. Ellice's: company, Mad. de Menon, a young Monsieur something (coxcomb, of course), Warrender, and Lambton's brother. Left them early and went to Villamil's.

11th. Dined at the Café Français. Received a letter from the Longmans to-day, to say that another Bermuda claim has been brought forward; an after-clap of that thunder storm! The amount 1200*l.*, but think it may be reduced to three; and offering, if a letter which they advise my writing to old Sheddon (the father of that Jew, Robert) should fail, to advance me the money: shall not take it. Came home early: did not go to Mad. St. Aulaire's or Mrs. Gold Gent's.

12th. Bessy and I went with the Miss Drews to dine at Lady Emily Henry's: some beautiful playing on the violin in the evening by a young man, Obrecht (I think), an elève of Viotti's, and possessing much of the sensibility of his touch. Brought the Drews home to sup with us. Received Lord Byron's MS. of "Werner" this morning; paid five Napoleons for the postage.

13th. Dined at the Rancliffes': company, Lady Jersey, the Ellises, Fox, and Mrs. George Lamb; the dinner very agreeable. Asked Rancliffe to dine with me on Friday, which he promised. From thence to Mad. de Flahault's, and afterwards to sup at the Macleods'.

14th. Power has sent me the third number of the "National Melodies," and wishes me to secure the copyright of the words for him in France. Dined at home, and went to the Gaiété in the evening: "La Forêt enchantée."

15th. Went to the Marais to Smith's, to have the words of the "National Melodies" printed. Dinner at home: Rancliffe has remembered another engagement, and Benjamin Constant will be detained at the Chamber: company, Villamil, Brummel, Davison, and Mercer. Mrs. and the Miss Brummels in the evening, the Constants and some friends they brought with them, the Macleods, Mrs. Story, Mrs. Villamil, &c. A good deal of music; supper, dancing, blindman's buff, &c. till four o'clock in the morning.

16th. Rather knocked up with my last night's achievements. Walked to see Kenny: he and Macleod dined with me off the scraps. Went together to the Feydeau; dull work. Supped at Mrs. Story's: persuaded Bessy to give up the bal masqué, and brought her quietly home.

17th. Dined at home. Went by Bessy's wish to the Douglases' in the evening: introduced to a Mad. Thayer, an American, married to a Frenchman, who owns the hôtel in which they live, and the whole of the Passage du Panorama. She "Sir Thomas-ed" me all the time we spoke together. Home at one.

18th. Up early; wrote letters, and a little of my job-work. Bessy very ill with her late hours: takes no care of herself when she is the least well. Dined at home; uncomfortably. Went to the French Opera, and forgot my annoyances a little in the beauty of the ballet.

19th. Got some books on St. Domingo I wished to consult. Walked about to see the Bœuf Gras and the

other fooleries of the Carnival. Dined with Villamil: a Frenchman of the party, who, when Villamil introduced him to me as a distant relation of Buonaparte's, said, *Ce n'est pas le plus beau de mon histoire.* It was mentioned of Talleyrand one day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a "Pekin" who delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. *Nous appellons Pekin* (says Davoust) *tout ce qui n'est pas militaire. Oh, oui, c'est comme chez nous* (replied Talleyrand); *nous appellons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil.*

21st. Dined with the Villamils, and went to the Italian Opera; "La Gazza Ladra;" music in the trial scene, and after the condemnation, misplaced and frivolous: shows a want of feeling; "Sends the girl's soul upon a jig to heaven."

22nd. Have taken to translating some passages of "Catullus" for my Letters. Am not at all well; a bad cold in addition to my other ills. Dined at home; bathed my feet, and went through the operation of gruel, &c. at night.

23rd. Wrote thirty-six lines of translation from "Catullus." Dined at Lord Granard's (to whom, after having fought off invitations from Chenevix and Peters, I struck): company, the Chabots, Lord Marcus Hill, Lord Harvey, &c. &c. Left early in the evening, intending to go to Mad. de Broglie's, but contented myself with accompanying Bessy to the Macleods'; a most dull evening, I too ill to sing. By the bye, called upon Stewart Rose, who has brought me a letter of introduction from Lord Lansdowne. Talking of Scott (with whom he is intimate), says he has no doubt of his being the author of all the novels. Scott's life in Edinburgh favourable to working; dines always at

home, and writes in the evening. Writing quite necessary to him; so much so, that when he was very ill some time ago, he used to dictate for three or four hours at a time. From combining circumstances, Rose thinks it was the "Bride of Lammermoor" he dictated in this way. Told me of sad conduct of Williams to Foscolo.

24th. Walked and wrote a little; am continuing my translations from "Catullus." Dined by myself at Riche's, and came home and worked a little in the evening. Read a long article about myself to-day from "Blackwood;" the tone insolent, but flattering in the main.

25th. Took a stall in the orchestre to see the "Lampe Merveilleuse." Asked Dalton to dine with me, and both went to the Opera together: bad music and dialogue, but the scenery and spectacle altogether like magic.

26th. Wrote one or two trifles. Dined at Bushe's: company, Lord Charlemont, Ellises, Mr. Ricketts (*quondam* secretary of Lord Hastings in India), Sir Sidney Smith, &c. Bad dinner and dull day. Sir Sidney never stirred out of Jean d'Acre for hours: kept strict possession of it, like a gallant commander as he is. Read the newspapers in my way home, and got to bed early. Ricketts' account of Lord Moira giving into his hands all the letters and applications for appointments after his arrival, &c. &c., all characteristic of his lordship.

27th. Wrote some more of my prose. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, the Kenmares, Bushes, &c. &c. Another bore in the shape of W., who fought over the Wiltshire election as pertinaciously as Sir Sidney did Acre. Mrs. Cadogan said she would show me some verses written to her by an amateur poet, "a *gentleman* poet." Meant to have gone to Madame de Broglie's in the evening, but too late. Went to Madame

de Sapenay's concert (through the intervention of my literary friend, M. Dorion, who has written epics, lyrics, and God knows what, and sent them *all* to me to read), and heard some music, the best of which was M. Obricht's violin. A madame Molinos (formerly Mdlle. Lafitte), Galli, and a Garde du Corps, were the vocals. Went from thence and supped at the Macleods'.

28th. More of the prose. Walked about with Bessy. Dined at Daly the banker's; a very good set-out, excellent wines: company, Sir T. Webbe, Wellesley, Ricketts, King, Peters, &c. &c. Called for Bessy at ten, and took her to a party at Davison's; cold and meagre. Heard a Frenchman sing Spanish songs to the guitar. From thence went both of us with the Villamils to Lady S. Douglas's, where there was dancing; home a quarter after one. By the bye, Wellesley mentioned that Lord Castlereagh, in speaking of the females who were common in the Manchester riots, said, "As for these wretched women, I shall leave them to *purge themselves.*" Dorion told me that to print 1000 copies of such an octavo volume as his, in Didot's best manner, cost but about seventy pounds English.

March 1st. Dined with the Villamils, and they, and I and Bessy, went to Miss Corrie's concert: bad enough, except a few very touching bars in Benazet's violoncello, and Madame Fodor's song from the "Barbiere." *Amor possente* is the name of the beautiful duet from "Armida," in which there are such affecting passages.

2nd. A meat breakfast at Villamil's at two, for the purpose of practising some music, but neither practised nor dined. Went all to the Variétés, and made up by a most hearty hot supper at V.'s afterwards.

3rd. Dined at Cadogan's: company, the Charlemonts,

Lady Warrender, Sir Sidney Smith, the Robinsons, &c. &c. Sat next to Sir Sidney. Told me some curious things; the distillation of salt water, a most useful discovery for the navy; the water *fade* and insipid, but quite pure and fresh. Some navigator, he mentioned, is going to take out casks of *coal* with those of water; if it succeeds, there will be so much stowage saved, as the calculation is that one cask of coal will make three of water. Sea scurvy arises from the want of fresh air; the knowledge of this has led to the almost total extirpation of it. Mrs. Cadogan told me that Sir Sidney *amused* her for a whole evening by explaining how she might see a ball coming out of a cannon's mouth in time to avoid it.

4th. A party proposed for the Gymnase to-night, with the Storys. Received a letter from Lord Byron, who signs himself now *Noel Byron*. He has called out Southey, as I expected he would, and he has done right; no man should suffer such a letter as Southey's, signed with his name, to pass without this sort of notice. Lord B. ought not to have brought it upon himself, but, having done so, there was but this left for him. Neither will there any harm result from it, as Southey, I am sure, will not meet him. Wrote a little now every day, but very little. Dined with Story's men (their first appearance) at a restaurateur's, and afterwards went with them and the ladies to the Gymnase: three very pretty pieces, the "Artiste," "Mémoires d'un Colonel," and "Michel and Christine." Bessy quite uncomfortable about the fate of poor Stanislas in the last: said it would haunt her for a week.

5th. Wrote: walked with Bessy: dined at home. Afterwards to Madame de Broglie's: some amusing conversation among the Frenchmen there. Talked of na-

tional songs; "Vive Henri Quatre" almost the only *royal* one, except "Fils d'un Béarnois," written when Louis XVI. was in prison. Disclaimed Charmante Gabrielle as a national song; praised the words of the first verse; seemed to think it was written by Henri himself. Mentioned some verses upon a pun by the present king, but I could not collect them: *les chaleurs extrêmes* one of the phrases, and the Duke seemed to doubt if the plural *chaleurs* was admissible. One of the talkers, an old fellow, spoke (with a license of language we should not well tolerate in England), about the illegitimacy of the Duc de Berri. From there went to the Ambassador's, where I found Talleyrand coming out, and (a much better thing) that pretty girl, Miss Huxley, going in: talked a little to her, and came away early.

6th. Have been reading "Saint Foix ou Paris," and a wretched thing, "Les Amours de Camille." Dined at Villamil's: a large party, the Marquis of Yruco (who was in America), and his wife, the Drummonds, &c. Some singing in the evening; Bessy came; supped afterwards.

7th. Had fixed to-day for a restaurateur dinner with Kenny and Elliston. Villamil, Macleod, Hunter (the King's messenger), and his son, joined the party. Dined at a bad traiteur's, Peyton on the Boulevards; bad and dear. Went, five of us, in the evening, to see Madlle. Bégrand in "Suzanna," at the Porte St. Martin; much changed in figure from what she was four years ago; an extraordinary exhibition. Brought them home to supper; had also the Storys, Mrs. Villamil, and the Douglases: left us at two.

10th. Can do but little: ruinous work. Had Elliston and Villamil to dine with us (Kenny was to have been of the dinner), in order to go to Madame Fodor's benefit in

the evening. Tickets twenty francs each: Bessy went: opera, the "Elizabeth of Rossini;" some fine things, but heavy as a whole. Went and supped at Mrs. Story's afterwards.

11th. Walked to look at some of the remarkable streets mentioned by Saint Foix. Dined at Lord Stair's: company, Rancliffe, Lord Paulet, Colonel Milman (brother to the poet), Dalton, &c. &c.; magnificent style of living: went to his box at the French Opera afterwards, "Aladin." Did not go to Mrs. Gent's ball.

12th. Walked and wrote a little: my course, either today or yesterday (I forget which), by the Rue du Temple and the Rue Ste. Avoye, which took me out on the Quai by the Place de Grève. Was looking for the Rue des trois Pavillons, but could not find it. The Rue du Petit Bourbon (from a house in which, that had belonged to the Constable de Bourbon, Charles IX. fired on his Huguenot subjects as they crossed the water to the Faubourg St. Germain) is, as far as I can discover, demolished. Dined at Villamil's: company, Captain Light, Princesse Talleyrand, &c. &c. Music in the evening. At twelve o'clock, went with Bessy to the Macleods', and staid till near two.

13th. Weather very hot. Dined with the Lockitts and Storys at Riche's: sent an excuse to the Drummonds.

14th. Dined at De Flahault's: company, Madame de Souza, Monsieur De Lessert, Count Pahlen, and a Frenchman, whose name I don't know; very agreeable. De Flahault made me a present of "Courrier's Pamphlets," and Madame de Flahault of "Beranger's Songs." Had before dinner received tickets for the Duke of Orleans's box at the Italian: sent the Villamils and Bessy; joined them there afterwards; Count Pahlen took me. Some conversation with him about Rossini. Rossini at Venice

being employed to write an opera for the Carnival, passed off an old one upon them, but was, I believe, imprisoned three days for the deceit. In comparing him to Cimarosa, critics say, Cimarosa never repeated himself, but then there is but one of his pieces that keeps the stage, the "Matrimonio." The opera, to-night, "L'Italiana." Returned home to dress again, and went to Lady E. Stuart's ball; very splendid, a blaze of English beauty.

15th. Went to show the Lockitts Sommariva's collection, and lost my day by it. Dined with the Storys: they and Bessy went to the Variétés, taking also our dear Anastasia. I returned home and played over the whole of "L'Italiana," which Madame de Flahault lent me.

16th. My dear Anastasia's birthday; preparations for a young party on the occasion. Weather as warm as summer. Walked to the Rue des Fossés de St. Germain Auxerrois. Saw the Cul de Sac de Sourdis, where was one of the residences of Gabrielle d'Estrées. Saw also the Rue Bailleul (a very narrow street), where, according to St. Foix, she also lived *à l'Hôtel de Schomberg qui subsiste encore, derrière l'Hôtel d'Aligra.* This latter hotel is still there with the same name. Saw also, in the Rue Béthisy, which is a continuation of the Rue St. Germain Auxerrois, the site of the house (the second on the left *en entrant par la Rue de la Monnaie*) where Admiral Coligni was assassinated the night of St. Bartholomew. The church of St. Germain, &c., from which the signal was given, is opposite the façade of the Louvre.

17th. Dined at Colonel Huxley's, the father of the beautiful *blonde:* company, General Ramsay, Sir C. Green, &c. &c. Sung in the evening. Went from thence to Villamil's: Kenny, Davison, and Miss Holcroft; some music and supper.

18th. Went with Flahault and De Lessert to see a match at the Tennis Court: great activity exhibited by two boys. Flahault bet on the Vieux (as they were called, about twenty-nine years of age), and won. Dined at Fitzherbert's: Lord Rancliffe, Daly, and Dr. Gullifer; a little music in the evening. Returned home early.

19th. Dined at the Café Français with Bessy, the Storys, and Major Handley, and went to the Variétés in the evening. Potier in the "Frères Féroces" excellent. Took ice at Tortoni's afterwards.

20th. Dined at Robert's with Campbell of Saddell: company, Lord Beauchamp, Berkeley Craven, Irvine, Henry Baring, Macleod, &c. Beauchamp and Craven both clever in their way. The story of Montron falling into the saw-pit at Newmarket, &c. &c. Meant to go to *Frascati* afterwards, but changed my mind, and came home early.

21st. Walked all the way to the Place de la Bastille, and round by the Boulevard St. Antoine. Dined with Handley at Roberts': a dinner given chiefly for Bessy, but she was too tired with her shopping in the morning to come. The Storys, Miss Maurice, Lady Augusta Leith, and the two Mackenzies. Had received a note from Lady Rancliffe in the morning, to ask me to join her at the Français; went, just in time, to see Mars in the "Suite d'un Bal Masqué."

22nd. Went with Bessy, Mrs. Story, and Miss Drew, to see Soult's pictures. Denon took us. Denon said to me, "If ever you describe Jesus Christ, take that for your model (the figure of him in the Healing of the Sick); it is the only true idea ever given of him; *c'est la morale de Jesus Christ.*" Soult very civil to me: spoke about Lady Holland, &c. &c. Walked to look at the Rue Git

la Cour, where Francis I. built a palace to be near the hotel of the Duchesse d'Etampes. Dined at Chenevix's: company, the Payne Galways, the Howards, the Montalemberts, Fox, &c. &c. Went to the Opera to join Bessy and Mrs. Story, and supped afterwards.

23rd. Dined by myself at Véry's; joined Bessy at Mrs. S.'s. in the evening, and supped there.

24th. Write every day a few lines of some trifle or other for my *omnium gatherum*. Dined at Villamil's: a large party, the Storys, Douglases, Dawson, Kenny, &c. &c. Went away in the evening for a short time to Madame la Briche's (where I had been asked to dine) and saw there some high-flying royalists, Duc de Duras, &c.; returned to Villamil's and supped. Story, last night, won 2,600*l.* at ecarté; began with thirty-three Napoleons. Offered to-day to lend me as much of it as I chose, but declined with many thanks; a kind-hearted fellow as can be.

25th. Anniversary of my wedding-day: the Storys all start for England: the Villamils, Dawson, and Kenny dined with us. Went in the evening to the Feydeau, to see the "Paradis de Mahomet;" dull enough.

26th. Weather like midsummer; the dandies all mounting their white trowsers and straw hats. Am reading Lacretelle's "History of the Wars for Religion in France;" strange style sometimes. He says under Henry IV., Love *redevenait une passion digne des Français.* This is like Franconi's *Pendant que le roi de Navarre (ah! je me sens impatient de le nommer Henri IV.), &c. &c. A travers tant de scènes confuses, l'histoire n'a qu'une ressource, c'est de s'attacher au panache blanc de Henri IV.* On coming in to dress found that Tom had had a fall, which alarmed me a good deal; had him stripped and examined,

but it was only a bruise on his shoulder. Dined at Sir H. Mildmay's; Henry Leeson, Fox, King, and Latouche; agreeable enough. Two of Fox's stories good: the Prince de Poix stopped by a sentry, announced his name. *Prince de Poix!* (answered the sentry) *quand vous seriez le Roi des Haricots, vous ne passeriez pas par ici.* The wife of a colonel at a review in Dublin stopped by a sentry in the same manner, and telling him she was "the Colonel's lady," — "No matter for that, ma'am; if you were even his wife you couldn't pass." Came home early (being anxious about Tom) instead of going either to Madame Talleyrand's or Madame Sassenay's.

27th. Dined with the Ellices: Cornwall, the Standishes, Lambton, and Ellice's brother. Went in the evening to Madame de Broglie's: some conversation with Count Torreno and the Duc, who promised me a copy of his last speech. From thence went to Mrs. Gent's *infants'* ball.

28th. Was to have dined with Sir T. Webbe, but sent an apology, and agreed to go with the Villamils (Bessy and I) to see Madame Georges in "Merope;" dined with them. The play very affecting; a good farce afterwards, "Les Deux Manèges." Remarked the odd effect of the word *autel* occurring so often in the tragedy, and sounding like *hôtel.*

29th. Dined with Stibbert at Roberts': a large party: Lords Thanet, Kensington, Stair, and Beauchamp, Henry Baring, Sir Granville Temple, King, &c., about sixteen in all: very splendid dinner and very dull. Returned home at ten to see how Bessy (who has been very ill these two days past) was going on; found her in bed asleep and went out again. Eat ice at Tortoni's.

30th. Went at twelve with young Thayer to the

college in the Rue St. Jacques (College de France) to hear a lecture by Monsieur Guizot, who has given a course on the History of the Representative Government in England. This lecture embraced the period of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The parallel with which he concluded, between those times and the present, very striking; our superiority to them in intellectual acquirement, and our inferiority in moral energy; happiness and rights were then so rare and so difficult of attainment, that it was necessary to exert the whole force of men's nature, to gain ever so small a portion of them out of the struggle; now comforts are so diffused and *la vie est si facile*, that men grow indifferent, and are contented with *knowing* the rights they are entitled to, without taking any extraordinary pains to possess themselves of them: hence their theories are bold, but their practice timorous and compromising; it is in short the age of what he well described, *les esprits exigeans et les caractères complaisans.* Went from thence to the Sorbonne, where a new lecture room has been fitted up, and heard M. Biot on Physical Science. His lecture was upon sound; not very interesting. An exceedingly crowded auditory, and many young men here (as at M. Guizot's) taking notes. Dined at Villamil's with Dawson, and went to join the Macleods at the Variétés in the evening: supped with them afterwards.

31st. Dined at home: was to have gone to Madame la Briche's in the evening, to hear Madame Orfila sing, but got occupied with Bessy in examining and tearing up letters and papers, and did not go.

April 1st. No letter to decide me about my going. Dined at home. Villamil joined me over a leg of lamb and sausages, and enjoyed his little dinner exceedingly.

2nd. The Macleods called: wanted Bessy and me to

join them at the Café Français, or rather to be their guests: Bessy not liking to do so, I went.

3rd. A note from Mrs. Macleod to beg that, as they are off to-morrow, I should join them, Campbell, &c. at the Café Français to dinner: half promised; preferred, however, going with Bessy and Mrs. Villamil to the Cadran Bleu. Bessy ill with a pain in her face, which prevented her going to one of the little theatres (as was intended) in the evening. I went alone to the Ambigu, and saw the "Forêt d'Herminstadt."

4th. Dined with Rancliffe: company, Mildmay, King, Lumley, Lord Charlemont, &c. Heard that the party I was to have joined yesterday at the Café Français had a row with some Frenchman, who abused them, called them poltroons, &c. The men, Macleod, Gordon, Campbell, and Irvine, took no notice till the ladies had retired, but then found that this fellow was gone, and could not make out who he was.

5th. Saw Campbell at Longchamps, who told me the particulars. All arose from Miss Inglis shutting the door of the cabinet they were in, and (it is supposed) hitting the Frenchman's arm in doing so. The party, after they had got rid of the ladies, cast lots to decide who should call him out; it fell upon Irvine. Macleod and the ladies are off this morning; they have not yet discovered who is the man, but have put up *affiches* in the coffeehouse, and advertised to-day in Galignani. My lucky stars, not to have been of this party! Dined at Greffulhe's: company, Sir Sidney and his ladies, and some Frenchmen: sang in the evening. Had a letter from the Longmans to-day, to say that the new claim is 1400*l.*, and that instead of 300*l.*, which it was expected they would take, they actually de-

mand 600*l.*, so that I must not think of leaving France. Shall take a run over, however, for Power's sake.

6th. Walked to Montmartre, where I had heard there was a nice house to be let, but saw nothing. Sauntered about the cemetery, and lost myself for a while in very sad thoughts. Came home for Bessy, and walked her about a little. Dined by myself at St. Lambert's, and came home early. Smith the banker (Lord Carrington's brother), who has taken La Butte for the summer months, offers me, I am told, in the kindest manner, the *pavillon* I have already occupied, rent free: worth consideration. Met Campbell to-day: they have got into a further scrape by the *affiches* they stuck up, which were resented by some young French officers, as reflecting on the army in general. Gen. Gourgaud, too, tore down the *affiche* at the Café Français. These matters, however, have been explained away by the interference of Henry Baring. They have found that the original offender is at Bordeaux, and mean to set off there immediately (the whole three, as the lot is *again* to be cast) for the purpose of calling him out. What a pleasant business I should have had of it!

7th. Hired a carriage to take us all out (children, &c.), to a cold dinner at La Butte, previous to its being given up to the Smiths for the summer. Dawson of the party. Sauntered about: looked at a pretty house in the avenue, very tempting, but too dear. Home early.

8th. Dined with Bessy and Villamils, and Dawson, at the Rocher de Cancalle, and went to see the "Chateau de Kenilworth" at the Porte St. Martin afterwards; a shocking story. Have nearly made up my mind to accept of Mr. Smith's offer. Gordon came into our box to-night to take leave on his departure for Bordeaux to-morrow. Seemed in a state of much excitement. Handley goes with them

as friend, and was asking my advice this morning about some points he was a little doubtful in: told him he must positively confine the quarrel to *one*.

9th. Walked about with Bessy: was to have dined with Mildmay, but preferred Bushe, having been asked so often by him without being able to go. Company, Lord and Lady Charlemont, Lady Sligo, Sir C. Warrender, &c. Sat next to Lady Charlemont; a good deal of talk with her about Mad. de Genlis, &c. &c. Asked to Mrs. Armstrong's in the evening, but came home.

10th. Had a note yesterday from the Peters offering me their box for to-night's opera. Sent for Stasia to take her there. Dined at home, and went with Bessy and Anastasia: the "Danaïdes."

11th. Went and took my place in the diligence for Saturday, and got my passport. Dined with Rancliffe: Lords Thanet and Herbert, King, Fitzgerald, Flahault, &c. A story of Alvanley writing to a friend, "I have no credit with either butcher or poulterer, but if you can put up with turtle and turbot, I shall be happy to see you." Came home early.

12th. Have been transcribing these two days some of the trifles I have written lately, and marking on the proofs of "Rhymes on the Road" the poems which I wish to have omitted, in case any accident might prevent me from superintending their publication myself. Met Mr. Smith this morning, who invited me to join him in his carriage to-morrow morning, instead of going by the diligence: accepted his offer, and am to be off at six o'clock.

13th. Started between six and seven, and slept at Amiens; our party, Smith, Abercrombie, and young Smith.

14th. Smith told some anecdotes of the revolutionary

time in France: two brothers, one of whom was so shaken in his nerves by the scenes around him, that the other was in perpetual anxiety lest he should be surprised into some act of cowardice, and disgrace himself. They lived concealed; ventured out together to see the execution of Charlotte Corday; the horror of the nervous man, &c. &c. Bribed a soldier to aid in their escape from Paris, who told his wife, and she, in her fears for her husband, gave information; both executed. Another of a man, who, in making his escape in disguise, in coming to one of the frontier towns, asked a party whom he did not know, but with whom he had been singing revolutionary songs through the street, to dine with him; drank republican toasts, &c. The same party saw him out of town in the evening, singing as in the morning; his escape from them, and breathless run when he got beyond the frontier: heard afterwards that the whole of the party had been seized as his accomplices, and most of them (a young girl among the number) executed. Met Lord Lansdowne on the road to-day; got out and shook hands with him. Arrived at Boulogne at eight in the evening, and decided for going in the steam packet from thence.

15th. The scene of our departure (at about half past four) very amusing; all the fashionables of Boulogne, in gigs, carriages, curricles, &c. on the pier. Resurrection of many Irish friends whom I had thought no longer *above* the *world:* Tom Grady, who told me that there was some other region (unknown) to which those, who exploded at Boulogne, were blown. Told me of some half-pay English officers, who having exhausted all other means of raising the wind, at last levied subscriptions for a private theatre, and having announced the "Forty Thieves" for the first representation, absconded on the morning of the

day with the money. Our passage only four hours, but very disagreeable.

16th. Separated from the rest of the party, and started in the coach at half-past ten. Cunningham and Col. Meyrick my companions. C. mentioned that Prince Paul of Wirtemberg one day at Rothschild's, upon being frequently addressed as plain "Paul" by the Jew, said at last, casting his eyes towards the servant at his back, *Monsieur le Baron Rothschild, mon domestique se nomme Pierre.* Meyrick mentioned several puns against Napoleon at the Variétés (it must have been during the Cent Jours), one of which was something of this kind, *Le garde mérite la croix de la Légion d'Honneur, L'Empereur l'accorde* (*la corde*). Went on my arrival to Power's, and slept there.

17th. Took lodgings at Blackie's, the baker, in Bury Street, from whom I learned that my good old friend and landlady, Mrs. Pineand, died near a year since at Edinburgh. Went to the Longmans; dined there, and Rees and I went to Covent Garden afterwards, to see "Cherry and Fair Star."

18th. Found my lodgings so uncomfortable that I paid part of the week, and took others at 24. Bury Street. Dined at the George and went to Drury Lane. Elliston (whom I had called upon in the morning, but who was ill in bed), had a private box prepared for me. Saw Madame Vestris in "Don Juan," and was delighted with her.

19th. Dined with Lord Essex: company, Brougham, Lord A. Hamilton, and Bob Smith. Brougham mentioned having heard some one describe the execution of a *Cretin* as particularly horrible; the creature's unconsciousness of what was to be done, his pride at being the object of so much crowd and bustle, &c. Went in the evening to Lord Blessington's; found a party there, among whom was Galt

the writer. Met Henry de Roos to-day, who gave me a ticket for the Opera. Lady Blessington has given me another.

20th. Dined with Lady Donegal, and went to the Opera in the evening: part of the evening in the Blessingtons' box, where I met the Speaker, who very civilly volunteered his permission for my entrance under the gallery, the night of Canning's Catholic motion. Went afterwards to Lady Grey's box.

21st. Went out to dine at Holland House: company, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord J. Russell, Lord Gower, Lord Clanwilliam, &c. &c. Some conversation with Lord Holland at dinner. I said if Burke and Bacon were not poets (measured lines not being necessary to constitute one), I did not know what poesy meant. Lord H. said that Mackintosh did not consider Burke poetical. Talked of the Duke of Orleans (Egalité): was *not* such as he will be represented in history, that is, weak and wicked, but very clever and only shabby. Lord H. mentioned a curious fancy of Lord Wycombe (late Lord Lansdowne), attaching himself to a Colonel Neale, of the 9th regiment of foot, merely on account of his extraordinary ignorance; "a phenomenon of a man having lived so long without learning anything;" used to delight in persuading him that he was clever, &c. &c. Slept there in a beautiful little bed-room.

22nd. Irving, with whom I arranged the matter yesterday, came out at eleven o'clock to pay his homage. Lady H. said, "What an uncouth hour to come at," which alarmed me a little; but she was very civil to him. Showed me her Napoleon treasure, and the extracts from the will. Wanted me, right or wrong, to stay to-day to meet Lord Grey and Jeffrey; but could not, being

engaged to Lord Blessington. By the bye, met Jeffrey on Saturday: did not know me, I being, as he said, so full of bloom and youth; whereas the last time he saw me I looked pale and careful. Walked in with Irving; called at Kingston House (Lord Listowell's) in our way. Wants me to dine there on Thursday, but Lord John's motion for Reform will prevent me. Met the Sergeant-at-arms to-day, who told me that the Speaker had mentioned me to him as to be let in under the gallery on Canning's motion. Called upon Lady Grey, and sat with her some time. Dined at Lord Blessington's: company, Lord Erskine, Dr. Parr, Captain Morris, Lord Auckland, Galt, &c. None of the veterans very bright, though the old American sung some of his songs. What a venerable triumvirate,—learning, law, and lilting! Ought to have mentioned that, soon after my arrival, I spoke to Murray upon the subject of Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" of my wish to redeem them, and cancel the deed of sale; which Murray acceded to with the best grace imaginable. Accordingly, there is now an agreement making out, by which I become his debtor for two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands, as security, till I am able to pay it. This is, I feel, an over-delicate deference to the opinions of others; but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction; and I know I shall feel the happier when rid of the bargain. Got an Opera ticket from Lady Grey, and sent it and another to the Forsters.

23rd. Dined with Shee: showed me a poem he had written upon Scott, Lord Byron, and me,—"Three poets in three different *regions* born." Left him early for the Opera. The house splendid; most of the women in their drawing-room dresses, and the general rising to "God save the

King" most striking. What a contrast to the *canaille*-looking audiences of Paris. Some time in the Grey's box. Went behind the scenes, my old haunt at this house. Many years since I was there before. Went to the British Museum this morning with the Forsters.

24th. Dined with Chantrey: went with him, in the evening, to Sir Humphrey Davy's scientific *soirée*, where I met Sotheby, &c.; and from thence to Almack's. A very pretty show of women, though not quite what it used to be. N. B. Chantrey's remark about sculpture having taken the lead of painting in ancient times, and *vice versâ*, among the moderns. The consequences of this.

25th. Sat to Newton. Took an early dinner at the George, and went off to the House of Commons, to hear Lord John's speech on the Reform. Got a very good place under the gallery; Lord John sat with me till the time for his motion came on. His speech excellent, full of good sense and talent, and, though occupying nearly three hours in the delivery, listened to throughout with the profoundest attention. Towards the end of the debate Canning spoke, and far surpassed every thing I had expected from him. It was all that can be imagined *agreeable* in oratory; nothing, certainly, profound or generalising, or grand or electric; but for good taste, for beauty of language, for grace, playfulness, and all that regards manner and display, it was perfect. Eat cold meat at Bellamy's (introduced by Lambton); and did not leave the house till near two.

26th. Called upon Lord John, and sat with him some time. Upon Canning, whom I congratulated upon his speech of last night, "What (he said), were you there? I was little aware I had such a critical auditor." Was

asked to dine to-day at Lord Burghersh's, but dined at Kingston's: company, Mrs. Story, Twiss, Hallam, Sotheby, and Irving. Went in the evening to Lady Burghersh's, and afterwards to Mrs. Thomas Hope's, where I saw Miss Edgeworth.

27th. Walked about with Lord John. Dined at Holland House: Jeffrey, Wishaw, Irving, Knight, &c. &c. Talked of a worm that destroys books in India, and the difficulty of getting rid of it. Irving and I went to the Opera.

28th. Sat to Newton. Went and worked at the "National Melodies," with Bishop, for about two or three hours. Dined at Abercromby's. Met Lady Morgan this morning, who begged me to join her, Lady C. Lamb, and General Pepe (a glorious "triumvirate," as she herself calls a man and his cow, and something else in the Wild Irish Girl), to a *soirée* at Lydia White's to-morrow night.

29th. Called upon Luttrel after breakfast. Found there Beresford, author of the "Miseries;" a grotesque-minded person, very amusing. Dined at Kinnaird's: company, the Duke of Sussex, Sir F. Burdett, Jeffrey, Hobhouse, &c. &c. Sat next to Jeffrey. Talking of the trouble of the "Edinburgh Review," he said, "Come down to Edinburgh, and I'll give you half of it." I told him I thought the public "would find, in that case, one half of the disc obscured." Duke of Sussex asked me to dine with him to-morrow, but excused myself on account of Canning's motion. A long conversation with Hobhouse about Lord B.'s "Memoirs," which confirmed me more and more in my satisfaction in having rescinded the bargain. Hobhouse an upright and honest man. In speaking of Lord B. he said, "I know more of B. than any one else, and much more than I should wish anybody else to know."

Gave up Lady Grey's again, and walked down to the House of Commons with Jeffrey. Talk about Lord Byron; expressed his fear that Lord B. had but few of the social sympathies in his heart. Went in for a short time, and heard Brougham on Finance.

30th. Breakfasted with Luttrel, and walked out with him. Alluding to my restlessness, he said I was "like a little bright ever-moving ball of quicksilver; 'it still eludes you, and it glitters still.'" We did nothing but repeat our respective verses to each other; some of his admirable. Called upon Irving with him. Met that Vaughan who said, in answer to my inquiries about the 200*l.* sent by the Prince to Sheridan, that it was understood to be merely for the moment, and that more was to come when wanted. This alters the complexion of the thing materially. L. mentioned a poetical midshipman who described the weather in the log book thus, "Light airs, languishing into calms." Laid in some cold meat and went to the House of Commons; avenues all blocked up with unsuccessful candidates for admission. After several repulses, and at last giving it up in despair, was taken in by Jerningham as one of the Catholics on his list, Mr. Blunt. Sat next Lord Limerick and Randolph, the famous American orator; a singular looking man, with a young-old face, and a short small body, mounted upon a pair of high crane legs and thighs, so that, when he stood up, you did not know when he was to end, and a squeaking voice like a boy's just before breaking into manhood. His manner, too, strange and pedantic, but his powers of eloquence (Irving tells me) wonderful. Canning's speech very able and statesman-like, but far less beautiful as a display than that of the other night; *that* was indeed the *bouquet* of his *feux d'artifice.*

Supped at Stevens's: the last time I supped there was with Lord Byron at three in the morning.

May 1st. Took Irving to dine at Lady Donegal's: Lord Clifton and Charles Moore of the party. Irving and I went afterwards to the Ancient Music, where "I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me" was performed (the first time that anything of mine has presumed to breathe in this venerable atmosphere), and encored. From thence I went to Catalani's concert, where, also (proud triumphs for Irish Music!!), the thing that produced most sensation was "The Last Rose of Summer," on Nicholson's flute; and finished the night at Almack's, having been obliged to go home and dress again, and being nearly excluded for my lateness. Some conversation here with Canning and Lord Grey.

2nd. Went with Irving to breakfast at Holland House. The Duke of Bedford came in after breakfast, fresh from his duel with the Duke of Buckingham. Introduced Irving to the Longmans, and dined with him there, in order to go to see Mathews in the evening: Rees went with us. Very clever and amusing, but too much of it. Too tired to go to Devonshire House (which I have now missed three Thursdays), and went with Irving to sup at the Burton ale house.

3rd. Called, and sat with Lady Lansdowne, who was full of kindness. Went to the private view of the Exhibition with Mrs. Chantrey and Lady Dacre. Two fine things of Westmacott's among the sculpture, a Psyche and a Beggar-woman; the latter full of sentiment, carrying the art, too, into a new region. Lawrence's *Adonized* George IV., disgraceful both to the King and the painter; a lie upon canvas. Was to have dined to-day with the Artists' Benevolent Society, but preferred a dinner alone

at Richardson's coffee-house, and went to Covent Garden in the evening. Miss Stephens delightful. Received, on my return home, a letter from Jeffrey, saying that he had "heard of my misfortunes and of the noble way I bore them," and adding, "would it be very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your disposal, to be paid when you like; and as much more that I could advance upon any reasonable security, payable in seven years." The letter concludes with the most anxious and delicate apologies for having taken the liberty; and assuring me that he would not have made the offer, if he did not feel that he would most readily accept the same assistance from me. This is deeply gratifying.

4th. Breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne: told him of my last arrangement with Murray. He said that *his* chief objection to the disposal of the "Memoirs" was removed by Lord Byron's having given me full powers (as to correction and alteration) over the whole of the MS. signed by bond, &c. &c. to Murray. Dined with Power. Sent to Rees to come to me in the evening, and told him what I had done with Murray. Staid at Power's, and looked over some of my music, having given my Opera ticket for to-night to Irving.

5th. Sat to Phillips the painter, for the finishing of the picture he began two or three years ago. Went to Stothard to give him my idea of the designs he is about for the 4th No. of "National Melodies." Irving walked about with me: called together at Lady Blessington's, who is growing very absurd. "I have felt very melancholy and ill all this day," she said. "Why is that?" I asked. "Don't you know?" "No." "It is the anniversary of my poor Napoleon's death." Four invitations to dinner on my list to-day, but, owing to some puzzlement about Hol-

land House, lost all, and dined alone at a coffee-house in Covent Garden. Met Lord and Lady Tavistock, who were to dine with the Hollands, and begged them to explain why I did not go out. Went to Power's in the evening, and wrote out a National Melody.

6th. Sat to Newton and to Phillips. Went with Mrs. Story, Irving, and Newton to the Exhibition. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, the Abercombys, Oakden, young Macdonald, and Wishaw. Went with Lord and Lady Lansdowne at ten o'clock to St. Paul's to see it lighted up with gas, for, I believe, the first time. Afterwards to Lady Grey's; where I sung, and the girls played.

7th. Occupied in calls and packing; desperate rain. Irving went with me to the inn in St. Clement's, from which the Dover mail starts; where we dined; and at half-past seven I was off.

8th. A stiff breeze: had some thoughts of not venturing across, but at last decided for it. A most stormy and sickening passage: found Macdonald (Mrs. Armstrong's brother) among the passengers, and joined him, on landing at Calais, to the Hotel de Bourbon, where we were very comfortable. Went to the theatre, where some English actors performed in the evening.

9th. Started in the diligence (Armstrong and I), at alf-past nine.

10th. Arrived in Paris at six. Found Bessy not at all well, and looking wretchedly: dined at home. Villamil called in the evening; and, soon after, Denon. Told me the medal of Grattan was nearly finished. By the bye, when Lord Holland was in Paris, I mentioned to him the plan I had for ten persons subscribing five pounds each to have a medal executed; and he bid me put down his name

for two subscriptions. Informed by Denon that Rogers is arrived in Paris from Italy.

11th. Called to look for Rogers at the Hôtel de Breteuil, but not there. Told by Lord Granard (who wants R. and me to dine with him on Sunday or Monday), that he was at the Hôtel de Londres. Went to dine at Véry's with the Villamils and Bessy: saw Rogers there, dining with Millingen: seemed very good-natured and glad to see us.

12th. R. agreed to dine with me at Lord G.'s. Went out to La Butte to Mrs. Smith, who is about to give up the place, thinking that it does not agree with her, and thereby upsets all my plans for the summer. Never were quiet and study more necessary to me, and never did I seem much farther from them. No one at Lord Granard's but ourselves, Rogers and I, and Lady Rancliffe. Went together in the evening to the Duchess of Hamilton's, where we found the Duke and her, and one or two foreigners.

13th. Walked about with Rogers for two or three hours. Asked me to dine with him to-morrow, at Roberts'.

14th. Joined R. at Roberts', at five; had asked Gallois and Stewart Rose, but they were engaged: sat down (he and I) to a splendid dinner at fifteen francs a-head, exclusive of wine. Poets did not feed so in the "olden time." Went to the Italian Opera afterwards: Camilla (by Paer); Madame Pasta very fine. R. told me a good deal about Lord Byron, whom he saw both going and coming back. Expressed to R. the same contempt for Shakspeare which he has often expressed to me; treats his companion Shelley very cavalierly. By the bye, I find (by a letter received within these few days, by

Horace Smith), that Lord B. showed Shelley the letters I wrote on the subject of his "Cain," warning him against the influence Shelley's admiration might have over his mind, and deprecating that wretched display of atheism which Shelley had given into, and in which Lord B. himself seemed but too much inclined to follow him. Shelley too has written anxiously to Smith to say how sorry he should be to stand ill in my opinion, and making some explanation of his opinions which Smith is to show me. Rogers starts for England to-morrow morning.

15th. Went out to look at the house near Bellevue, which Mrs. Cuningham occupied last year; but it was let. Joined the V.s and Bessy at Véry's to dinner. Called yesterday on Mrs. Smith at Auteuil, where she has taken a house.

16th. Drove out with Bessy and Villamil to call upon Mrs. Smith. Looked at the apartment in Auteuil, which I have so often looked at: but it won't do. In coming past Passy, Bessy got out of the carriage, and walked through it house-hunting. Found one that, I think, will just do. Dined at Véry's with the Villamils, and went to the Italian to see "Romeo and Juliet:" Madame Pasta in Romeo delightful.

17th. Drove out with Bessy and Mrs. V. to see the *pavillon* at Passy: all liked it exceedingly. Agreed for it: 1500 francs for six months, and power to keep on a year for 500 more. Dined at Véry's with the Villamils; and went afterwards to some sports in the Palais Royal, and the Café des Nymphes de Calypso: evidently not a very virtuous place.

18th. Bessy went out with one of the maids to Sèvres to bring away our things, and the other went to Passy to air beds, &c. Dined with the Villamils at Véry's. Bessy

did not return till eleven at night, much fatigued with her operations.

19th. Went over the état of our Rue d'Anjou lodgings, with the old porter, &c. Came off to Passy. Have now some prospect of quiet.

20th. Walked in for the purpose of ordering wine, and other little arrangements: wet day. Returned to dinner.

21st. My first task, completing the unfinished verses of the 4th No. of "National Melodies."

23rd. Wrote out what I had done, and walked with my packet into Paris. Bessy had gone in the morning, and both dined with the Villamils at the Café Français.

24th. Began writing for my little work ("The Letters from Abroad"), finishing the poem on Country Dance and Quadrille: wrote thirty-two lines of it. Walked at half past three to meet Villamil at the Tir le Page in the Champs Elysées; tried my hand at firing, and, after some trials, hit a *poupée*. The Villamils dined with us.

25th. Some lines of the Quadrille thing.

26th. Finished the poem, having written more than 100 lines of it since I came. Miss Drew to dinner. All walked for Anastasia in the evening. With some people, the heart is the spoiled child of the imagination.

27th. Wrote my letters, and began a poem called the "Three Angels,"— a subject on which I long ago wrote a prose story, and have ever since meditated a verse one. Lord B. has now anticipated me in his "Deluge;" but *n'importe*, I'll try my hand. Went into town with my letters, and dined with the Villamils at Véry's.

28th. More of the poem. Horace Smith, Kenny, and Villamil to dinner. Smith mentioned a conundrum upon Falstaff: "My first is a dropper, my second a propper,

and my third a whapper." Promised to dine with Smith on Monday next. My birthday, but forgot to have my health drunk; which would not have been the case if Bessy had dined with us.

29th. Roasting weather. Worked at the poem. Bessy and I walked to take Anastasia to Mrs. Forster's in the evening; I turned into the Tir le Page to try some shots, but fired wide of my mark.

31st. Bessy and I started at ten o'clock in order to go with the Villamils to see Raincy, which now belongs to the D. of Orleans. Day scorching hot: had luncheon there under the trees, and then walked about. The Rivière Anglaise (which, we were told, the old D. of Orleans had *depensé une somme enorme* to make *sur la crête de la montagne*) a poor little gutter, about as wide as the river down the Prince Regent's table at his memorable fête. In going went by Pantin, the great reservoir and laboratory of the Poudrette, and therefore insufferable for stench; but, thanks to the quarter of the wind, not very offensive to-day. Returned by Montreuil (Les Pêches); the sight of the country here, covered with walls and espaliers, very curious, but a dreary place; no shade in summer, nothing but bare walls in winter. Arrived at Véry's between six and seven and dined. The whole very agreeable.

June 1st. At work: expect to have written 100 lines by to-morrow evening, which, with yesterday's idleness, is doing wonders within the week. No walking beyond the garden to-day. A violent storm of rain; thunder and lightning came on between three and four, which lasted all the evening and night.

2nd. Turned my 100 lines in the course of this day. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne with Bessy, &c. after dinner, and looked at the dancing.

3rd. Set off at two in the Parisienne to dine with Smith at Versailles: the weather insufferably hot: company, Greathead, Berguer, Kenny, and Grattan. Some amusing stories told. Harry Erskine saying to a man who found him digging potatoes in his garden, "This is what you call *otium cum diggin a taty.*" It appears that Dante Cary is the author of those pretty translations from the old French poets in the London Magazine.

4th. A letter most kind and affectionate from Lord Strangford. Says that the game is up with the poor Greeks, and that they will be now in a worse situation than they have been in since the taking of Constantinople. Dined at home and worked. Walked with Bessy and Tom to the Bois de Boulogne after dinner; on our return found the Forsters, who drank tea.

5th. Wrote and walked. Weather tremendously hot, the thermometer some days at 90° in the shade. Feel that it does not agree with me.

6th. Villamil called: went into Paris with him. Heard of the arrival of my good friend G. Bryan and his family; had not time to call. Dined at Forsters. Bessy came in the evening. All went to Beaujon; several turns down in the cars with Emma and the rest of the girls, my Anastasia among the number. No hackney coach to be got at night, and obliged to walk Bessy home after twelve o'clock by that dreary Boulevard.

7th. Wrote a note to Bryan, and sent for "Otello" to Calais, where I have subscribed for three months music. After dinner played over some of it; nothing very good except the duet, in which *Si dopo lei morro* occurs, and Desdemona's scene in the last act. Went to walk in the Bois de Boulogne, and on my return found the Bryans. Agreed to dine with them to-morrow

8th. Went at two (Bessy and I); eat ice in the Palais Royal with Bryan. They had at dinner, Mrs. B.'s brother and his wife, and George and *his*, a pretty woman. Left them pretty early, and called at the Drews; thence home.

9th. Finished to-day (within one or two) my 100 lines for the week.

10th. Went into Paris to attend a meeting for the pur pose of relieving those unfortunate Irish, who are always in some scrape or other, either rebelling, or blarneying, or starving, which is, perhaps, the worst of all. Sir C. Stuart took the chair; found myself named on the committee. Sir S. Smith made a speech, and contrived to bring some of his whims and theories to bear even upon the subject of Irish starvation. Proposed sending them wine from Bordeaux, and portable soup from Paris. Walked about the Palais Royal with Bryan for an hour. A thundering storm came on. Went to Véry's to write my letters, which I sent off by a commissionaire, and dined there. When half done, the Villamils came and joined me. Called for Anastasia on my way home in the evening. Have done nothing to-day.

11th. Wrote some lines. Bryan and his son George came out to dine with us.

12th. Had put down my name at Lafitte's for 100 francs to the Irish subscription, but have removed it till I see what are the arrangements under this new plan. Wrote and walked.

13th. Walked into town to attend the Irish Committee. Returned to dinner at five.

14th. Wrote and walked.

15th. Went into Paris to attend the committee. Am appointed one of the collectors at the door for the charity

sermon to-morrow; subscribed 200 francs. Dined with Bessy, Bryan, and the Villamils at Véry's.

16th. In at half-past two to attend the sermon; very little on my plate, but near 200*l.* altogether collected. Bessy and I dined at Lady Susan Douglas's, and drank tea at the Bryans'.

17th. Wrote out an air for the "Blindfolding of Love," and sent it off to Power. Have done my 100 lines this week.

20th. Went in with my letters, intending to dine with the Bryans, but found they were engaged. Called on Dr. Sigmond, who brought me a letter from Lady Burdett and her nice daughter Susanna, who inclosed some music. Called afterwards on Kirk the sculptor, who told me he had (under the idea that I was in London) brought a cast of me as far as Liverpool, in order that I might sit to him for some little details, and that Croker, upon hearing it was there, insisted upon having it, and made him write to Liverpool for it. Appointed to take Kirk to-morrow to see Sommariva's Magdalen. Dined by myself at Riche's, and called in my way home for Anastasia, the Bryans wishing she should accompany us to dine with them there to-morrow.

21st. Went in at two with Bessy and Anastasia, after writing my usual number of lines. Waited at Sommariva's for Kirk three quarters of an hour, but he never came. Dined all at Bryans'; their carriage brought us home in the evening. A long letter from Lord Byron to-day: he has lost his little natural daughter, Allegra, and seems to feel it a good deal. When I was at Venice, he said, in showing me this child, "I suppose you have some notion of what they call the parental feeling, but I confess I have not; this little thing amuses me, but that's all."

This, however, was evidently all affected; he feels much more naturally than he will allow.

22nd. Lounged about and wrote. Have just finished the First Angel's Tale. By the bye, a brother of Mrs. Goold, who is in the Navy, called upon me some evenings since: said with what delight he and his brother officers had read my Bermuda poems on the spot; how they had looked for the little bay, &c. Told me that my pretty little friend Mrs. W. Tucker, was dead, and that they showed her grave at St. George's as being that of "Nea."

23rd. Working and walking. Begun a song to send to Power to-morrow.

29th. Went with Bessy into town, to see her off to Montmorenci with the Villamils. She and I dined at Riche's, they being engaged to the Duc de San Lorenzo's. Saw her off at seven. Went to Bryan's. A saying at Paris, *Il faut être* riche *pour diner chez Hardy, et* Hardi *pour dinez chez Riche.*

30th. Worked very well; have finished my 100 lines. Went into town to dine with Bryan: took him to the Café de la Paix in the evening. Came home by the gondole. An amazing reciter of verses among the passengers: set him right about some lines of Malesherbe's. Seemed rather astonished at my exclaiming from my dark corner at the end of each of his recitations, *C'est de Malesherbes, ça. Oui, Monsieur. C'est de Scarron. Oui, Monsieur.*

July 1st. Have now done 500 lines of the poem. Dined at Véry's, and went to Bryan's in the evening. Called at Forster's on my way home, and offered myself to dinner there to-morrow. Went to the Louvre this morn-

ing with Kirk, to look at the modern sculpture; some of it very good. The son of Niobe, by Pradier, very clever. A sleeping Nymph with a Faun stealing fruit from her, by Lemoyne, some parts of it charming. Innocence weeping the death of a snake, by Ramy, full of beauty and simplicity. Took him to Denon's afterwards. Denon told me of a picture at the Louvre this year, the subject of which is a set of pigs, with underneath the inscription (seen on several), *Société des Amis des Arts.*

2nd. Wrote about twenty lines. Dined at Forster's, and passed the evening in the garden with the girls.

4th. Met Kirk at Forster's at three, that he might see our dear Anastasia, and give an account of her to my mother. She was in high beauty, and he seemed much struck with her countenance. Walked in with him. Dined at Véry's, and went to the Beaujon with the Bryans in the evening. Luckily found a cuckoo at eleven to bring me out.

5th. Not very well; went in late. Dined at Riche's, and thence walked to the Ambigu Comique: staid but a short time, and not finding a carriage at the Place Louis Quinze, had the whole way to Passy to walk back again.

6th. Went out with the Douglases to Montmorenci. Had completed, within a few lines, my 100 during the five days, which is good going. Found Bess and her dear little fellow very well. Walked before dinner in a pretty park, and after went on the water. The effect of the coming storm on one side of the heavens, and the remains of sunset on the other, very fine. Had half intended to stay till Monday, but thought I should lose less time by returning to Paris. Slept at Lady Susan's. Lucy and I sung duets in the midst of all the lightning, coming home; tremendous flashes, and the carriage open.

7th. Got home to Passy about one. Dined at home; sauntered into Paris in the evening.

8th. Surprised by a visit from Bessy. Went into Paris, and dined with her and the Villamils at Véry's. Saw her off again in the evening, and went to see an act of "Ferdinand Cortez" at the Opera. Found a note on my return from Lady Mildmay, saying that the "Tancredi" is to be to-morrow, and reminding me that I was to dine and go with them.

9th. Not the "Tancredi," but resolved to go. Dined with the Mildmays: opera, "Romeo." They may talk of the profanation of turning Shakspeare's stories into operas, but Pasta's Romeo and Desdemona are to me as touching as the poet's. Got home about eleven.

12th. Did not go in till very late. Took four or five turns about the Palais Royal (the weather being very wet) before I dined, alone, at Véry's: called on Bryan afterwards. Mentioned some one saying that second marriages were "the triumph of hope over experience." Home early. Had another message yesterday from the Prince Royal of Prussia about "Lalla Rookh:" he told the writer of the letter that he always sleeps with a copy of the poem under his pillow.

13th. Bessy and her dear little fellow came home from Montmorenci; found them so much better for their trip that I am resolved they shall go back again. Went in to dine with the Bryans. Bessy too tired to accompany me; came home early.

14th. A troublesome gentleman, who has called several times, insisted upon seeing me: said his business was of a *romantic* nature, and the romance was his asking me to lend him money enough to keep him for a month: told me he was the author of the "Hermit in London," but begged

me to keep his secret. Told him I had no money myself, but would try what a friend I was going to dine with would do for him: this merely to get rid of "the Hermit." Bessy and I went in to dine with the Bryans. Tremendous storm in the evening; Bryan's coachman wanting to put us out in the midst of it.

15th. Have done pretty well this week: near 120 lines. Bessy went in to meet Mrs. Villamil; joined her at five. Thought Mrs. V. would join us at a restaurateur's (Villamil being away on a visit to the Princess Talleyrand's), but she feared returning so late. Dined, Bessy and I, at Riche's: went to Forster's in the evening.

16th. Worked pretty well: dined at home: walked in the evening. On my return found that Bessy, upon sending for Anastasia to come home (in order to meet the Bryans to-morrow), was informed that she was ill, and had walked off to see her. Followed and overtook her: both a good deal alarmed, but found the dear child but little the worse for the attack, which was a giddiness in the head from deranged stomach.

17th. Bessy went in early to provide for to-day's dinner. Saw Anastasia in her way, and found her much better. The Bryans to dinner. Received to-day a letter from Brougham, inclosing one from Barnes (the editor of *The Times*), proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time in writing the leading articles of that paper; the pay to be 100*l.* a-month. This is flattering. To be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine as *The Times* newspaper is a tribute the more flattering (as is usually the case) from my feeling conscious that I do not deserve it.

18th. Wrote to decline the proposal of *The Times*.

25th. Dined with the Mildmays, and accompanied her

to the Opera to see Pasta in "Tancredi." Nothing could be more perfect than the pathos of both her acting and singing. Greffulhe said that Talma declares she is as much superior to Duchesnois in acting, as Duchesnois is to V——. Got home rather late. Called this morning, and sat some time with Emma Forster.

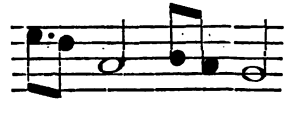
31st. Have done fifty lines within these two days, which, contrary to my expectation, completed my 1000 to-day. Dined at Bryan's.

August 1st. Worked away. Dined with the Douglases, under the idea of going to Beaujon, but the weather too wet.

4th. Called upon by the Douglases at three to go and dine at Mr. Thayer's [an American, to whom their hotel (de Morency) and the Passage du Panorama belongs] at his country house at Sceaux. A large and strange party there: among others the famous M. Say, whom I found agreeable. In speaking of Lamartine he said, that his school, which was that of Chateaubriand, met with strong opposition from the critics. M. Chenier particularly had attacked it. Praised Chenier: said his epistles were, some of them, equal to Voltaire's. No truth whatever in the story of his having been accessory to his brother's death in the Revolution. Said that the school of Chateaubriand consisted in producing effects more by words than ideas; that it added to the stock of phrases without increasing that of thought. For instance, he said, Chateaubriand, in calling God *Le grand Célibataire du Monde* (what wretched affectation!) conveyed no more than if he had called him *Le Père Eternel,* or any other common name. Madame Thayer (a very hearty good-natured person) told me at dinner of a friend of hers, M. Labourdonnaye, who is enthusiastic about "Lalla Rookh," carries it about with him

everywhere, &c. &c. Among the company too was Garat, brother to the old singer of that name, who sings himself with much spirit, and gave an Anacreontic after dinner with great effect. In the evening went to the dance in the park, which was very pretty. Returned and had music. A French girl, Mademoiselle Picheraut, sung some things of Rossini's, accompanied by Consul of the Opera. I sang too. Home at twelve. Lucy and I chanting duets by moonlight all the way.

5th. Rather interrupted in the morning. Mrs. V. to breakfast. She and Bessy took me in at three. Called on Bryan: thence to Lafitte's, where, in talking of the disgraceful outrage on the English actors last week, somebody said, that in Buonaparte's time, when there was a violent opposition to a play called "Christophe Colomb" (merely because it was written in violation of rules of the critics), Napoleon sent down to the theatre, not only some troops of gens-d'armerie, but a piece of artillery, and carried the tragedy off smoothly. What a powerful support at an author's back! Dined alone at Véry's, and home early in the evening.

6th. Have finished to-day 1100, making at the rate of twenty lines a-day since last Thursday. Took Bessy in at four to dine with the Bryans, who had a box at the Opera for the night. The "Barbière." Remark on the pathos of the accompaniment to a bass duet

Home before twelve.

7th. At home. Wrote to the Bryans in the evening to say that I meant to take Bessy to Tancredi to-morrow, and asking them to join us. Walked in.

8th. Note from Bryan, to say he had taken a box,

Went and dined with them. Pasta charming. The way she sings *Traditore;* her action with the finger in the girdle; her dignity in pronouncing *Saprai, quando cadrai;* all delightful.

11th. Dined at home, and went with Lucy afterwards to Lady Virginia's at the Observatoire, to see the Jardin Suisse. Very pretty: went down in the cars. A violent rain-storm came to dissolve the vision. Supped afterwards with Lady Virginia, who gave Bessy a pretty bronze kettle; left at home by Lucy.

12th. Have done, since the 6th (Tuesday), one hundred lines more. Walked in to make visits: to Mr. Brodie (introduced to me by Godwin); to Miss Stephens, who, I delight to find, is as wild about Pasta as myself. Says her heart never was thoroughly touched by a singer before. Bessy and I dined at Douglas's; John Bushe and an Algerine, one of Douglas's monsters from the East. Mrs. Armstrong and singing in the evening.

13th. Bryan rode out in the morning with a present of a pretty watch set in pearls and a gold chain for Anastasia to wear at the children's ball given by the Douglases to-night; but Bessy too ill to take her. Dined at home, and called upon the Bryans in the evening to go to the ball: a large party, ladies Isabella Chabot, Emily Henry, Lucy Foley, Sligo, Clanricarde, Kensington, &c. &c., with their respective little ones. Very sorry that little Stasy did not make one of the number: came home early.

14th. Bessy and I dined at the Bryans'. Am not writing much to my satisfaction this week.

15th. Nervous and uncomfortable. Dined at Forster's to meet Bishop. Some talk about music. B. said that Handel was the first who studied general effect, and

brought his voices and instruments into *masses*, as a painter would call it: Mozart carried this to perfection: Haydn had not so much of it; too fond of finishing up bits to the injury of the whole. Does not think that Rossini's music will live. Had some singing in the evening. Tried over *Mi manca la voce*, which he owns to be perfectly beautiful. Had a hackney coach home for Bessy, who came after dinner.

25th. Walked in through the mummeries of the Champs Elysées at three o'clock. Received a very kind letter last night from Lord Lansdowne, chiefly relative to the cottage at Sloperton, which, by the death of old Hall, there is now another chance of my having if I choose. One paragraph of his letter is as follows: "I can only say, that if an address from all the neighbours of Sloperton could recal you, you would speedily receive one as cordial and affectionate, and perhaps rather more sincere, than those which his Majesty is now collecting from the loyalty of his Scottish subjects, and in which the inhabitants of Bowood would certainly not be behindhand." Dined at Bryan's and went at seven with them to join the Douglases, for the purpose of seeing the fireworks, &c. Walked and drove about till past ten, and then the D.s took me home. Have done now 1400 and some odd lines.

28th. Very much interrupted these two or three days. Obliged, by having fixed the day myself, to go in and dine with Darby: company Lattin, Sir Robert Wilson, Beckett (under-secretary), Lord Sligo, &c. &c. Did not dine till near seven, and left them at eight, being called for by the Bryans to attend the little dance at home. Found the young ones all at tea: a very merry evening. Played blindman's buff with them, sung, &c. Our new neighbour, Mrs. Clifton and her children, of the party.

Separated a little after twelve. Our dear Stasy the flower of the flock; dances very gracefully; and altogether a thing to be proud of.

29th. Not a line to-day but letters. Tom's cough a confirmed hooping-cough. God send the sweet fellow safe over it. My anxiety about these children almost embitters all my enjoyment of them. Bessy is more sensible on the subject, and "doats" without "doubting." Both went in in the evening to join the Villamils to the Opera (the same box): "Romeo and Juliet;" Pasta something more touching than ever I yet saw on the stage, except Miss O'Neil. Bessy cried through the whole last act.

30th. Dined at Davison's to meet my old friend Carlo Doyle, who has returned from India some months, and within these few days arrived at Paris. Much talk about old times. All of us, who were such early and close companions, still alive,—Lords Forbes, Rancliffe, Strangford, &c.; but some breaches, alas! of the friendship have taken place, Forbes and Strangford being now decided enemies.

31st. Dined at home, and walked in in the evening. Called upon Bryan. Have not got on very vigorously these some days past.

This book now contains three years of my life; *quam* nihil *in medio invenies.*

END OF VOLUME III.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH DAY AND TO $1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY OVERDUE.

JAN 25 1947
JUN 02 1980
REC. CIR. MAY 2 7 1980
1 May'60LO
RET'D APR 0 1981
4 May'60LO
IN STACKS
APR 20 1960
REC'D LD
JUN 7 1960
1 May'65SU
REC'D LD
JUN 2 '65-3PM
AUG 17 1978

LD 21-100m-12,'48 (8796s)

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C043662779

953
M824
v.m
Moore
0583